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FEBRUARY, 1852.

ART. I.—*The Works of John Milton.* A New Edition. London, Pickering, 1851.

WE do not know how far our readers may share the feeling, but we confess to an occasional sense of irritation at that necessity which we seem to be under, in these latter times, of perpetually naming and referring to some five or six dead men, the acknowledged glories of the literature of the past. Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Burns, Goethe—shall we never be able to pass an agreeable intellectual evening without calling one or another of these names to our aid, never be able to indite a paper of thirty pages without requiring the printer to put one or another of these names more than once into type? Are subjects for thought and talk so scarce round about us that we must for ever weave our best conversations out of the matter of these suggestive memories; or are we such timid sailors on the great sea of innumerable things as not to know how to quit the neighbourhood of these familiar bays and shores? The evil, if it be such, daily increases. Not only do we never have done with naming and alluding to those well-remembered few; but we shall never have done, it would also appear, with writing and reading express commentations on their lives and works. Perpetually, on opening a new number of a Review, we find a new essay on Goethe or on Byron; perpetually, on glancing at a new sheet of advertisements, we see announced some new volume of literary portraits, done by a cisatlantic or a transatlantic pen. Is this but a passing phase of our literary activity, a fashion recommended by the example of one or two eminent contemporary writers that one could name, and destined to run its course and cease? We do not know; we only note the fact, and confess again that the

observation of it sometimes tempts us to the wish that there could be a decree of society forbidding, for some time, all reference to Shakespeare and his companions, and compelling us, both in our conversation and in our authorship, back to that miscellaneous world of substances, passions, and events, whence Shakespeare himself, the greatest niggard known of allusions to preceding writers, drew the materials for a not deficient literature.

That we do not exaggerate this view of the case, ought to be evident from the fact that, in the present paper, we deliberately perpetrate an offence against it. Milton is one of the writers that have been most frequently, most variously, and, we may add, most splendidly written about; and yet here we venture upon a new essay on Milton. It is needless, therefore, to say that we have sympathies also with the other view of the case, and that we hold that there is something right, beautiful, and full of use in this practice of visiting again and again the same ancestral tombs, this tendency of writer after writer to scan for himself those characters which tradition has bound him to revere, and to attempt such new portraitures of them as may present, if not the whole men, at least some of their lineaments, more vividly to the world. How we can reconcile this belief with the sentiment before expressed, we shall not stop to inquire. The Duke of Wellington's mode of proceeding in such cases is as good as any that we know. When he wishes to reconcile two apparently contradictory propositions, he simply asserts them both as strongly as he can. Content to adopt this plan, we shall leave the matter in question to the consideration of our readers, and go on, without farther preface, to the task which we have appointed to ourselves, of saying something about Milton and his writings which, whether new or not, may be appropriate to the temper and circumstances of these grave times.

Never surely did a youth leave the academic halls of England more full of fair promise than Milton, when, at the age of twenty-three, he quitted Cambridge to reside at his father's house amid the quiet beauties of a rural neighbourhood some twenty miles distant from London. Fair in person, with a clear fresh complexion, light brown hair which parted in the middle and fell in curls to his shoulders, clear grey eyes, and a well-knit frame of moderate proportions—there could not have been found a finer picture of pure and ingenuous English youth. And that health and beauty which distinguished his outward appearance, and the effect of which was increased by a voice surpassingly sweet and musical, indicated with perfect truth the qualities of the mind within. Seriousness, studiousness, fondness for flowers and music, fondness also for manly exercises in the open air, courage and resolution of character, combined with the most maiden

purity and innocence of life—these were the traits conspicuous in Milton in his early years. Of his accomplishments it is hardly necessary to take particular note. Whatever of learning, of science, or of discipline in logic or philosophy the University at that time could give, he had duly and in the largest measure acquired. No better Greek or Latin scholar probably had the University in that age sent forth; he was proficient in the Hebrew tongue, and in all the other customary aids to a biblical theology; and he could speak and write well in French, Italian, and Spanish. His acquaintance, obtained by independent reading, with the history and with the whole body of the literature of ancient and modern nations, was extensive and various. And, as nature had endowed him in no ordinary degree with that most exquisite of her gifts, the ear and the passion for harmony, he had studied music as an art, and had taught himself not only to sing in the society of others, but also to touch the keys for his solitary pleasure.

The instruments which Milton preferred as a musician, were, his biographers tell us, the organ and the bass-viol. This fact seems to us to be not without its significance. Were we to define in one word our impression of the prevailing tone, the characteristic mood and disposition of Milton's mind, even in his early youth, we should say that it consisted in a deep and habitual *seriousness*. We use the word in none of those special and restricted senses that are sometimes given to it. We do not mean that Milton, at the period of his early youth with which we are now concerned, was, or accounted himself as being, a confessed member of that noble party of English Puritans with which he afterwards became allied, and to which he rendered such vast services. True, he himself tells us, in his account of his education, that "care had ever been had of him, with his earliest capacity, not to be negligently trained in the precepts of the Christian religion;" and in the fact that his first tutor, selected for him by his father, was one "Thomas Young, a Puritan of Essex who cut his hair short," there is enough to prove that the formation of his character in youth was aided expressly and purposely by Puritanical influences. But Milton, if ever, in a denominational sense, he could be called a Puritan, (he always wore his hair long, and in other respects did not conform to the usages of the Puritan party,) could hardly, with any propriety, be designated as a Puritan in this sense, at the time when he left college. There is evidence that at this time he had not given so much attention, on his own personal account, to matters of religious doctrine, as he afterwards bestowed. That seriousness of which we speak was, therefore, rather a constitutional seriousness ratified and nourished by rational reflection,

than the assumed temper of a sect. "A certain reservedness of natural disposition, and a moral discipline learnt out of the noblest philosophy"—such, in Milton's own words, were the causes which, apart from his Christian training, would have always kept him, as he believed, above the vices that debase youth. And herein the example of Milton contradicts much that is commonly advanced by way of a theory of the poetical character. Poets and artists generally, it is held, are and ought to be distinguished by a predominance of sensibility over principle, an excess of what Coleridge called the spiritual over what he called the moral part of man. A nature built on quicksands, an organization of nerve languid or tempestuous with occasion, a soul falling and soaring, now subject to ecstasies and now to remorses —such, it is supposed, and on no small induction of actual instances, is the appropriate constitution of the poet. Mobility, absolute and entire destitution of principle properly so called, capacity for varying the mood indefinitely rather than for retaining and keeping up one moral gesture or resolution through all moods—this, say the theorists, is the essential thing in the structure of the artist. Against the truth of this, however, as a maxim of universal application, the character of Milton, as well as that of Wordsworth after him, is a remarkable protest. Were it possible to place before the theorists all the materials which exist for judging of Milton's personal disposition as a young man, without exhibiting to them at the same time the actual and early proofs of his poetical genius, their conclusion, were they true to their theory, would necessarily be, that the basis of his nature was too solid and immovable, the platform of personal aims and aspirations over which his thoughts moved and had footing, too fixed and firm, to permit that he should have been a poet. Nay, whosoever, even appreciating Milton as a poet, shall come to the investigation of his writings, armed with that preconception of the poetical character which is sure to be derived from an intimacy with the character of Shakespeare, will hardly escape some feeling of the same kind. Seriousness, we repeat, a solemn and even austere demeanour of mind, was the characteristic of Milton even in his youth. And the outward manifestation of this was a life of pure and devout observance. This is a point that ought not to be avoided or dismissed in mere general language; for he who does not lay stress on this, knows not and loves not Milton. Accept, then, by way of more particular statement, his own remarkable words in justifying himself against an inuendo of one of his adversaries in later life, reflecting on the tenor of his juvenile pursuits and behaviour. "A certain niceness of nature," he says, "an honest haughtiness and self-esteem either of what I was, or what I might be, (which let

envy call pride,) and lastly that modesty whereof, though not in the title-page, yet here I may be excused to make some beseeming profession; all these, uniting the supply of their natural aid together, kept me still above those low descents of mind, beneath which he must deject and plunge himself that can agree to saleable and unlawful prostitutions." Fancy, ye to whom the moral frailty of genius is a consolation, or to whom the association of virtue with youth and Cambridge is a jest—fancy Milton, as this passage from his own pen describes him at the age of twenty-three, returning to his father's house from the university, full of its accomplishments and its honours, an auburn-haired youth beautiful as the Apollo of a northern clime, and that beautiful body the temple of a soul pure and unsoiled! Truly, a son for a mother to take to her arms with joy and pride!

Connected with this austerity of character, discernible in Milton even in his youth, may be noted also, as indeed it is noted in the passage just cited, a haughty yet modest self-esteem, and consciousness of his own powers. Throughout all Milton's works there may be discerned a vein of this noble egotism, this unbashful self-assertion. Frequently, in arguing with an opponent, or in setting forth his own views on any subject of discussion, he passes, by a very slight topical connexion, into an account of himself, his education, his designs, and his relations to the matter in question; and this sometimes so elaborately and at such length, that the impression is as if he said to his readers, —Besides all my other arguments, take this also as the chief and conclusive argument, that it is *I*, a man of such and such antecedents, and with such and such powers to perform far higher work than you see me now engaged in, who affirm and maintain this. In his later years Milton evidently believed himself to be, if not the greatest man in England, at least the greatest writer, and one whose *egomet dixi* was entitled to as much force in the intellectual Commonwealth as the decree of a civil magistrate is invested with in the order of civil life. All that he said or wrote was backed in his own consciousness by a sense of the independent importance of the fact, that it was he, Milton, who said or wrote it; and often, after arguing a point for some time on a footing of ostensible equality with his readers, he seems suddenly to stop, retire to the vantage-ground of his own thoughts, and bid his readers follow him thither, if they would see the whole of that authority which his words had failed to express. Such, we say, is Milton's habit in his later writings; in his early life, of course, the feeling which it shews existed rather as an undefined consciousness of superior power, a tendency silently and with satisfaction to compare his own intellectual measure with that of others, a resolute ambition to be and to do some-

thing great. Now we cannot help thinking that it will be found that this particular form of self-esteem goes along with that moral austerity of character which we have alleged to be discernible in Milton even in his youth, rather than with that temperament of varying sensibility which is, according to the general theory, regarded as characteristic of the poet. Men of this latter type, as they vary in the entire mood of their mind, vary also in their estimate of themselves. No permanent consciousness of their own destiny, or of their own worth in comparison with others, belongs to them. In their moods of elevation they are powers to move the world; but while the impulse that has gone forth from them in one of these moods, may be still thrilling its way onward in wider and wider circles through the hearts of myriads they have never seen, they, the fountains of the impulse, the spirit being gone from them, may be sitting alone in the very spot and amid the ashes of their triumph, sunken and dead, despondent and self-accusing. It requires the evidence of positive results, the assurance of other men's praises, the visible presentation of effects which they cannot but trace to themselves, to convince such men that they are or can do anything. Whatever manifestations of egotism, whatever strokes of self-assertion come from such men, come in the very burst and phrenzy of their passing resistlessness. The calm, deliberate, and unshaken knowledge of their own superiority is not theirs. True, Shakespeare, the very type, if rightly understood, of this class of minds, (for we are total dissenters from that theory of Shakespeare which defines him as a kind of William the Calm,) is supposed in his sonnets, to have predicted, in the strongest and most deliberate terms, his own immortality as a poet. It could be proved, however, were this the place for such an investigation, that the common interpretation of those passages of the sonnets which are supposed to supply this trait in the character of Shakespeare, is nothing more nor less than a false reading of a very subtle meaning which the critics have missed. Those other passages of the sonnets which breathe an abject melancholy and discontentment with self, which exhibit the poet as "cursing his fate," as "bewailing his outcast state," as looking about abasedly among his literary contemporaries, envying the "art" of one, and the "scope" of another, and even wishing sometimes that the very features of his face had been different from what they were and like those of some he knew, are, in our opinion, of far greater autobiographic value. Nothing of this kind is to be found in Milton. As a Christian, indeed, humiliation before God was a duty the meaning of which he knew full well; but as a man moving among other men, he possessed in that moral seriousness and stoic scorn of temptation which characterized him, a spring of

ever-present pride, dignifying his whole bearing among his fellows, and at times arousing him to a kingly intolerance. In short, instead of that dissatisfaction with self which we trace as a not unfrequent feeling with Shakespeare, we find in Milton, even in his early youth, a recollection firm and habitual, that he was one of those servants to whom God had entrusted the stewardship of ten talents. In that very sonnet, for example, written on his twenty-third birthday, in which he laments that he had as yet achieved so little, his consolation is, that the power of achievement was still indubitably within him—

> "All is, if I have grace to use it so,
> As ever, in my great Task-Master's eye."

And what was that special mode of activity to which Milton, still in the bloom and seed-time of his years, had chosen to dedicate the powers of which he was so conscious? He had been destined by his parents for the Church; but this opening into life he had definitively and deliberately abandoned. With equal decision he renounced the profession of the law; and it does not seem to have been long after the conclusion of his career at the university, when he renounced the prospects of professional life altogether. His reasons for this, which are to be gathered from various passages of his writings, seem to have all resolved themselves into a jealous concern for his own absolute intellectual freedom. He had determined, as he says, "to lay up, as the best treasure and solace of a good old age, the honest liberty of free speech from his youth;" and neither the Church nor the Bar of England, at the time when he formed that resolution, was a place where he could hope to keep it. For a man so situated, the alternative, then as now, was the practice or profession of literature. To this, therefore, as soon as he was able to come to a decision on the subject, Milton had implicitly, if not avowedly, dedicated himself. To become a great writer, and, above all, a great poet; to teach the English language a new strain and modulation; to elaborate and surrender over to the English nation works that would make it more potent and wise in the age that was passing, and more memorable and lordly in the ages to come—such was the form which Milton's ambition had assumed when, laying aside his student's garb, he went to reside under his father's roof. Nor was this merely a choice of necessity, the reluctant determination of a young soul, "Church-outed by the prelates," and disgusted with the chances of the law. Milton, in the Church, would certainly have been such an archbishop, mitred or unmitred, as England has never seen; and the very passage of such a man across the sacred floor would have trampled into timely extinction all that has since sprung

up among us as Puseyism and what not, and would have modelled the ecclesiasticism of England into a shape that the world might have gazed at, with no truant glance backward to the splendours of the Seven Hills. And, doubtless, even amid the traditions of the law, such a man would have performed the feats of a Samson, albeit of a Samson in chains. An inward prompting, therefore, a love secretly plighted to the Muse, and a sweet comfort and delight in her sole society, which no other allurement, whether of profit or pastime, could equal or diminish,—this, less formally perhaps, but as really as care for his intellectual liberty, or distaste for the established professions of his time, determined Milton's early resolution as to his future way of life. On this point it will be best to quote his own words. "After I had," he says, "for my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father, (whom God recompense!) been exercised to the tongues and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers both at home and at the schools, it was found that, whether ought was imposed upon me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of mine own choice, in English or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly this latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live." The meaning of which sentence to a biographer of Milton, is, that Milton, before his three-and-twentieth year, knew himself to be a poet.

He knew this, he says, by "certain vital signs," discernible in what he had already written. What were these "vital signs," these proofs indubitable to Milton that he had the art and faculty of a poet? We need but refer the reader for the answer to those smaller poetical compositions of Milton, both in English and in Latin, which survive as specimens of his earliest muse. Of these, some three or four which happen to be specially dated—such as the *Elegy on the Death of a Fair Infant*, written in 1624, or in the author's seventeenth year; the well-known *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, written in 1629, when the author was just twenty-one; and the often quoted *Sonnet on Shakespeare*, written not much later—may be cited as convenient materials from which, whoever would convince himself minutely of Milton's youthful vocation to poetry rather than to anything else, may derive proofs on that head. Here will be found power of the most rare and beautiful conception, choice of words the most exact and exquisite, the most perfect music and charm of verse. Above all, here will be found that ineffable something—call it imagination or what we will—wherein lies the intimate and ineradicable peculiarity of the poet; the art to work on and on for ever in a purely ideal element, to chase and marshal airy nothings according to a law totally unlike that of

rational association, never hastening to a logical end like the schoolboy when on errand, but still lingering within the wood like the schoolboy during holiday. This peculiar mental habit, nowhere better described than by Milton himself when he speaks of verse—

> "Such as the meeting soul may pierce
> In notes, with many a winding bout
> Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
> With wanton heed and giddy cunning,"

is so characteristic of the poetical disposition, that, though in most of the greatest poets, as, for example, Dante, Goethe, Shakespeare in his dramas, Chaucer, and almost all the ancient Greek poets, it is not observable in any extraordinary degree, chiefly because in them the element of direct reference to human life and its interests had fitting preponderance, yet it may be affirmed that he who, tolerating or admiring these poets, does not relish also such poetry as that of Spenser, Keats, and Shakespeare in his minor pieces, but complains of it as wearisome and sensuous, is wanting in a portion of the genuine poetic taste.

There was but one "vital sign," the absence of which in Milton could, according to any theory of the poetical character, have begotten doubts in his own mind, or in the minds of his friends, whether poetry was his peculiar and appropriate function. The single source of possible doubt on this head could have been no other than that native austerity of feeling and temper, that real though not formal Puritanism of heart and intellect, which we have noted as distinguishing Milton from his youth upward. The poet, it is said in these days, when, by psychologizing a man, it is supposed we can tell what course of life he is fit for—the poet ought to be universally sympathetic; he ought to hate nothing, despise nothing. And a notion equivalent to this, though by no means so articulately expressed, was undoubtedly prevalent in Milton's own time. As the Puritans, on the one hand, had set their faces against all those practices of profane singing, dancing, masquing, theatre-going, and the like, in which the preservation of the spirit of the arts was supposed to be involved, so the last party in the world from which the reputed devotees of the arts in those days would have expected a poet to arise, were the Puritans. Even in Shakespeare, and much more in Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and other poets of the Elizabethan age, may be traced evidences of an instinctive enmity to that Puritanical mode of thinking which was then on the increase in English society, and in the triumph of which these great minds foresaw the proscription of their craft and their pleasures. When Sir Toby says to Malvolio, "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more

cakes and ale?" and when the Clown adds, "Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too," it is the Knight and the Clown on the one side, against Malvolio the Puritan on the other. That the defence of the festive in this passage is not borne by more respectable personages than the two who speak, is indeed a kind of indication that Shakespeare's personal feelings with regard to the austere movement which he saw gathering around him, were by no means so deep or bitter as to discompose him; but if his profounder soul could behold such things with serenity, and even pronounce them good, they assuredly met with enough of virulence and invective among his lesser contemporaries. That literary crusade against the Puritans, as canting, sour-visaged, mirth-forbidding, art-abhorring religionists, which came to its height at the time when Butler wrote his Hudibras, and Wycherley his plays, was already hot when the wits of King James's days used to assemble, after the theatre, in their favourite taverns; and if, sallying out after one of their merry evenings in their most favourite tavern of all, the Mermaid in Bread Street, leaving, as Beaumont used to say, an atmosphere in the room they had quitted sufficient to make witty in spite of themselves the next two companies that sat in it, these assembled poets and dramatists had gone in search of the youth who was likeliest to be the poet of the age then beginning, they certainly would not have gone to that modest residence in the same street where the son of the Puritanic scrivener, then preparing for college, was busy over his books. Nay, if Ben Jonson, the last twenty-nine years of whose life coincided with the first twenty-nine of Milton's, had followed the young student from the house where he was born in Bread Street to his rooms at Cambridge, and had there become acquainted with him and looked over his early poetical exercises, it is probable enough that, while praising them so far, he would have constituted himself the organ of that very opinion as to the requisites of the poetical character which we are now discussing, and declared, in some strong phrase or other, that the youth would have been all the more hopeful as a poet if he had had a little more of the *bon vivant* in his constitution.

This, then, is a point of no little importance, involving, as it does, the relations of Milton as a poet to the age in which he lived—that splendid age of Puritan mastery in England, which came between the age of Shakespeare and Elizabeth, and the age of Dryden and the Second Charles. Milton was *the* poet of that intermediate era; that his character was such as we have described it, made him only the more truly a representative of all that was then deepest in English society; and, in inquiring, therefore, in what manner Milton's austerity as a man affected

his art as a poet, we are, at the same time, investigating the *rationale* of that remarkable fact in the history of English literature, the interpolation of so original and isolated a development as the Miltonic poems between the inventive luxuriousness of the Elizabethan epoch, and the witty licentiousness that followed the Restoration.

First, then, it was not *humour* that came to the rescue, in Milton's case, to help him out in those respects wherein, according to the theory in question, the strictness and austerity of his own disposition would have injured his capacity to be a poet. There are and have been men as strict and austere as he, who yet, by means of this quality of humour, have been able to reconcile themselves to much in human life lying far away from, and even far beneath, the sphere of their own practice and conscientious liking. As Pantagruel, the noble and meditative, endured and even loved those immortal companions of his, the boisterous and profane Friar John, and the cowardly and impish Panurge, so these men, remaining themselves with all rigour and punctuality within the limits of sober and exemplary life, are seen extending their regards to the persons and the doings of a whole circle of reprobate Falstaffs, Pistols, Clowns, and Sir Toby Belches. They cannot help it. They may and often do blame themselves for it; they wish that, in their intercourse with the world, they could more habitually turn the austere and judicial side of their character to the scenes and incidents that there present themselves, simply saying of each, "That is right and worthy," or, "That is wrong and unworthy," and treating it accordingly; but they break down in the trial; suddenly some incident presents itself which is not only right but clumsy, or not only wrong but comic, and straightway the austere side of their character wheels round to the back, and judge, jury, and witnesses are convulsed with untimely laughter. It was by no means so with Milton. As his critics have generally remarked, he had little of humour, properly so called, in his composition. His laughter is the laughter of scorn. With one unvarying judicial look, he confronted the actions of men, and, if ever his tone altered as he uttered his judgments, it was only because something roused him to a pitch of higher passion. Take, as characteristic the following passage, in which he replies to the taunt of an opponent who had asked where *he*, the antagonist of profane amusements, had procured that knowledge of theatres and their furniture, which certain allusions in one of his books shewed him to possess:—

"Since there is such necessity to the hearsay of a tire, a periwig, or a vizard, that plays must have been seen, what difficulty was there in that, when in the colleges so many of the young divines, and those

in next aptitude to divinity, have been seen so often upon the stage, writhing and unboning their clergy limbs to all the antic and dishonest gestures of Trinculoes, buffoons, and bawds; prostituting the shame of that ministry which either they had or were nigh having, to the eyes of courtiers and court-ladies, with their grooms and mademoiselles? There, whilst they acted and overacted, among other young scholars, I was a spectator:—they thought themselves gallant men, and I thought them fools; they made sport, and I laughed; they mispronounced, and I misliked; and, to make up the atticism, they were out, and I hissed."—*Apology for Smectymnuus.*

Who can doubt that to a man, to whom such a scene as this presented itself in a light so different from that in which a Shakespeare would have viewed it, Friar John himself, if encountered in the real world, would have been simply the profane and unendurable wearer of the sacred garb, Falstaff only a foul and grey-haired iniquity, Pistol but a braggart and coward, and Sir Toby Belch but a beastly sot?

That office, however, which humour did not perform for Milton, in his intercourse with the world of past and present things, was in part performed by what he did in large measure possess—intellectual inquisitiveness; respect for intellect, its accomplishments, and its rights. If any quality in the actions or writings of other men could have won Milton's favourable regards, even where his moral sense condemned, that quality, we believe, was intellectual greatness, and especially greatness of his own stamp, or marked by any of his own features. Hence that tone of almost pitying admiration which pervades his representation of the ruined Archangel; hence his uniformly respectful references to the great intellects of Paganism and of the Catholic world; and hence, we think, his unbounded, and, so far as we can see, unqualified reverence for Shakespeare. As by the direct exercise of his own intellect, on the one hand, applied to the rational discrimination for himself of what was really wrong from what was only ignorantly reputed to be so, he had kept his mind clear, as Cromwell also did, from many of those sectarian prejudices in the matter of moral observance which were current in his time—justified, for example, his love of music, his passion for natural beauty, his habits of cheerful recreation, his devotion to various literature, and even, most questionable of all, as would then have been thought, his affection for the massy pillars and storied windows of ecclesiastic architecture; so, reflexly, by a recognition of the intellectual liberty of others, he seems to have distinctly apprehended the fact that there might be legitimate manifestations of intellect of a kind very different from his own. A Falstaff in real life, for example, might have been to Milton the most unendurable of horrors, just as, according to his own con-

fession, a play-acting clergyman was his abomination; and yet, in the pages of his honoured Shakespeare, Sir John as mentor to the Prince, and Parson Hugh Evans as the Welch fairy among the mummers, may have been creations he would con over and very dearly appreciate. And this accounts for the multifarious and unrestricted character of his literary studies. Milton, we believe, was a man whose intellectual inquisitiveness and respect for talent would have led him, in other instances than that of the College theatricals, to see and hear much that his heart derided, to study and know what he would not strictly have wished to imitate. Ovid and Tibullus, for example, contain much that is far from Miltonic; and yet that he read poets of this class with particular pleasure, let the following quotation prove:—

"I had my time, readers, as others have who have good learning bestowed upon them, to be sent to those places where, the opinion was, it might be soonest attained; and, as the manner is, was not unstudied in those authors which are most commended:—whereof some were grave orators and historians, whose matter methought I loved indeed, but, as my age was, so I understood them; others were the smooth elegiac poets whereof the schools are not scarce, whom, both for the pleasing sound of their numerous writing (which, in imitation, I found most easy, and most agreeable to nature's part in me) and for their matter (which, what it is, there be few who know not), I was so allured to read that no recreation came to me more welcome—for, that it was then those years with me which are excused, though they be least severe, I may be saved the labour to remember ye."—*Apology for Smectymnuus.*

That Milton, then, notwithstanding his natural austerity and seriousness even in youth, was led by his keen appreciation of literary beauty and finish, and especially by his delight in sweet and melodious verse, to read and enjoy the poetry of those writers who are usually quoted as examples of the lusciousness and sensuousness of the poetic nature, and even to prefer them to all others—is especially stated by himself. But let the reader, who may think he sees in this a ground for suspecting that we have assigned too much importance to Milton's personal seriousness of disposition as a cause affecting his aims and art as a poet, distinctly mark the continuation.

"Whence, having observed them" (the elegiac and love poets) "to account it the chief glory of their wit, in that they were ablest to judge, to praise, and by that could esteem themselves worthiest to love, those high perfections which, under one or other name, they took to celebrate, I thought with myself, by every instinct and presage of nature, (which is not wont to be false,) that what emboldened them to this task might, with such diligence as they used, embolden

me; and that what judgment, wit, or elegance was my share would herein best appear, and best value itself, by how much more wisely, and with more love of virtue I should choose (let rude ears be absent!) the object of not unlike praises. For, albeit these thoughts to some will seem virtuous and commendable, to others only pardonable, to a third sort perhaps idle, yet the mentioning of them now will end in serious. Nor blame it, readers, in those years to propose to themselves such a reward as the noblest dispositions above other things in this life have sometimes preferred; whereof not to be sensible, when good and fair in one person meet, argues both a gross and shallow judgment, and withal an ungentle and swainish breast. For, by the firm settling of these persuasions, I became, to my best memory, so much a proficient, that, if I found these authors anywhere speaking unworthy things of themselves, or unchaste of those names which before they had extolled, this effect it wrought in me:—From that time forward, their art I still applauded, but the men I deplored; and, above them all, preferred the two famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura, who never wrote but honour of them to whom they devote their verse, displaying sublime and pure thoughts, without transgression. And long it was not after when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem—that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy."—*Apology for Smectymnuus.*

Here, at last, therefore, we have Milton's own solution of the matter of our inquiry. He had speculated himself on that subject; he had made it a matter of conscious investigation what kind of moral tone and career would best fit a man to be a poet, on the one hand, or would be most likely to frustrate his hopes of writing well, on the other; and his conclusion, as we see, was dead against the "wild oats" theory. Had Ben Jonson, according to our previous fancy, proffered him, out of kindly interest, a touch of that theory, while criticising his juvenile poems, and telling him how he might learn to write better, there would have descended on the lecturer, as sure as fate, a rebuke, though from young lips, that would have made his old face blush. "*He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem:*"—fancy that sentence—an early and often pronounced formula of Milton's, as we may be sure it was—hurled, some evening, could time and chance have permitted it, into the midst of the assembled Elizabethan wits at the Mermaid! What interruption of the jollity, what mingled uneasiness and resentment, what turning of faces towards the new speaker, what forced laughter to conceal consternation! Only Shakespeare, one thinks, had he been present,

would have fixed on the bold youth a mild and approving eye, would have looked round the room thoroughly to observe the whole scene, and, remembering some passages in his own life, would mayhap have had his own thoughts! Certainly, at least, the essence of that wonderful and special development of the literary genius of England, which came between the Elizabethan epoch and the epoch of the Restoration, and which was represented and consummated in Milton himself, consisted in the fact that then there was a temporary protest, and by a man able to make it good, against the theory of "wild oats," as current before and current since. The nearest man to Milton in this respect, since Milton's time, has undoubtedly been Wordsworth.

It has not been without purpose that we have thus presented our readers with what may be called, though with some allowance for occasional anachronism, a study of the character of Milton in his early manhood. In fixing our attention upon him so closely at a period of his life when as yet he had not produced those works which are the cause why the world now attends to him at all, we but imitate his own example in those passages of his writings where he instructs us how he may be best appreciated. "With me it fares now," he says, referring to his hostile critics, "as with him whose outward garment (*i.e.* books) hath been injured and ill-bedighted; for, having no other shift, what help but to turn the inside," (*i.e.* the man, as anterior to, and apart from, his books,) "outward—especially, if the lining be of the same, or, as it sometimes is, much better." Let us now, however, glance at the facts of his subsequent career, so as to see, preparatory to such a general view of his genius as can only be attempted in connexion with his writings, how the character which we have sketched as Milton's from the first, and which substantially remained with him through life, became modified by external influences as he passed on through manhood to old age.

Milton, his academic studies being over, and his resolution against entering the Church already taken, remained an inmate of his father's house at Horton, Buckinghamshire, for a period of six years,—that is, from 1632 to 1638, or from his twenty-fourth to his thirtieth year. Walks amid the rich English scenery of the neighbourhood, sometimes for the mere pleasure of exercise and meditation, sometimes in his special character as a student of botany; more lengthened excursions to Oxford and other places in or out of Buckinghamshire, particularly the pretty village of Forest Hill, some three miles from Oxford, where there resided a Squire Powell, an acquaintance of his father's; occasional visits to London for books, lessons in mathematics, and the like; indoor conversations and musical

concertoes with such friends or relatives as might from time to time join the family circle, including a married sister older than himself, and a younger brother engaged in the study of the law —such was the quiet nature of the poet's life, at a time when most men are plunged in the cares of worldly business. His father, himself a scholarly old gentleman and a musical composer, "equal in science, if not in genius, to the first musicians of the age," was probably glad that his own position as a retired attorney, living on a small estate, enabled him to afford his son the means of such manly leisure. Nor was Milton idle. Devoting the main part of his time to a course of new reading, which embraced all the most celebrated classical writers, and had special reference to those Greek philosophers whose works he felt himself more capable of appreciating now than in his college days, he produced at intervals during these years those exquisite minor poems—*Arcades*, *Comus*, *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and others, which the reader, when not disposed for the severer grandeurs of his later muse, turns to with delight. The style of those poems, blending so beautifully the grace of the classic model, and the spirit of classic thought with the rich beauty of the English pastoral, indicates clearly enough that his early taste for the sweet and sensuous compositions of the elegiac and descriptive school of poets had not as yet declined. As clearly, however, does the loyal and strict tone of these poems, the chivalrous and sustained purity of purpose which appear in them, and most observably of all in the *Comus*, indicate the perfect truth of his assertion that he had early come to the resolve that in all his own attempts in the art he admired, the fair should serve only the good and honourable. In these poems, too, sensuous in conception and full of fantastic imagery as they are, there are genuine individual flashes of the sterner Miltonic spirit. Such, for example, is the invective in *Lycidas* against the hireling shepherds of the Christian fold. Such also is this, among other passages that might be quoted from *Comus*—

"Against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm—
Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not inthralled;
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when, at last,
Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed and self-consumed: If this fail

The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble."

And thus, we see, underneath the flowers and the beauty, there ever lay in Milton all manly strength. If his art by preference still worked most in the sensuous and the idyllic, it was but as a young athlete, his symmetry not yet injured by much experience in the gymnasium, might be the gentlest of all the guests at a classic entertainment, might recline most gracefully on the embroidered couch, and wear most fitly the garland of festive roses.

Milton's poems, composed during his residence in his father's house, were not written for publication. The *Comus* was a gift to the ladies and younger branches of the family of the Earl of Bridgewater, meant as a kind of innocent play or mask to be performed in the family-circle of Ludlow Castle; and though Lawes, who composed the airs for the mask, published it in 1637, three years after it was performed, he speaks of the authorship as not openly acknowledged. In the following year *Lycidas* appeared in a collection of Cambridge verses. Milton's reputation as a poet can, therefore, have been but of a very private character when, in the year 1638, his mother being then just dead, he left England for a tour on the Continent. From Paris, where he became acquainted with Grotius, he went to Italy. He resided there about a year, visiting all the chief towns, and seeing many of the eminent Italian men of the time—among others, Galileo, then in his old age, and a prisoner to the Inquisition on account of his astronomical heresies. From Italy he meant to extend his tour to Sicily and Greece; but the gathering political tempest at home brought him back to England in the summer of 1639.

In consequence either of some change in the circumstances of his father, or of some change in his own views as to his way of life, Milton now took up household in London. "He took him a lodging," says his earliest biographer, "in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet Street, at the house of one Russell, a tailor." Probably one of the reasons that led to this arrangement is indicated in the fact that he took to board with him, as pupils, two nephews, sons of his sister Mrs. Philips, the one about ten, the other about eight, years of age. "He made no long stay," however, in St. Bride's Churchyard, "necessity of having a place to dispose his books in, and other goods fit for the furnishing of a good handsome house, hastening him to take one; and accordingly, a pretty garden-house he took in Aldersgate Street, at the end of an entry, and therefore the fitter for his turn, by the reason of the privacy, besides that there are few streets in London more free from noise than that." Here he took a few more boys as boarders, all the sons of intimate friends.

But it was not solely with his pupils that Milton's mind was occupied in his new residence in his garden-house in Aldersgate Street. His journey to Italy and the encouragement he had met with there had but confirmed his ambition to be a great name in the literature of his country. The following passage, written close upon the period we are now arrived at, will exhibit more aptly than any words of ours, the thoughts as to the future employment of his time and powers, which secretly filled Milton for months and months after his first settlement in London. The passage is in every way remarkable:—

"But, much latelier, in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favoured to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout, (for the manner is that every one must give some proof of his wit and learning there,) met with acceptance above what was looked for; and other things, which I had shifted, in scarcity of books and conveniences, to patch up amongst them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men on this side the Alps—I began thus far to assent both to them and to divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that, by labour and intense study, (which I take to be my portion in this life,) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after-times as they should not willingly let die.

"These thoughts at once possessed me, and these other—that, if I were certain to write, as men buy leases, for three lives and downward, there ought no regard to be sooner had than to God's glory by the honour and instruction of my own country. For which cause and not only for that I knew it would be hard to arrive at the second rank among the Latins, I applied myself to that resolution which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo—to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue; not to make verbal curiosities the end, (that were a toilsome vanity,) but to be an interpreter and relater of the best and wisest things among mine own citizens throughout this island in the mother dialect. That what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, and modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old, did for *their* country, I, in proportion, with this over and above, of being a Christian, might do for *mine*, not caring to be once named abroad, (though, perhaps, I could attain to that,) but content with these British islands as my world, whose fortune has hitherto been that, if the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their eloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanics."

"Time serves not now, and perhaps I might seem too profuse, to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting—whether that *epic* form, whereof

the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso are a diffuse, and the Book of Job a brief model; or whether the rules of Aristotle herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be followed, (which, in them that know art and use judgment, is no transgression, but an enriching of art;) and, lastly, what king or knight, before the Conquest, might be chosen, in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero. . . . Or whether those *dramatic* constitutions, wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign, shall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a nation. The Scripture also affords us a divine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons and a chorus, as Origen rightly judges. And the Apocalypse of Saint John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies. . . . Or, if occasion shall lead, to imitate those magnificent *odes* and *hymns*, wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are in most things worthy; some others in their frame judicious; in their matter most and end faulty. But those frequent songs throughout the law and prophets beyond all these, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made to appear, over all the kinds of lyric poetry, to be incomparable. These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though by most abused) in every nation;—are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to embrace and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what He works and what He suffers to be wrought with high providence in his Church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship."—*Reasons against Prelaty.*

It was not destined, however, that Milton should then, or for many years to come, carry these great schemes into execution. Work of a very different, and far less congenial kind, was for the present required of him. That great era in English history, which nothing in English history has paralleled since, was then opening. Vanquished by the spirit of his subjects, Charles I. had been compelled, in 1640, to summon his fifth Parliament, the famous "Long Parliament" of England, and to commit himself reluctantly to the tide of reform in Church and State which flowed out of its deliberations. Never was there such a time of hope and promise in the political world. Gathering round the new Parliament, and looking to it as the instrument by which, with the blessing of God, such changes would be wrought in the entire system of the country as would make

England, though still under a regal head, the pattern of free and well-governed Commonwealths, all men of mark for their liberal opinions were eager to contribute their quota to the new movement. Of these Milton was one. Always, by temperament, by education, and by speculative conviction, a man of the progressive party which since the days of Elizabeth had been gaining strength in England, but debarred hitherto like the rest of his countrymen from speaking his mind in any distinct manner on public affairs—he was now kindled to a pitch of enthusiasm such as made his whole past life seem tame, and thoughts that had till then lain in his mind only as vague dream and aspiration, nourishing his own sense of personal dignity, rushed at once into form, and struggled for utterance. Perhaps at no time in his whole life could Milton's character have been seen to greater advantage than about the year 1640-41, when the spirit of polemical activity first caught and mastered him. The promise of his earlier years then ripened into firm yet fair maturity; his consciousness of power rather increased than abated by his intercourse with the world; his mind, too, as we think, more exercised than before in solemn personal thoughts of God, religion, and revelation—he was no longer the mere serious youth meditating among flowers and books, and keeping his soul chaste by the worship of virtue as a grace or goddess of some heathen shrine, but a practical and fully-assured Christian man, conversant with usages and cities, and regarding his own faculty and virtue but as so much energy sent down by God to mould humanity to a higher rule. The word *loftiness*, or the word *magnanimity*, rather than the word *seriousness*, or the word *austerity*, might be used to describe the habitual state of Milton's mind at this epoch, when, ceasing, as it were, to be occupied with its own culture and regulation, it turned, like a lion about to leave its den, to the survey of the world without. His heart swelled within him when he saw what was to be done by a soul like his in the concourse of other men; and, if he hesitated at all to begin the work of action, it was only because he doubted whither in so vast a crowd he ought first to carry his royal presence.

Abandoning, then, for the time, all his great schemes of literary preparation and performance, Milton, in the year 1641, plunged into the tumult of political controversy. Disdaining smaller topics, he struck at once at what he, in common with many others, regarded as the radical evil, the cause, so far as any one theory or institution could be the cause, of all that was wrong and reactionary in English society—the theory and institution of Prelacy. That Prelacy, or the rule of the Church by bishops and archbishops, should be root and branch abolished,

not merely modified and improved by dissociation from peerage and the like; and that the Long Parliament and all other legislative powers in the country should be stirred up and incited, by every possible means, to this work, and to the speedy change of the ecclesiastical system of England to the Presbyterian form, or some form even beyond that—such was Milton's notion of the greatest political duty of the time. Give him this, he thought, and he would return to his books and his leisure; until this were attained, books and leisure were luxuries he would forego. Hear his own words:—

"And the accomplishment of them" (his literary schemes) "lies not but in a power above man's to promise; but that none hath by more studious ways endeavoured, and with more unwearied spirit that none shall—that I dare almost aver of myself, as far as life and free leisure will extend, and if but the land had once enfranchised herself from this impertinent yoke of Prelaty, under whose inquisitorious and tyrannical duncery no free and splendid wit can flourish."

When, by his own labours, and those of others, the land should have, by the abolition of Prelacy, been put into such a state as that "a free and splendid wit" could flourish in it, then it would be time for him to resume his literary aspirations; meanwhile, for a few years, he would be content to go on trust with his readers for the payment of his debt, and, "leaving a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark on a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes," doing battle against Episcopacy in the face of the people and the Parliament of England. Accordingly, for two years, or from 1641 to 1642, he seems to have been incessantly engaged (his duties to his pupils excepted) on this one topic. He handled it in five separate treatises or pamphlets; the first, an elaborate historical essay *On the Causes that have hindered the Reformation in England*—in other words, arrested it at the stage of Episcopacy; the second, a treatise *On Prelatical Episcopacy*, containing an examination of arguments in favour of its antiquity and apostolic origin, advanced at the time by Bishop Hall and Archbishop Usher; the third, a more comprehensive treatise, entitled, *The Reason of Church-government urged against Prelaty*; the fourth, *Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnuus*, the remonstrant being Bishop Hall, and Smectymnuus a designation for five Presbyterian ministers who had attacked him, and the initials of whose names, put together, make up the uncouth word; the fifth and last, a farther *Apology for Smectymnuus*, drawn out by an answer to the preceding.

The controversy, however, to which Milton had so courageously lent himself, was soon snatched away from the hands

of writers and clergymen, and appealed, with many other, and even graver questions, to the decision of a ruder reasoning. The final rupture between Charles and the Parliament had at length taken place, and all England was a scene of military strife. The fate, not only of Episcopacy, but of Royalty itself, depended on the issue of an uncertain war. Surrendering over, then, to the sword and the battle-field the continuation of his favourite argument, and taking no more active part in the politics of the time than that of praying for the success of the party which represented his hopes, Milton would now probably have returned to his private projects had not Providence prepared for him a new and far more miserable controversy in the state of his own household. His father, driven from his own residence by the disturbed condition of the country, had just come to live with him and his pupils at the house in Aldersgate Street, when, about Whitsuntide 1643, Milton, to use the words of his nephew Philips, "took a journey into the country, nobody about him certainly knowing the reason, or that it was more than a journey of recreation, till, after a month's stay, home he returns a married man that went out a bachelor." The wife thus unexpectedly brought home by Milton, then in his thirty-fifth year, was Mary, the eldest daughter of Mr. Powell, the Oxfordshire squire formerly mentioned.

Never was a worse match made. The young wife had hardly been a month in town with her husband, when, in a fit of longing to see her parents and friends, she asked and obtained leave to go and spend part of the summer with them, promising to return at Michaelmas. When that time came, however, she positively refused to go back; and, her mother abetting her, she left Milton's repeated letters unanswered, and, when a messenger came with a peremptory message, had him turned out of the house. The reasons for this extraordinary occurrence, as given by Philips, are, that "her relations being generally addicted to the Cavalier party, and some of them possibly engaged in the King's service, (who by this time had his headquarters at Oxford, and was in some prospect of success,) they began to repent them of having matched the eldest daughter of the family to a person so contrary to them in opinion, and thought it would be a blot in their escutcheon whenever that court should come to flourish again." There may be something in this; but the account given by the old gossip Aubrey, confirmed, too, by what Philips himself says, is far more to the point. The bride, according to Aubrey, had been "brought up and bred where there was a great deal of company and merriment, as dancing, &c.; and when she came to live with her husband, she found it solitary, no company came to her, and she often heard her nephews cry and be beaten. This life was irksome to her, and so she went to her

parents." There are hints also that, during her month in town, she had shewn some stubbornness—accepting invitations from her relations against her husband's will, and going about with them to theatres and the like. In short, one sees the whole case but too easily. Here was a gay, self-willed country girl, whose highest happiness it had been to dance with a King's officer at Oxford or elsewhere, married to a man whom she did not love, whom she could not understand, and whose books and austere ways were a terror to her. How Milton had been led to commit such a blunder as to marry a girl so totally unsuited to be his wife, can only be explained by the reasons he himself hints at—the inexperience of even the soberest man in these affairs, the very haste of men who have lived strictly in youth "to light the nuptial torch," the "persuasion of friends," the want of sufficient opportunities "for a perfect discerning" till too late, and the known fact that "the bashful muteness of a virgin," so romantically interpreted by the lover, may often "hide all the unliveliness and natural sloth" which constitutes sheer stupidity. *Stupidity*, if we may judge from Milton's allusions, was the quality which, after his eyes were opened to the real character of his wife, he found most unendurable in her. "A mute and spiritless mate," "a mind to all due conversation inaccessible," such are the phrases in which he seems evidently to refer to his own case; and "what a solace," he adds, "what a fit help such a consort would be through the whole life of a man, is less pain to conjecture than to have experience." No sensible man, he even says in another place, but would rather forgive actual unfaithfulness in a woman than this sullen incompatibility of tastes and temper.

At first, Milton's rage at the insult and scandal of his wife's desertion of him seems to have been something tremendous. Afterwards, bitterly making up his mind to the worst, and having determined that in no circumstances could he honourably take her back, he directed all his thoughts to the single purpose of getting rid of her. And, as it was not in his nature to put a fair face on the matter to the world, and secretly compensate himself by being other than he seemed, he pursued his object in the most open and public manner. In the course of the years 1644 and 1645, he put forth a series of four treatises on divorce—the first entitled *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce restored from the bondage of the Canon Law*; the second, *The judgment of Martin Bucer touching Divorce*, being extracts in point from that Reformer's writings; the third *Tetrachordon; or Expositions of the four chief passages of Scripture which treat of Marriage*; and the fourth, *Colasterion*, being a reply to an anonymous answer to the first treatise. The doctrine which pervades all these treatises and which they try to enforce, partly by

reason, but chiefly by the authority of Scripture, is that the guardianship of marriage ought to belong solely to the civil magistrate, and that divorce ought to be allowed not only in the cases recognised by the canon law, but also in any case of moral incompatibility between the parties immediately interested. Without entering into a consideration of Milton's views on this important subject—views which really signified "divorce at pleasure," though Milton repudiated that phrase—we may observe that hardly in the whole history of human speculation will there be found a more remarkable instance than these treatises furnish, of how a man of the most sober and austere life may be led, by the felt misery of a personal experience, to investigate and tear up the settled maxims on which society has based itself, and to trouble a deaf world with importunate theorizings. That Milton, when the circumstances of his wife's family and the report of his intended marriage with a Miss Davis, induced them after about two years to attempt a reconciliation, did then take back his wife, notwithstanding his resolution to the contrary, is well known. But, though this put an end to his open warfare on the subject, it would be a mistake to suppose that so sad a passage of his life left no permanent effects. Externally, it made a decided breach between him and the Presbyterians who had been the most resolute opponents of his theory of divorce, and had even caused the House of Lords to take the matter up as an offence against sound morals; inclining him at the same time more and more to those extremer sects whose increasing numbers had perhaps given him hope that his views might obtain legislative sanction, and among whom he actually did gain over not a few to avow his doctrine under the name of Miltonists. But the secret effects on his mind and character were far more momentous. He had already described by anticipation that "drooping and disconsolate household captivity" which results from an ill-assorted marriage, and had spoken of that "continual sight of one's deluded thoughts" which the forced association with an unloved partner supposes, as a thing "to drive a man to atheism," or at least "to abase the mettle of a generous spirit, and sink him to a low and vulgar pitch of endeavour in all his actions." And if the effects upon himself of his seven years of legal union with his wife after their reconciliation fell short of this, their detrimental nature may at least be traced in a tone of increased harshness and bad temper discernible in most of his subsequent writings. And the poor wife all this time! One cannot help remembering that, though Milton could *speak* his wrongs in the case, she may have *felt* hers; and none the less keenly that people told her that her austere husband was a great scholar. Indeed, what was that act of hers which so offended Milton, but a

practical assertion on the woman's side of that liberty which he claimed for the man?

During the stormy period of his controversy on the subject of divorce, Milton found time to publish the short tract *On Education* before alluded to, and also his noble *Areopagitica*, or *Speech to the Parliament of England for the liberty of Unlicensed Printing.* In the year 1645, he likewise published for the first time, in a collected form, his juvenile poems in English and Latin. From that time, probably owing to the disturbed state of the public mind, he published nothing for three or four years. During these years he removed his residence twice—first from Aldersgate Street to Barbican, where besides his wife, his pupils and his own father, he had his wife's father and mother to live with him; and then to a smaller house in Holborn, which had an opening at the back into Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. In 1647 his father died; and about the same time his father-in-law. As his father's property, which does not seem to have been very large, was shared by him with his sister and his younger brother, now a lawyer of known royalist opinions, Milton was not yet exempted from the necessity of earning his own livelihood. A marriage portion of £1000 which should have come to him on his father-in-law's death, remained unpaid in consequence of the confused state in which that gentleman left his affairs.

The triumph of the Puritan party was an epoch in the life of Milton. Scarcely was the Commonwealth inaugurated by the death of Charles I., (January 1648-9,) when, breaking his long silence, he published a justification of that act against the Presbyterians and others, in the form of an essay on *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, one of the ablest arguments ever penned in favour of the *jus populi.* This piece of service probably contributed to his appointment, in 1649, to the office of Latin Secretary to the Government, with a salary of £288 a year. As Latin Secretary, his duties were multifarious and somewhat onerous. In the *first* place, as it had been resolved that all the Government correspondence with foreign princes and states should be in Latin, he had daily to attend at Whitehall to lend his services as a compiler and translator. A collection of the letters written by him in this capacity, both for the Council of State and for Cromwell, is published among his prose works. But besides these strictly official duties, others naturally devolved upon him in consequence of his general literary abilities. Thus, when the Government wished to print a collection of papers relative to the proceedings of the Royalists in Ireland, Milton contributed (1649) some critical *Observations on the Articles of Peace between the Earl of Ormond and the Irish rebels;* and, again, in the same year, he was persuaded by the Government to

write his *Eikonoclastes*, in answer to the famous "Eikon Basilike," the supposed literary relic of Charles I. But the most important of these polemical writings which Milton's position as a literary servant of the government of the Commonwealth induced him to undertake, was the celebrated *Defensio pro populo Anglicano*, published in 1651, in reply to the Latin Defence of Charles I., put forth by the Frenchman, Claude de Saumaise, who, under his Latinized name of Salmasius, was then one of the most renowned scholars of Europe. Milton appears to have thrown his whole strength into this production, which was regarded as a triumphant demolition of his antagonist, and procured him applauses and encomiums from all quarters.

On his appointment to the Secretaryship, Milton, who seems now to have given up his pupils, had removed from Holborn to apartments in Scotland Yard. It was while residing here, in the year 1652, that he was visited by the crowning calamity of his life, his blindness. His sight had been gradually failing for ten years; and at last it completely gave way under the serious labours in which he involved himself when preparing his great work against Salmasius. His own description of the manner in which the blindness came on is worth quoting:—

"On the left side of my left eye (which began to fail some years before the other,) a darkness arose that hid from me all things on that side: if I chanced to close my right eye, whatever was before me seemed diminished. In the last three years, as my remaining eye failed gradually some months before my sight was utterly gone, all things that I could discern, though I moved not myself, appeared to fluctuate, now to the right, now to the left. Obstinate vapours seemed to have settled all over my forehead and temples, overwhelming my eyes with a sort of sleepy heaviness, especially after food, till the evening; so that I frequently recollect the condition of the prophet Phineus in the *Argonautics*:—

Him vapours dark
Enveloped, and the earth appeared to roll
Beneath him, sinking in a lifeless trance.

But I should not omit to say that, while I had some little sight remaining, as soon as I went to bed I reclined on either side, a copious light used to dart out from my closed eyes;—then, as my sight grew daily less, darker colours seemed to burst forth with vehemence and a kind of internal noise; but now, as if everything lucid were extinguished, blackness, either absolute, or chequered and interwoven as it were with ash-colour, is accustomed to pour itself on my eyes; yet the darkness perpetually before them, as well during the night as in the day, seems always approaching rather to white than to black, admitting, as the eye rolls, a minute portion of light, as through a crevice."—*Letter to Philaras of Athens, Sept.* 28, 1654.

Even when totally blind, Milton continued to hold his office as Latin Secretary; latterly, however, a colleague was appointed, who did most of the work, and received about half of the salary. For the sake of his health Milton, one of whose peculiarities it seems to have been never to be satisfied with the house he lived in, removed to a house in Petty France, Westminster, opening into St. James's Park. Here he remained for about eight years, or till the Restoration of Charles II. compelled him to seek a less public place of residence. These eight years produced not a few changes in his household. In 1652 his wife died, leaving him, a widower and blind at the age of forty-four, with three infant daughters, the oldest of whom was not more than six years old. In 1656 he married a second wife, who did not survive the marriage, however, more than a year. Her death was probably a misfortune to the poor children of the former wife, who, left thereafter to the care of their blind and austere father, seem to have grown up in a kind of horror of him, increased rather than diminished by the efforts he appears to have made from time to time to impart to them some portions of his linguistic learning. As they were not old enough yet to act as his amanuenses, the various works written by him at this period must have been dictated either to his nephew Philips, or to some other of his grown-up pupils. Among these works were several in continuation of his answer to Salmasius—such as the *Defensio secunda pro Populo Anglicano*, published in 1654, as a reply to a work written by Peter du Moulin, but advertised under the name of Alexander More; and the *Defensio pro se* called forth by More's rejoinder. These, however, were but incidental exercises of his pen; and the greater part of his time after the year 1654 appears to have been devoted to several great literary projects which he had resolved upon as appropriate work for his now advancing years and disabled condition—such as the composition of a large History of England, the compilation of an Elaborate Thesaurus or Dictionary of the Latin language, and the preparation of a Body of Systematic Divinity out of the Bible.

Once more the retired man of letters tried to make his voice heard amid the concerns of a world shut out for evermore from his bodily view. It was during that brief period after the death of Cromwell, the man after Milton's own heart, when the nation, torn by all manner of new distractions, saw no hope of rest but in the restoration of the monarchy of the Stuarts, with all its miserable chances. Grieved, alarmed, and indignant, the blind Republican did all he could to avert the catastrophe and arouse his countrymen to a better faith and a more enduring courage. In a treatise *Of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes*, and in an-

other *On the Means of removing Hirelings out of the Church*, both published in 1659, he endeavoured to maintain the waning spirit of political reform, and to direct it on to new triumphs which would secure, as he thought, the dear-bought liberties of the nation; and finally, in *A Letter to a Friend concerning the Ruptures of the Commonwealth*, a tract entitled, *A Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth*, and a short criticism on a Royalist sermon preached in March 1660, he addressed himself directly to the question of a continuation of the Commonwealth as against the recall of the Stuarts. All in vain. "No blind guides" was the only answer his appeals elicited; Charles II. sat upon the throne of his fathers; and Milton, hardly escaping the death awarded to so many others for the part they had acted under the Parliament and the Protectorate, sought a refuge in silence and privacy.

Milton survived the Restoration fourteen years, residing first in a house he had taken in Holborn; next in Jewin Street, Aldersgate; then as a lodger in the house of Millington, a well-known auctioneer of books; and last of all in Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields. During four years of this period he remained unmarried; but in 1664, or when he was in his fifty-sixth year, he married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshul, daughter of a Cheshire baronet. She appears to have been a rather elderly person, who had been recommended by one of his friends as a fit housekeeper for him in his old age; and the evidence seems to say that he would not have married again at all but for the undutiful conduct of his daughters. The three girls—the eldest of whom, Anne, was now about eighteen years of age, the second, Mary, about sixteen, and the youngest, Deborah, about fourteen—used "to combine together," it is said, "and counsel his maid-servant to cheat him in his marketings;" they used also to pawn and sell his books; and on one occasion, shortly before his third marriage, when the maid-servant told the second daughter, Mary, that she heard her father was to take another wife, "the said Mary replied to the said maid-servant, that it was no news to hear of his wedding, but if she could hear of his death, that would be something." With the exception of the youngest, Deborah, the daughters appear scarcely to have lived with their father after his third marriage. The eldest, Anne, who was somewhat deformed, set up in business as a gold and silver lace maker, and afterwards married a master-builder; and her sister Mary seems to have gone with her. So long as they lived with him, all the three daughters appear to have acted as his amanuenses; after his marriage, however, this species of work devolved sometimes on the wife, sometimes on the daughter Deborah, until she also escaped by

marriage with a weaver in Spitalfields, and sometimes on any stray boy that could be induced by love or money to lend his services to the imperious old man. It was in this way that he composed and made ready for publication the numerous writings which formed his sole occupation and delight during the fourteen years that intervened between his retirement into private life in 1660, and his death in 1674. Of these the following were in prose:—*Accidence, or Commenced Grammar of the Latin tongue*, published in 1661; a *History of Britain to the Norman Conquest*, first published in 1670, as a contribution to the larger work he found himself unable to complete; a tract published in 1673, and entitled, *Of True Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and what best means may be used against the growth of Popery;* a Latin treatise on logic, published about the same time, and entitled, *Artis Logicæ plenior Institutio ad Petri Rami methodum concinnata;* a collection of his *Familiar Latin Epistles*, published with a few other academic trifles, in the last year of his life; a *Brief History of Muscovy and the Countries beyond Russia*, left by him in manuscript, and not published till 1682; his materials for a *Thesaurus of the Latin Authors*, also left in manuscript for the use of subsequent lexicographers; and, finally, the celebrated Miltonian system of theology, or Latin *Treatise on Christian Doctrine*, the manuscript of which, after having been lost for a century and a half, was accidentally discovered in the State-paper office, and edited in English by the present Archbishop of Canterbury in 1825. Laborious as these latest prose writings of Milton were, however, they were but the severer amusements of a mind which had at last, after so many years, returned to its first and most enduring love. Never, amid all the turmoil and harsh controversial warfare of his middle life, had Milton forgotten his early promise, from the performance of which he had but requested the indulgence of a few years less congenially spent; and when at last, after not a few but many years so spent, time and sore chance threw him aside from worldly ties, and assigned to him a career of aged loneliness, with death as its welcome close, then the old aspiration came back, and with it the ease of a readier choice and the faculty of a more seer-like song. The *Paradise Lost*, the *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes* were given in succession to the world. And so, if when the time came for him to die, and to exchange the earthly vacancy in which his eyes had so long rolled, for the visible splendours and illuminations of the world he had preconceived, he then left not behind him a heritage of that kind in which most men place their boast—weeping friends, dutiful and well circumstanced children, and the fructifying deeds of a prosperous civil life; if, instead of all this, he saw from his dying pillow children scat-

tered, rebellious, and mechanically natched, (doubtless in part his own blame,) a wife greedy for his remnant of household goods, and a State which had rejected and cast out all his counsels; yet this he could even at that last moment be sure of, that his life had not been spent in vain, and that whenever the men of future ages should look back to the times foregone, they would pronounce, and pronounce truly, that the soul then ebbing away had been the soul of one of the noblest of God's Englishmen.

Some particulars of interest are recorded of Milton, as he was seen and conversed with in his later years. Even in old age he preserved his comeliness, so as to seem much younger than he was. His eyes never betrayed their loss of sight by any outward speck or blemish, but remained clear and perfect, so that it was only by observing them closely that one could perceive that he was blind. "An aged clergyman of Dorsetshire," says the novelist Richardson, "found John Milton (in his house in Artillery Walk) in a small chamber, hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow-chair, and dressed neatly in black, pale, but not cadaverous, his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalkstones. He used also to sit in a grey coarse cloth coat, at the door of his house near Bunhill-fields in warm weather, to enjoy the fresh air, and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts as well as quality." He had some intimate friends who came to see him almost daily, chiefly bookish men of the graver sects, whose opinions agreed with his own. After his blindness and other infirmities prevented him from walking much about, he had a machine made to swing in for the sake of exercise. He used to rise about four or five o'clock; dictate or have books read to him all morning; spend part of the afternoon in playing on the organ or bass-viol, sometimes singing, and sometimes making his wife sing, who, he said, had a good voice but no ear; then study again for an hour or two; then have a few friends about him till supper time, when, after a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water, he went to bed. One curious little glimpse of his household habits is obtained from the deposition of the witnesses who were examined before the Prerogative Court after his death, on the matter of a nuncupative or unwritten will, which he was alleged to have made. By this will, his widow maintained he had left all his property to her, with the exception of the £1000 still due to him out of the estate of his first wife's father—which £1000, and nothing more, he left to his three daughters by that wife, "they having been very undutiful to him," and he "having already spent the greater part of his estate in providing for them." The daughters, however, contested the will, and gained the suit. One of the witnesses was a maid-servant, Elizabeth Fisher, who deposed thus:—

"That, on a day happening in the month of July last (1674), the time more certainly she remembereth not, this deponent being then in the deceased's lodging-chamber, he, the said deceased, and the party producent in this cause, his wife, being then also in the said chamber at dinner together, and the said Elizabeth Milton, the party producent, having provided something for the deceased's dinner which he very well liked, he, the said deceased, then spoke to his said wife these or the like words, as near as this deponent can remember,—'God have mercy, Betty, I see thou wilt perform according to thy promise, in providing me such dishes as I think fit whilst I live; and when I die, thou knowest I have left thee all;' there being nobody present in the said chamber with the said deceased and his wife but this deponent: And the said testator at that time was of perfect mind and memory, and talked and discoursed sensibly and well, but was then indisposed in his body by reason of the distemper of the gout which he had upon him."

Of the classical authors, Homer, Euripides, Demosthenes, Sallust, and Ovid, were Milton's chief favourites. There was something special in his liking for Euripides, a fact which ought to go to the credit of that poet, whom it is now too much the fashion to depreciate. In Italian he preferred Dante and Petrarch. In English his favourite poets were Spenser, Shakespeare, and Cowley; Dryden, who used sometimes to visit him, but who had not then done his best, he called a rhymist, but no poet. It was noted of Milton by his friends that he pronounced the letter R very hard in speaking, not mincing it as most Englishmen do—a characteristic circumstance, shewing his true and judicious ear. In reading Latin, too, he followed the foreign and not the English plan of pronouncing the vowels; and when the young Quaker Ellwood came to read Latin to him, he made him get rid of the English mode of pronunciation as a bad habit. His ear was so nice, that he knew when Ellwood understood the Latin sentence he was reading and when he only read by rote.

The retrospect of Milton's literary life gives us the following as the facts most proper to be remembered by those who would study his works in their biographical connexion;—that from his 17th to his 33d or 34th year, his chief literary exercises were in poetry; that from his 34th year, however, on to his 52d, he laboured almost exclusively as a controversialist and prose-writer, producing during this long period scarcely anything in verse besides a few sonnets; and, finally, that in his old age he renewed his allegiance to the muse of verse, and occupied himself in the composition of those greater poems, the *Paradise Lost*, the *Paradise Regained*, and the *Samson Agonistes*, which he intended more especially as his bequest to the literature of England.

Of the style and texture of Milton's earlier poems we have

already spoken. They are characterized, in a remarkable degree, we have said, by those peculiar qualities which distinguish, in an intimate and essential manner, the compositions of the poet, as such, from the compositions of the man of thought or the man of mere persuasive utterance—extreme sweetness and musical charm of expression; delight in sensuous imagery; absolute or almost absolute indifference to what is known, usual, rational, or real; and a kind of holiday leisureliness of motion through and amid the labyrinths of occult and luxuriant allusion. These poems are like the precious gum of certain forest trees, small and exquisite in production rather than impressive by reason of intellectual quantity; and yet they are the gum precisely of one of these great forest trees, elaborated out of its whole substance, leaf, trunk, bark, and root. There are millions of conceivable pieces of writing, for example, any one of which would, as an effort of general intellectual power, be more notable and difficult than the following passage from the *Penseroso;* and yet the most intellectual man in the world, not being a poet, or not being exactly such a poet as Milton, would have toiled in vain to write it:—

> But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
> Might raise Musæus from his bower,
> Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
> Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
> Drew iron tears from Pluto's cheek,
> And made hell grant what love did seek:
> Or call up him that left half told,
> The story of Cambuscan bold,
> Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
> And who had Canace to wife,
> That owned the virtuous ring and glass;
> And of the wondrous horse of brass,
> On which the Tartar King did ride;
> And if aught else greet bards beside
> To sage and solemn tunes have sung,
> Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
> Of forests and enchantments drear,
> Where more is meant than meets the ear.
> Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
> Till civil-suited morn appear,
> Not tricked and frounced as she was wont
> With the Attic boy to hunt,
> But Kerchieft in a comely cloud
> While rocking winds are piping loud,
> Or ushered with a shower still.
> When the gust hath blown his fill,
> Ending on the rustling leaves
> With minute drops from off the eaves!

Such was the earlier Miltonic muse; the muse of rich and sensuous fancy, shunning the human world, placid even in its melancholy, and rarely or never perturbed by the intrusion of the social passions.

But the progress of a poet as he lives on from youth to old age, does not, and cannot, consist merely in the greater ease he acquires in the practice of an art already definite and fixed. The poet is a man; and as a man, he goes on, like other men, assuming into himself, and depositing as it were, day by day, in his character, feelings, wishes, hopes, preferences, accordant it is true with the capacities and tendencies originally born with him, but yet requiring to be self-imported out of the experience of life, before those capacities and tendencies attain their predestined power, or can perform their highest work. Deep in the foundations of his character, like the immovable blocks whereon great edifices repose, each man has to lay down for himself certain thoughts, sooner or later, of passing consequence, got out of secret and manifold communings regarding the vast mystery of here and hereafter; and on these thoughts again, and the more happily and grandly as these thoughts are strong, there will still base and pile themselves, in some loose order or other, conclusions, sentiments, and diverse predilections, extracted painfully or otherwise out of the experience that is gone through of life and its ways, and then employed back again in the scrutiny and contemplation of all that the world presents. Hence, though there is a formal peculiarity, so to speak, in the poet's mind from the beginning, and though this formal peculiarity will always remain, the general intellectual conditions amid which that peculiarity must work cannot through life continue the same. Let a poet pursue his art from first to last as a recluse from all that can agitate or perplex him, still in the retrospect of his works there will be discernible a transition from the earlier to a middle, and from the middle to a later muse. If he who erewhile sang of loves and flowers may not in the end sing of wars and heroes, compelled thereto by the spirit of his time, yet old age itself and its gentlest meditations will originate other and sadder themes for him than the damsels and the lilies. Sometimes, indeed, a true poet, either from unusual fervour of character, or from premature experience of what is bitter in life, seems to pass altogether over that first stage in which the poetic organ or quality exhibits itself acting, so to speak, for the mere pleasure of its own sole exercise; and from such poets the world receives from the first, not rich fantasies of occult and ideal conception, not leisurely creations of the cold imagination, but strains piercing the heart by direct and powerful reference, songs pregnant with the lyric fire. Sometimes, on the other hand, but more rarely

perhaps, a true poet, after giving evidence that he is such precisely by those vagaries in the pure ideal that prove it best, may suddenly abjure the poetic art and devote himself to labours of a harsher kind. In this case it is because (to use Milton's own figure) Fancy or Imagination, the second faculty of the soul, no longer adequately serves by itself the growing requirements of the Reason. Most frequently, however, the poet persists, not relinquishing his art as he advances in life, but only using it so that it may still suffice his demands; and then the fancy, not weaker than before, but bold and competent as ever, only works under the pressure of a higher and more complex rule. Thus it was that he who wrote *Venus and Adonis* at length wrote *Hamlet;* and thus, also, after a few years, the poet of *Endymion* was able to produce *Hyperion.* That which, after our refining modern habit, we are now used to distinguish from Fancy under the name of Imagination, is but the same power as Fancy leased to the tenure of a more human and more impassioned service.

In Milton's case, the diversity between the poetry of earlier and the poetry of later life, and the causes to which that diversity is to be attributed, are rendered more obvious by the fact, that there was a large intervening period during which the poet all but ceased to exercise his art, and became in the main an active citizen and prose writer. During this period the reason of the poet, till then occupied in framing and putting into serious, yet gay and pleasant form, the sensuous imaginations with which his teeming fancy supplied him, retired, as it were, into another cell, there to employ itself in new ways and more strenuous investigations; and when, at length, the opportunity and the disposition for this rougher species of work being over, reason came forth once more to resume its former and more congenial avocation, fancy found it a changed and more exacting master. All, in short, that happened to Milton as a man from his thirtieth year to his fiftieth year—the misfortune of his repented marriage; his more earnest and personal attention to matters of religious doctrine; his vehement conflicts in the character both of politician and theologian; his connexions with statesmen and state affairs; his blindness; his very thoughts as to what poetry was, and what he should do and attempt as a poet—acted to modify his later poetry as compared with his earlier. Just as different as Milton at fifty years of age was from Milton at thirty, was the theory and art of poetry brought to the composition of *Paradise Lost,* from the theory and art of poetry that displayed itself in the composition of *Lycidas.* The only question is whether we can seize the points of difference so as to specify them clearly.

The first and most important exercise of an artist's invention

Goethe has well said, is in his choice of a subject. Very much of all that the artist is or can do is involved and indicated in this. Sometimes the choice of a subject is apparently a simple act of the judgment, first looking deliberately about for a variety of subjects, and then, after balancing their respective merits, deciding upon one. By some such process Wordsworth, as he himself informs us, decided at last on that meditative and philosophical poem of which the *Excursion* was an instalment; rejecting in its favour various schemes of a British or Scandinavian epic. Even in such a case, however, both the prior and more extensive search, and the subsequent selection, are determined by a kind of instinct compounded out of all that is peculiar in the poet's character and past experience. And more particularly still is this connexion between the actual life of a poet and the nature of his poetical productions made evident in those cases where the poet either, like Goethe, habitually converts striking scenes and incidents in his own biography into subjects and suggestions for his art, or, like Dante, carries about with him for years and years the burthen of one weighty and laborious conception. How Milton chose the subjects of his later poems it is not easy to say with certainty. In the prime of his early manhood, as we have seen, he was in a state of perplexity, similar to that of Wordsworth, as to what species of composition would best suit his genius and best answer his preconceived scheme of an immortal English work. Wavering between the epic, the dramatic, and the lyric, his thoughts on the whole seemed to tend towards an epic to be derived from British history. The subsequent events of his life probably assisted to conclude his doubts and point him decisively to one or two themes. *Samson Agonistes*, for example, was clearly a direct inspiration of his experience of blindness, aided and confirmed by his fondness for Scriptural subjects in general, and his bitter relish for the opportunity of handling such a secondary character as Dalilah. *Paradise Regained* was but a natural and obvious sequel to *Paradise Lost*. The great question is, therefore, how the conception of this last originated? Dismissing the impertinent myth of the fair unknown lady who admired Milton in his youth as he lay on a summer's day asleep under a tree, and whom he followed all over the world as his lost paradise, we can imagine but one probable explanation suiting the case. Milton, we imagine, retaining his desire to bequeath to the literature of England some one immortal work, and continuing from time to time his search through history for a proper subject, gradually went back through the ages, weighing the claims of one heroic epoch after another, and in turn rejecting all, till at length he found himself at that primeval point of time where human his-

tory was but at its commencement, and all the fate of nations, heroic or unheroic, lay concentrated in two sole beings moving over the face of the new-made globe. As the capabilities of this subject flashed upon his view, his soul, we will suppose, exulted, and there was no need for farther search. In the conception and completion of such a theme as that presented in the creation and the fall of man, there was not one of his manifold faculties and tendencies, small or great, but might be fully satisfied—his bent towards theology; his familiarity, traceable even in his prose-writings, with the idea of supernatural agency; his delight in imaginations of the physically vast and spacious; his exquisite sense of minute beauty; his stern moral temper; his lofty ideal of free manhood; and even his cherished belief in woman's weakness. In one negative respect also, his instinct guided him aright in leading him to such a theme. The dramatic faculty, the faculty of depicting men and women individually peculiar and distinct, was not Milton's. In those cases, indeed, where the impression of individuality could be conveyed in the one circumstance of sheer vastness, or by the representation, on a colossal scale, of Miltonic qualities of soul, no poet could delineate better. His Satan and his Samson are creations as clear and definite as any ever imagined by ancient or modern poet. In the old Greek or Æschylean drama, therefore, Milton would probably have been a master. But a dramatist in the modern or Shakspearian sense, peopling ideal worlds with men and women as distinct as those of real life—Hotspurs, Hamlets, scholars, courtiers, clowns; this he could never have been. There was in this respect, also, then, a deep reason in Milton's choice of a subject for his great work. In selecting a period of the world's history where there were but two human beings that could be objects of description, he avoided the necessity of any recondite delineation of character. An Adam with any marked peculiarity of character, or an Eve featured like one of her cultured daughters of the nineteenth century, would have been an absurdity. The great primitive father of our race did not walk in the garden of Eden inculcating on himself, as we moderns do, the duty of being earnest, firm, or specially true to this or that ideal; nor was his spouse a woman of highly intellectual tendencies. That the first man and woman should be delineated simply as man and woman, fully proportioned in all human qualities, but not unusually featured in any, was a necessity of the subject chosen. And this Milton could do. Whether, indeed, his Adam and his Eve are such splendid creatures as they might have been, even under the conditions of the case, is an open question.

As the matured condition of Milton's mind, at the time when

he resumed his poetical activity, was revealed in the nature of the subjects which he then chose, so it was revealed in his mere style and manner of writing. Far less than formerly does he indulge, in his later poems, in those occult and labyrinthine windings, those delays of sensuous imagery, those bouts of linked sweetness, which were the early proofs of his poetical genius. Occasionally, indeed, there still occurs a passage conceived according to this mysterious law of the purely poetic intellect. For example, in the description of Sin and her brood at the gate of hell—

> "Far less abhorred than these
> Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
> Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
> Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, called
> In secret, riding through the air she comes,
> Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
> With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
> Eclipses at their charms."

But for the most part the style is direct and obvious; each sentence marching on with a steady progressive motion towards the complete evolution of what is necessary in meaning, and nothing more. The opening of *Paradise Regained*, for instance, is as bald and terse as a piece of prose narrative; and had a prose-writer undertaken to convey precisely the same sense, he could not have conveyed it in less space. And this, in so genuine a poet as Milton, is felt to be a positive merit. To begin telling a story simply, baldly, and weightily; and to let the wealth and profusion of words, and the full organ-blow of sound, come as the story enlarges and the imagination of the speaker works more vehemently with the contending element—this is what is best in the poet of an epic theme. And this is what we find in Milton. Grand, gorgeous, and sonorous as he is throughout his *Paradise Lost*, it will be found that all his grandeur, all his gorgeousness, all his majesty of sound, are expended strictly and judiciously in the evolution of the transcendant tale he had undertaken to narrate in English verse.

No reader of the *Paradise Lost* by parts and sections, no mere admirer of its select passages, can appreciate at half its value the greatness of this sublime poem. That which is most marvellous in it, and which gives significance and proportionate excellence to all its parts, is the clear and consistent conception of scene and of plot which pervades the whole. As in the case of Dante, whose physical conception of the three regions of Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, is felt to constitute so large a portion of the merits of his poem, that diagrams and pictures have been made to illustrate and explain it; so, in the case of Milton, fully to under-

stand and admire the *Paradise Lost*, it is necessary that the reader should represent to himself, as distinctly as in a diagram or drawing, the physical universe, infinitely more vast than that of Dante, in which the story is made to enact itself. There is this difference, too, between the poem of Dante and the poem of Milton, that whereas in the one there is no plot properly so called, no progressive march of story, other than what is involved in the poet's own experience of the successive visions; in the other there is a true epic narration, a series of connected incidents, a story conducted through a tract of time.

Chronologically the poem begins within the bounds of the great universe antecedent to our system. In that measureless primeval space there were, as the poet maps it out, two huge regions or hemispheres, an upper and a lower, the one all light, the other all darkness. The upper or luminous half was Heaven, the variously-prolonged abode of the angelic hierarchies, then the sole creatures that had been called into existence. The under half was Night or Chaos, a thick, black, turbid abysm, a limitless sea or marsh of elemental pulp. No beings resided in it. But a strange event befell which changed in an unimaginable manner, the aspect and destiny of this part of space. There arose a rebellion among the celestial hierarchies; Lucifer and his proud companions, listless of their monotonous service through the ages, dared to dispute the Almighty supremacy. Hurled out of heaven, and pursued by hissing fire which burnt after them like a resistless pressure, the rebel angels were driven down through the blackness and marsh of Chaos to its uttermost pits and depths. Here, under the name of Hell, was allotted them a special region for their new abode. And now the Deity, according to his eternal counsels with his only-begotten Son, resolved to create that new system of which Man is chief. By a motion of the golden compasses there were marked out in the upper part of Chaos, where it adjoined Heaven, the limits and range of the new experiment. A huge cavity was scooped out into which the Light rushed down, contending with the Darkness. Into this cavity the creating word implanted a new principle, the principle of gravitation; and straightway all the matter within the swoop of this principle forsook the vague chaotic form, and sprang together into balls and planets. Thus arose the human universe with its stars, its galaxies, and its firmament of azure; within which universe, one central star, begirt with its related luminaries, was chosen for the particular home of Man and his lineage. Meanwhile the rebel angels in their Hell of torment underneath Chaos were scheming their revenge. Satan, their chief and leader, proposed his elaborate device. It was that, abandoning for the time all efforts to regain their lost

place in Heaven, they should turn their attention to that one point of space where God had planted his new and favoured creation. To impregnate this new universe with the venom of their rebellious spirit, to vitiate the Maker's purpose with regard to it, and thus to work out a compensation of their own fall by at least dragging down the new race to their fellowship, if indeed something more splendid might not occur in consequence—such was the Satanic plan. Charged with the task of its execution, Satan passed through Hell-gate; toiled his way upward through the turbid depths of the superincumbent Chaos; and, emerging into the light of day, gazed through the balmy ether towards the sapphire floor of his former home. For a moment he forgot his errand; then, selecting our Sun from amid the myriads of luminaries that glittered in the peaceful concave, winged his flight towards it to obtain the fell intelligence. Thence, marking for his prey our one unconscious star sleeping in the distance with the small attending moon, he hastened to end his voyage. As he neared it, and neared the planet, its shining mass grew larger to the view; the features of sea and continent came forth to sight; and at last alighting on its rotund surface, he trod the sward of Eden in the neighbourhood of the fated pair. Here lying in wait, and weaving his wiles, he consummated his proposed design; the forbidden fruit was eaten; Sin and Death entered the new-made world; and Satan, rejoining his expectant companions, filled Hell with the joyful tidings.

The poem is, in fact, a Sataniad. Five-sixths of it treat of transactions done amid the great infinitudes of space while our earth was either non-existent, or recognised but as a starry point selected for attack. Only in the remaining sixth do we walk amid terrestrial landscapes and vegetation, and see events transpire earthly in kind, and amenable to the laws of human mode and sequence. If we regard Satan as the hero, then the poem is the story of that portion of the existence of this being, when, not yet the devil of our universe, he determined, by free act of will, to become such, renouncing with his dignity of archangel all concern or intercourse with the larger realms of space, and deliberately narrowing the sphere of his activity to our finite and corruptible world. In this point of view the Mephistopheles of Goethe might be considered as a prolongation of the same being, an appended representation of his character when six thousand years of labour in his restricted vocation had despoiled him of his sublimer satanic traits, and reduced him to one unvarying aspect of shrewd and scoffing malevolence. And intermediate between the two, though nearer to Mephistopheles than to Satan, might be placed the Tempter of *Paradise Regained.*

Conceiving, as we do, that all the incidents, whether of internal or of external history, that befell Milton in that middle period of his life which intervened between his earlier and his later poetical labours, formed conjointly but the necessary preparation for the composition of his final master-piece, we are disposed to assign quite a peculiar importance in this respect to the one incident of his blindness. The blindness of Milton was an actual qualification for the writing of the *Paradise Lost.* We do not allude merely to such general effects of his blindness as consisted in the habit of serene and daring contemplation to which it must have given rise, or in the habit of mental versification and subsequent oral dictation which it imposed. We allude to effects more signal and specific. The fundamental conception of *Paradise Lost*, so far as that conception is physical, is precisely that conception of opposed light and darkness which is easiest and most natural to a blind man. Light against a background of blackness—light in masses; light in belts or zones; light in extended discs or spheres; light in glittering star-points; light in bursts and conflagrations; light in gleams, streaks, waves, or coruscations; light in diffused mist or powder, is the prevailing material image, and necessarily so throughout five-sixths of *Paradise Lost.* When the rebel angels are thrust down into hell, God's wrath pursues them through the darkness like a lurid funnel of descending fire. When Satan alights on the sun he is like a spot on its surface seen through a telescope. When Raphael wings his way from star to star, his path through the interspaces is a track of radiance. When Gabriel and the rest of the angelic host, provoked by Satan's defiance, begin to hem him round, the figure is, that they shape their phalanx like a crescent-moon. When Satan, couched like a toad at the ear of Eve, is touched by the spear of Ithuriel, his rise is like the explosion of a powder-magazine. Had a poet with the full use of his sight undertaken the subject which Milton sets forth by such recurring images as these, he would have been obliged to have recourse to images of exactly the same kind, just as in our conceptions of heaven light is felt to be the only adequate medium of visual description. We question, however, if the visual contrast between light and darkness could have been so consistently maintained, and so wondrously varied, by any other than a man whose daily thoughts about each and every subject were, and seemed to himself but as so many lucid phantasms in a chamber of extended gloom.

If, however, Milton's blindness was a positive qualification in these five-sixths of the poem, where the scene lies in the celestial spaces, it was surely a disadvantage, it may be said, in that remaining portion of the poem where the descriptions

are of the terrestrial paradise. And this is, to some extent, true. Luscious and rich as are Milton's descriptions of Eden, a comparison of these parts of the *Paradise Lost* with his earlier poems will shew that his recollections of the flowers had faded. The hearse of Lycidas is more beautifully garnished with flowers than the nuptial bower of Eve.

Of Milton as a prose-writer we have not room to speak. Suffice it to say, that both as regards style and matter, his prose-writings are among the most magnificent and powerful in the English language, and that if ever there was a time when they should be read and studied, that time is the present. That Milton was both a great poet for all time, and a vehement controversial prose-writer among his contemporaries, is a fact in itself worthy of more attention than we have been able to bestow upon it. It is perhaps the most splendid practical contradiction there can be cited of the theory made current by Goethe, that the poet must hold aloof from the polemics of his generation. And yet, as Milton himself said, it was but his left hand that he gave to this kind of work. Some men or other must do this kind of work, however; and surely better great men than little.

ART. II.—1. *New Zealand and its Aborigines.* By W. BROWN. London, 1851.
2. *The Otago Journal.* Edinburgh, 1851.
3. *The Canterbury Papers. Information concerning the Settlement of Canterbury, New Zealand.* London, 1851.

AMONG the internal influences which have affected our social atmosphere during the last fifteen years, few have proved of greater moment to our national prosperity than the progress of colonization. The subject has been evaded by our Cabinets, and only slightly alluded to in the Houses of Parliament; but the people of these islands have themselves been seriously discussing the matter. The consequence has been that not merely the surplus population, but a considerable portion of those who are the very strength and sinew of the country, have gone forth across the Atlantic, and to the far Antipodes, to an extent that threatens seriously to weaken the body politic at home. It is not our province in the present Article to refer further to this great subject than is required, while we seek to contribute some information concerning New Zealand, or rather certain parts of it, which may be added to what is already easily attainable from other sources.

However anomalous the circumstance may appear, it is a fact in the history of British emigration, that upwards of 25,000 of our fellow-subjects, located at the Antipodes upon the New Zealand group of islands, are "living there," as the phrase goes, without any apparent exportable wealth. In the period of the increase of that scattered European community which has elapsed since 1839, when they numbered but a few hundreds, they have been eating, drinking, and otherwise consuming the commodities of this and other countries, probably without a tithe in value of natural products to give in exchange for them. We know that a large number of these colonists dwell in towns, and that they occupy habitations built after the model of our own, many of them comfortably and luxuriously furnished: their towns have streets, squares, public edifices, wharfs, and market places, constructed at great expense. A busy population daily throngs their thoroughfares. But although its occupants are busy in the hive, the comb seems almost empty. Their time is mainly occupied in consuming. Their neighbours on the Australian shores live much in the same manner as regards their domestic and political condition; but in this matter of accounting for the balance of trade on the creditor side of the colony, they shew a very different result. Scarcely a week passes without several ships entering our ports from those rich lands laden with wool, tallow, copper, and other natural products. But we rarely meet a *homeward*

bound vessel at the chops of the channel with its pennant from New Zealand fluttering in the breeze; and when it does appear from the mast-head of some monthly visitor, it probably betokens a paltry cargo of timber, of no greater value on the export sheet of the colony than about one-fourth its freight to England.

Notwithstanding this apparent deficiency in its internal resources, this, the youngest and pet colony of Great Britain, has hitherto "paid its way," and seems to stand in as good credit with the mercantile and emigrating community of this country as any one of her fifty sisters. Whence then have the means come to support these outward signs of prosperity, and are they likely to continue to maintain the credit of New Zealand? We may not be able to solve those questions satisfactorily to all concerned, but we shall examine impartially the facts before us, and endeavour to show the groundwork of some errors committed by the Government in legislating for this colony, and by the New Zealand Company in their schemes, comparing truthfully, as far as we can, the advantages and disadvantages presented by that country, especially those parts of it with which we are familiar, as a field for colonization.

Previous to the year 1839, the condition of the few European settlers who had taken up their abode amongst the aborigines on the north island of New Zealand, was, comparatively speaking, comfortable and prosperous. They had abundance of the necessaries of life, with many of the luxuries to be found in civilized communities, and their persons and property were safe. They were composed almost exclusively of missionaries and traders. The former were pursuing zealously the high objects of their mission, supported in their vocation by liberal contributions from the Church and Wesleyan Missionary Societies: the latter, besides trafficking with the natives for timber, flax, pigs, and potatoes, pursued a lucrative trade with the South Sea whalers, who frequented the harbours on the east coast to refit and provision their ships, bartering oil for the necessary supplies. Although widely apart in their interests and occupations, there existed among those heterogeneous elements of a new community wonderful confidence and good will. And if there was one party more satisfied than another, it was the aborigines, who were abundantly gratified with the many new and agreeable articles of food and clothing those peaceful strangers had brought for distribution and barter. In their simplicity they looked upon them as chiefs of unbounded wealth, when, in their estimation, a musket, a blanket, or a hatchet, was considered a treasure, and they freely gave not only the produce of their lands but full possession of the land itself in exchange for the coveted trifles.

The accounts transmitted to this country from time to time

concerning that distant region and its native inhabitants were exceedingly vague. The public mind associated the horrors of cannibalism with the very name of New Zealand, and the country was assumed, without evidence, to be rich and fertile. The favoured few who had the means of ascertaining the true state of affairs, were incited to prosecute the formation of an association for emigration purposes on an extensive scale. Out of several failures the materials of the New Zealand Company emanated. At the same time the attention of the Government was drawn to the favourable reports brought by vessels of war visiting that coast. The result was a resolution, on their part, to establish a settlement in New Zealand, and to proclaim the Crown's right of pre-emption to all lands purchased from the aborigines by British subjects or foreigners in that territory. Many noble and influential friends of colonization joined the New Zealand Company, bringing considerable means to aid them in carrying out their views. They proposed a sale of lands at a uniform price, and the employment of a large portion of the purchase money as an emigration fund. These proposals were sanctioned by Government in June 1839. In the same year these rival projects were carried into effect by despatching authorized agents and surveyors to purchase from the natives conveniently situated lands. The result was the establishment of Auckland on the "Waitxmata" by the Government, and Wellington in Port Nicholson by the Company.

The cry among these colony-mongers was "Land! land! who will buy land! here it is cheap; one, two, three pounds an acre. Till the ground, sow and reap, we are rich, and your adopted country shall become mighty among the nations of the earth." Were these acres only one or two days' journey distant from the great maw of a London, or the lank jaws of a Manchester, these promises might be fulfilled; but, when we consider that our ships have to disappear on the horizon of waters for ten long and weary months, circumnavigating the great globe itself ere they can return from that land, such a market as Europe is, beyond profitable supply. Nor is it likely that the adjacent colonies will hold out better prospects for their sanguine expectations, seeing that they at present ship their own surplus stores of flour to New Zealand and California. And it is not unreasonable to predict that Van Dieman's Land, South Australia, and Victoria, may be independent of foreign supplies of grain for centuries to come. But is there not a greater principle in political economy to maintain on this matter of prosperous emigration, of true colonization, than mere belly-filling? Is it not necessary to rear a product bearing some intrinsic value in a foreign market? Do not the colonists require a

medium of exchange to barter for the products and manufactures of other lands—a currency of acknowledged standard amongst other nations, instead of the local debentures of wheat and oats? The histories of other colonies teach us the general fact that without an export to equalize the balance of trade they cannot flourish, as this fact, as we believe, is illustrated in the anomalous condition of New Zealand. Although the produce exhibited on its annual export-sheet for the last twelve years, would not have bought "salt to its broth," much less have paid for its large importation of foreign commodities, yet it has maintained its position, in a great measure, by continued supplies of extraneous wealth, in the shape of individual savings of British capital, a large outlay of British money by the missionaries, and an extravagant expenditure of the hard earnings of our home population, in maintaining an army of soldiers and ships of war for the protection of the colony.

The story of the planting of these cuttings from the parent tuber is an instructive fact in the modern history of nations. A small band of emigrant pioneers were landed upon the coast where a settlement was intended to be established. Their hearts were full of high hopes, great purposes, and good intentions. They had abundance of means to conciliate the good-will of the savages, and a store of arms to protect themselves in case of need. They likewise brought spades and ploughs to till the ground, with pots and kettles to cook their food. The ground they neglected in the immediate necessity of foraging for the food. Their wishes were readily responded to by the friendly aborigines, who supplied them with pigs and potatoes, receiving in exchange blankets and gew-gaws with which they were delighted. The neighbouring colonists arrived with ship-loads of beef and bread, for which they obtained high prices, receiving the hard cash that the emigrants had brought with them in payment. And thus they lived while negotiations were pending for the purchase of land. Meanwhile other vessels which had followed on their track, reached the newly found harbour and cast anchor in safety, landing great cargoes from "the workshop of the world," and conveying new bands of emigrants, possessed of money and credit, to the embrace of their delighted friends who had gone before them. The dangers of the passage, and the novelty of their position, soon gave way to the bustle and excitement consequent on "settling," and that spirit, inherent in the British character, of making a "home" even in the wilderness, spurred them on to the task. Land was soon obtained, surveyed, and portioned off to the several claimants. Fencing and building proceeded. Houses were erected and

multiplied into streets, and a township was formed almost with the rapidity of a Bartholomew fair. The newly-born city resounded loudly amongst the silent forests of the Maori, whilst the wondering savage looked with a jealous eye upon the giant child.

A year passed away, yet scarcely a ploughshare had entered the soil. All were trading and none producing. So much profit was realized in selling the provisions that were imported, that few capitalists could wait for the slow returns of an annual crop; and as the consumption increased prices rose, for there was no appearance of a harvest in the land. Speculation was rife in the towns; houses and land sold at enormous prices, and credit was freely given; so that money became plentiful, as the holders of it locked up their principal in the security of landed property. Then the people began to live extravagantly; luxuries in eating and drinking were abundantly supplied by the flour and cattle ships from the adjacent colonies, which were draining them fast of the real wealth they possessed. The short-sighted inhabitants deemed this state of things prosperity, and there was a continuous stream of new comers, whose means swelled the purses of the shipowners and land companies.

Among this motley crowd there were a few prudent men who turned their attention to ascertain the much vaunted resources of the colony. They were disappointed to find the soil poor and scanty. Where they expected to meet with grassy pasture lands, there was little but fern and brushwood, and withal a troublesome native population to oppose their right of occupation. The New Zealand Company were perpetually at variance with the vacillating local government, while the grievances of the unfortunate settler were unattended to amidst the din of contention. During the two following years, accordingly, the influx of emigrants diminished, trade slackened, and money became scarce. The revenue failed, and government issued a paper currency to pay their salaried officers and maintain their credit.

It is difficult to conceive the effect of all this rushing to and fro, this coming and going of men and merchandise, upon the minds of the aborigines. Here were thousands of *Pakehas* (foreigners) come to dwell amongst them, eating strange food, drinking strange drinks, building fine houses to live in, dressing themselves in gay garments, and shewing great anxiety to be possessed of their lands. They could scarcely understand the motives of that large body of strangers from their previous experience of the good missionaries. Consequently they became suspicious; and as they had heard of, and a few had seen, the lands where the white man had exterminated races akin to their own, they concluded that a similar fate awaited themselves. Yet they were fully alive to their own immediate interests, and re-

ceived readily the gold and property of the Europeans in exchange for the much coveted land. As it is natural to suppose that in their rude savage state they could have no fixed boundaries exact enough to satisfy the nice distinctions of our surveyors, so their claims to the possession of lands were clashing, contradictory, and confused. Meanwhile large bodies of settlers had arrived from England, and demanded possession of lands in the colony they had bargained and paid for at home; but the lands were withheld by the natives, probably through misapprehension of the technicalities of the Company's negotiations. At all events, quarrels ensued between them and the settlers, and they disputed the power of the surveyors in measuring their land. The melancholy catastrophe of the Wairau massacre ensued. Troops were brought into the field, and the demon of war and bloodshed stalked through the devoted land. Many of the affrighted settlers fled the country for safety, whilst others who had not the means to follow sat down in despair and wept, cursing the land in which they had been ruined and deceived.

The period of reaction after this feverish time soon arrived. And what had the immigrants achieved, or wherein had they provided for the future? Scarcely one-fifth of them were to be found in the interior; the remainder were located in the townships of Auckland, Wellington, Nelson, and Russell, peddling with the natives and amongst each other, like hawkers at a fair. Instead of having advanced in circumstances by their emigration, the majority had retrograded. The savings that had been accumulated in the mother country, with which to commence a new life of labour in this "land of promise," were gradually dwindling away, and it soon became difficult to obtain the means of subsistence: this was the condition of families who were accustomed to labour for their bread. Still more distressing was the case of the small capitalists who had conjured up visions of independence on those distant shores. This class included retired officers in the army and navy, who had commuted their pensions; younger sons from the higher classes, packed off by their relatives, after receiving their passage and outfit-money, with a few hundred pounds besides; and a numerous class of adventurers, from all parts of the United Kingdom. Obliged to work with their hands when their purses became empty, they had in some instances to perform menial offices, while their want of skill in any trade placed them in the social scale below the mechanics. Among them might be found college-bred men working as labourers to builders, and sons of country gentlemen acting as sawyers to carpenters. Many a tale of suffering these helpless emigrants could divulge, if their pride would brook the disclosure.

Apart from this distress of the white men, the friendly tribes

of aborigines lived in their usual style, comfortable and contented. They fattened their pigs, planted and gathered their potatoes and kumeras, having abundance to gratify their limited wants. They presented an enviable condition of life to the impoverished settler. Human nature could stand it no longer. Many of the young colonists abandoned the society of their fellow-countrymen and became domesticated amongst the Maories, adopting their savage habits of living, and cohabiting with their women.

The news of the sanguinary affray at Wairau created a feeling of insecurity among the Europeans in the north as well as the south of New Zealand. They called upon the Governor, Captain Fitzroy, to protect them and punish the murderers; but he, from mistaken motives of humanity, dealt leniently in all cases of Maori aggression, carrying out a pre-conceived theory of mediation and non-interference. The consequence was that bitter recriminations passed between him, the New Zealand Company, and the people; while the hostile native tribes took advantage of the imbecile measures of the Governor and Council, and the disaffection of the settlers, to renew their insults and depredations. In the north that notorious turbulent chief Honi Heki, now gathered to his fathers, committed repeated outrages at the Bay of Islands, sacked the town of Russell, treated the women and children in the grossest manner, and, finally, with the greatest deliberation, cut down the British flag-staff. Governor Fitzroy could no longer temporize with this savage and his myrmidons. He summoned the available naval and military forces in the Australasian seas to his aid. The sanguinary engagements which followed between our troops and those warlike Indians, with the temporary subjugation of the latter, at the expense of much British life and money, are now matter of Colonial history. The Imperial Parliament, on hearing of the state of the Colony, without delay despatched frigates and war steamers, with fresh detachments of troops to succour our forces. Governor Fitzroy was recalled, and Captain Grey, Lieutenant-Governor of South Australia, superseded him, with unlimited powers to quell the insurrection that threatened to ruin the Colony.

These momentous occurrences hushed the internal dissensions of the Colonists for the time. All were busily engaged in assisting to preserve the general safety of the community. After the lapse of years of dire foreboding, during which the settlers had called upon the Executive in vain for protection, it inspired their despairing hearts with renewed confidence to find their appeal to the Imperial Parliament so quickly responded to, and that their relations with the parent country were not entirely forgotten. Many an eye glistened with joy on seeing the "wooden

walls" of old England once more guarding their deserted harbours, while the echoes of the spirit-stirring fife and drum thrilled through their gloomy souls, sending forth a welcoming shout of enthusiasm which seemed to shake the standard of the British empire as it fluttered in the breeze.

The arrival of so many mouths that *must* be fed, so many bodies that *must* be lodged at all hazards, roused the colonists from their lethargy. Here were new customers for their merchandise, and customers who were able to pay. For old mother country, in the height of her indignation at the insult offered to her children and her flag, was determined to spare no expense in chastising those rebellious savages. "To business, we have been idling," was now the order of the day amongst the colonists. The commisariat staff had issued notices for tenders to furnish this host with provisions and accommodation. Contracts were entered into for more than the poverty stricken land could supply; so they invited the corn growers of Tasmania, and the beef and mutton feeders of Australia, to come to their assistance; and never were ship-loads of oxen, sheep, and flour, so many and so great, known to have crossed the New Zealand seas before. The peaceably disposed Maories swelled the bill of fare, by adding pork, potatoes, and vegetables, and there was as much squeaking and grunting in Auckland as might have rivalled Donnybrook on a fair day. Mechanical labour could not be had in sufficient abundance to supply the timber, bricks, stone and lime for building purposes, or even to erect them into tolerable dwellings. Amateur labourers were therefore pressed into the service. Thus merchants, shipmasters, shopkeepers, tradesmen, and Maories, worked late and early, as they never had done before. Adversity had taught them to "make hay while the sun shone," for the season of plenty might soon pass away. Their gains were large as trade became brisk, and all were delighted once more to hear the chink of gold as it rattled freely from the military chest.

So evident was the cause of this gust of prosperity, that the inhabitants of Auckland felt a momentary gratefulness towards Heki, and many repeated the joke that he "should be presented with a piece of plate," less in jest than earnest. Whether this show of strength on the part of the government overawed the natives into a peaceful treaty, or that being poor and having neglected their crops they thought it unwise to continue on the defensive without provisions, we cannot determine. Perhaps the consideration of both circumstances induced them to submit to reasonable terms. Accordingly, by the spring of 1848 a general cessation of hostilities took place throughout the colony.

The pacific result of these negotiations was attributed to the

energetic measures pursued by Captain Grey on the capitulation of the Maories. He was subsequently appointed Governor-General of the New Zealand colonies, with a resident Lieutenant-Governor at Wellington and another at Nelson. His administration had been looked forward to with interest by all parties—the Colonial Office, the New Zealand Company, and the settlers. As he obtained the appointment over the heads of older men on account of his successful management of affairs in South Australia, great things were expected from him. He made changes in the legislative and also in the executive departments;—whether or not for the better it is difficult to say. Being a soldier by profession, his ordinances for the suppression of the Maori war were carried into effect with more decisive energy than had been done by his predecessor who was apparently a good-natured sailor. But with all his tact and shrewdness, he could not mend the constitution of New Zealand so successfully as he had mended that of South Australia. Here was a proud and powerful race of aboriginal proprietors on the one hand, with the Government and the New Zealand Company acting as "middle men;" and on the other, the broken down, dispirited, and duped settlers, who had parted with their money without securing an equivalent in land. It was in vain that the governor passed new acts, renewed and annulled ordinances, cajoled and threatened by turns; it was all to no purpose; there was "something rotten in the state of Denmark." Yet his administration placed the local government on a more secure and organized basis, and soothed for a time the murmuring spirit of the colonists, who no longer annoyed the British Parliament with their petitions. His policy towards the interests of the New Zealand Company was likewise favourable. It was confidently supposed by them and the southern settlers, that he was using all his endeavours to remove the seat of government to Wellington, which of course raised the ire of the northern colonists, who saw the injury they must sustain by the withdrawal of so much government expenditure. But any expression of their sentiments on this subject which was conveyed to him he answered with disdain. He assumed the tone of a Dictator more than that of a responsible British Governor, passing bills through his "packed" council with unseemly rapidity. Three readings in one day without any previous notice, and next day's Government Gazette announced that the proposed measure was a law of the land. So that the inhabitants of Auckland and the surrounding district, in the year 1848, expected every day to see the announcement issued, that the head quarters of the Government would be removed on the morrow to the South. If there was any truth in this surmise, the probability of carrying it into effect was sud-

denly thwarted in the November of that year, by the dreadful visitation, at the town of Wellington, of an earthquake which levelled nearly all the stone and brick erections with the ground. The Governor had just time to dub himself Sir George Grey, when he hurried off to the scene of destruction: all was consternation and distress there; many of the affrighted settlers had packed up what articles they could conveniently carry, and got on board the few vessels in the harbour, to take their departure for the shores of Australia. To add to the misfortunes of one ship-load of these refugees, they were wrecked in the harbour before the vessel could get clear of the heads. No lives were lost, but the poor creatures were left penniless.

Meanwhile the colonial minister, in conjunction with the local government, had organized a protective force on an economical scale, in lieu of the regular troops, whose maintenance in New Zealand was more than double what it would have been in the Australian colonies. A body of military pensioners, bearing the name of the New Zealand Fencibles, was formed. They were located in three separate divisions, within six and nine miles of Auckland, to be ready at all times to perform military duty in defence of the colony. Hitherto they have not been employed on active service. We hope that the day is far distant when the settlers shall have to place their lives and properties under the protection of that infirm and unsteady corps, against the assaults of young and able bodied warriors, such as are to be found amongst their antagonists. The result of these measures has been the withdrawal of two regiments of infantry, a company of artillery, and a large commisariat staff from the colony. The expenditure of these troops, during upwards of seven years, was the mainstay of the northern settlements. This fact, coupled with a decreasing revenue, has already crippled the government, who are continuing to issue debentures for local disbursement; and should they fail to realize the means of redeeming them, we see nothing but bankruptcy staring the colony in the face.

The limits of an Article like the present preclude us from commenting upon the foregoing narrative. We can only add, as a sequel to our imperfect sketch of the history of British colonization in New Zealand, some remarks upon its present condition. And here, at the outset, we maintain that there is not an individual of competent knowledge in all that territory, who, if giving an unbiassed opinion, would deny that the attempts to colonize New Zealand have hitherto proved in a great degree failures. The explanation of this fact may be found in a complication of circumstances, which ought to be studied by those who are interested in the future welfare of that and the

other colonies of the British empire. Let us glance at the physical and moral aspect of this country and its inhabitants from Nelson to the Bay of Islands. Was there ever a more heterogeneous combination of elements gathered together in any country in possession of resources so feeble for resolving themselves into a well organized and prosperous colony? Had they possessed the wealth and slave-labour of ancient Carthage, or even the purse and prison-labour of modern Tasmania, then some advance towards permanent and successful colonization, even on the fern lands of New Ulster, might have been achieved. Instead, we find an assemblage of aristocratic idlers, with slender means; a mass of nondescript adventurers; with only a small group of professed labourers and artificers. Have the means not shadowed forth the ends? If the results had not been so tragical, we could have smiled at the bubbles blown by those colonizing empirics, who think they can mould the human soul to their purposes as easily as the tailor shapes his coat for the body? Where are those boyish schemes they planned of robbing nests and eating sugar plums in that promised land of holidays? The eternal laws which prompt man's nature to good and evil purposes, have prostrated their futile fireside calculations, adding another chapter to the experiences of "mice and men." Unless, therefore, a new leaven is mingled with this ill-organized community, to raise them to a level with Victoria, and other colonies of equal growth, we predict for at least the greater part of New Zealand a gradual decline to a condition probably not more prosperous than that presented by her barren sister in Western Australia.

When we turn our eyes to the map of the southern hemisphere, and measure the length of this group of islands from the 34th to the 48th degree of south latitude, we find that it exceeds eight hundred miles, and that the average breadth, which is very variable, is about one hundred miles. The surface is estimated at 95,000 square miles, or about sixty millions of acres. Now, it is a startling fact that no indigenous quadrupeds are to be found upon that soil. With the exception of a bat and a mouse, which latter is said to exist there, but which has not yet been sent to this country, the most highly organized animal hitherto discovered, either fossil or recent, is a bird, while the low organization of the botany of the country is indicated by the remarkable absence of fruit-bearing trees, cereals. There are no pleasing associations of a natural greensward with animals bounding upon it, in the contemplation of this fact. The scientific agriculturist will say, "What! no natural animal manure—no decayed turf, then the alluvial deposits cannot be very plentiful, or, at all events, the soil must be soon impover-

ished by culture." And such is the case throughout the north island, in most of the natives' plantations, for they invariably leave them fallow for three or four years after they have been cultivated for a like period of time. And although much has been said of the fertility of the land in Waidrop Valley on the banks of the "Hutti," "Waikato," "Thames," and other rivers, which we do not deny, yet there is not that depth of soil we are led to expect from the virgin lands of all new countries, such as has been found, without travelling further, in the valleys of Van Dieman's Land, Port Philip, and South Australia. Without referring to the inexhaustible "Lothians" of the former island, we adduce as a fact illustrative of the superior natural advantages possessed by the two latter colonies that not only are they independent of foreign supplies of grain, but they export largely to Sydney and the Mauritius. Yet neither of them has been two years in advance, while each has a European population at present more than double that of New Zealand.

The peculiar features of New Zealand vegetation to which we have adverted, consist not so much in the dissimilarity of its botany as compared with other islands in Australasia, but from the paucity of species amongst the higher orders of plants, and the abundant distribution of the lower. Flora has strewed her beauteous offerings to mother Earth on these isles with a niggard hand. In our rambles a flower is rarely to be met with. Two-thirds of the plants around us are cryptogamic. Hence in botanical geography the country is classed as the region of acrogens, analogous to the carboniferous era in geology. Thus Dieffenbach, in allusion to this fact, says that we have attempted to colonize New Zealand a thousand years before its time. The forests, however, serve to maintain the beauty and grandeur of its mountain scenery, at the same time that they yield abundance of valuable timber for ship-building and all ordinary purposes, and as an article of export the Kauri pine forests are of the first importance. These are to be met with only on the northern section of the north island. Mercury Bay and the Bay of Islands on the east coast, and Hokianga and Kaipara on the west, are the principal localities. These forests are nearly all retained possession of by the Maories, who cut down the trees and square them into logs in a tradesman-like manner. These logs the European and American timber-traders residing amongst them purchase, bartering all kinds of merchandise in payment, and then ship them off to the Australian colonies, India, and England. The value given to the New Zealanders for it is at the rate of 15s. to 30s. per load of 50 cubic feet, while the freight is respectively 42s., 75s., and £5. As probably not more than

forty ships leave annually, averaging a cargo of 200 loads each, the wealth created in the colony by this article of export does not exceed at the utmost £10,000.

One prevailing character of these forests which strikes the traveller, is the network of roots that covers the surface of the ground, rendering walking inconceivably fatiguing, as the pedestrian has to spring from root to root to avoid stepping into the puddles which collect between them. Few of the trees apparently have tap-roots, for when one is blown down, which is a frequent circumstance, the roots clogged with earth stand like a cake, laying bare the rock or clay subsoil beneath, and causing the observer to marvel how soil so poor could rear their gigantic trunks. But as there is no fall of the leaf, the trees being perennial and the climate moist, we conclude that they obtain more nourishment from the air than from the earth. The consequence is that when a Kauri forest takes fire it is utterly consumed; not a stump is left; the only vestiges that remain to mark the spot are molten pieces of resinous gum where the trees once stood. And if we consider that the present "fern land," as it is named by the colonists, whereon were collected the "Kauri gum" of commerce several years ago, had at one time been woodlands, this valuable timber must have covered four times the extent of ground that it now does. The aspect of this open country displays a poverty-stricken land to the gaze of the traveller; instead of grassy pastures nothing meets the eye but tea tree (*Leptospermum scoparium*) and fern brake (*Pteris esculenta*), Fern, fern, fern, dingy brown fern, with scarcely a shade of green to vary the tint of the landscape; and woe betide the luckless wight who loses the beaten track and gets entangled in its maze. Once we were so situated, and it certainly put our usual equanimity of temper out of joint. We laboured for hours, pushing aside the dry fronds with our hands as a man does in the act of swimming, making no more progress than a mile an hour, until we were fairly tired out, after having fallen into a deep bog, hidden by the fern. Occasionally on this open country the traveller crosses extensive patches of marshy ground, where the flax plant (*Phormium tenax*) grows in tufts, like the Iris on the banks of our lakes, its leaves measuring two, four, six, and frequently eight feet in length, the fibres of which form the well-known New Zealand flax. Many plans have been adopted by the settlers, and expensive machinery erected, to dress flax in a more expeditious manner than the tedious hand-process of stripping it from the parenchyma with a shell, as adopted by the Maories, but hitherto they have failed in producing a sample equal to that furnished by the natives. Merceration in water has no effect in rotting

the pulp from the fibre; even beating does not separate them; hence this valuable product, worth about sixpence per lb. to rope-makers, and capable of being woven into a fabric not much inferior to silk, is obtained in very small proportion to the quantity that could be had where the plant grows wild and in the greatest abundance. In the first years of colonization this article was produced more plentifully than it is now; for the acute aborigines find it a more profitable and agreeable employment to rear pigs and potatoes to barter with the Europeans for their blankets—a more comfortable wear in that moist climate, (although not so healthy,) than their cold mats.

Among other products worth mentioning as articles of export is copper ore, which has been discovered in small nodules of Pyrites amongst volcanic debris on the Great Barrier island in the Houraki gulf and elsewhere, but scarcely in sufficient quantities to pay the working. Black oxide of manganese, iron sand, sulphur, and a few other minerals, which are to be found in trifling quantities, have been added by the sanguine colonists to swell this list of natural productions. But we might almost as well say that Scotland is a gold country, because a labourer could earn the sum of fourpence a-day by picking up a few grains of the precious metal on the Braid hills or the Ochils, as has been done in former times, as speak of the "mineral wealth" of New Zealand on account of such slender resources.

That this group of islands is of recent igneous formation is evident from the existence of volcanoes and earthquakes, together with the scantiness of animal life and the small amount of debris and alluvial deposits to be seen on them. In a geological point of view everything is in a state of infancy. Instead of the carboniferous series of rocks, we have a friable sandstone with seams of lignite, and a plutonic cavernous basalt. Likewise there is traditionary and scientific evidence on which to base the inference that the Maori race have not occupied the country from any very remote date. Their language and customs are almost the same with the aborigines of Tahiti and other islands in the South Seas which have been peopled from the continent of America.

As these Maori savages form the bulk of the population on the north island, variously estimated at 80,000 to 120,000, and as their presence has great influence upon the success of the settlers, we shall be excused if we enter a little into detail respecting their social condition.

The majority of books written upon New Zealand have two-thirds of their pages filled with desultory accounts of its *Aborigines*, including drawings and descriptions of their war dances, tatooing, paint, dresses, and hideous carvings on huts and canoes. Few, with the exception of Mr. Brown's work, now before us, give us

any insight into the native character. It is in their homely every-day guise that we want to know the Maori man and woman; for, in their fantastic habits and gross mechanical structures, they are but children compared with Europeans. But, in the scale of mental intelligence and practical common sense, they are not inferior to any race of men in the world. If the absence of pilfering and robbery, honesty in dealing, and safety of person and property in a community, are types of social excellence, they are in this respect superior to the peasantry of many civilized kingdoms. The honourable policy pursued by their chiefs in warfare might be an example to the belligerent powers of these northern nations. Their strict adherence to faith in treaty, and their independent principles, presented a contrast to the pusillanimous conduct of the local government during the protracted negotiations which followed the outbreak. The unconquerable spirit of the present generation will never be subdued by force; it is the slow march of civilisation working upon their offspring that alone can bring them under subjection or eventually extirpate the race.

That there are dark features in the Maori character is abundantly evident from all authorities. The Maori still bears the brand of the savage. His friendly disposition towards the white man is very much the result of his indulging in luxuries that the white man alone can furnish. Self-gratification of the lowest sort is apt to govern his actions. He is industrious no further than will gratify his several wants. His temperament prompts him to be strong and active when roused by his passions, and to sink into the extreme of laziness and dirt when they subside.

A proud and powerful race, such as these New Zealanders appear to be, numbering five to one of the European settlers at present among them, must necessarily influence the social condition of the colonists, and in some respects give a tone to society similar to that of the Hindoos upon our more aristocratic countrymen in India. Keen and close at a bargain, they screw the utmost penny out of the purchaser of their produce, asking generally twice as much as they expect to get, while they higgle and banter for an hour cheapening a coat or blanket. The consequence is that this trading system, hard-bargaining and close-fistedness, has influenced more or less the whole community. And all this petti-fogging trade is conducted in the high-flown language peculiar to savage nations, each exaggerating their own importance by assertions not at all consonant with the truth. Hence the expression, "New Zealand talk," has become a bye-word amongst travellers in these colonies for anything savouring of Captain-Bobadilism.

Before leaving this part of our subject, there is one propensity which, common alike to savage and civilized man, we are bound to refer to, however delicate its nature may be, for we have known its baneful influence exerted in an unhappy degree amongst the immigrants in these colonies. We allude to the unblushing intercourse that prevails between the male settlers and the Maori women, encouraging the most debased mercenary spirit amongst the chiefs, parents, and husbands of these women, and creating a deplorable laxity of moral feeling among the young emigrants. From the times of the early navigators the absence of female virtue among the New Zealanders has been observable even in contrast with other aborigines. This feature in their character is particularly noticed by Captain Cook.* Seventy-eight years have elapsed since Cook's visit, and the "traffic" to which he refers has continued in an increasing ratio to the present day. The consequence is, that many young colonists, of respectable origin, have abandoned themselves to the indolence and sensuality of a Maori life. Ashamed to write to their friends at home, they lead a degraded life, while their aggrieved relatives inquire in vain about their fate.

As regards a comparison between the European and Maori labourer, we find in New Zealand a powerful, energetic, and intelligent savage, who knows the value of labour: can till the ground in a fashion; sow grain; and reap the increase. Although a stout, muscular-looking fellow, he is content with scanty fare —potatoes, kumeras, and maize, with an occasional mouthful of pork—all of which he rears himself. This he washes down with a draught of water, and luxuriates afterwards in a pipe of tobacco. The hut he lives in costs him only a few days' labour to build, and he dispenses with chairs and tables. An iron pot, a few tin "pannikins" and calabashes, with a grass mat to squat upon, is all the furniture he requires. In his clothing he is equally economical. A shirt and a blanket, or a flax mat, is all his costume during the day, and serves for his bed and bedding at night; so that his consumption of foreign commodities does not exceed annually two shirts, one blanket, and about five pounds weight of tobacco—the value of the whole scarcely amounting to forty shillings. Compare this with the expensive habits of an English agricultural labourer, who lives in a well furnished

* Captain Cook remarks,—"During our stay in the Sound, I had observed that this second visit made to this country had not mended the morals of either sex. I had always looked upon the females of New Zealand to be more chaste than the generality of Indian women. Whatever favours a few of them might have granted to the people in the Endeavour, it was generally done in a private manner, and the men did not seem to interest themselves much in it. But now I was told that they were the chief promoters of a shameful traffic. . . . ."

cottage, eating his roast beef, eggs, and bacon, consuming the foreign articles of tea and sugar, besides clothing himself from head to foot in high-priced manufactures which he has to pay for out of the profits of his labour. John Bull, with all the advantages of the plough and other improved implements of husbandry, cannot compete with the New Zealander on his own land, who has the disadvantage of tedious hand-labour only in growing corn.

Perhaps the class of emigrants who could compete most successfully with the New Zealand labourer would be the Irish. Without insinuating any invidious comparison, we cannot help tracing a resemblance of character between the Irish Celt and the Maori. The latter shares his "raupo warre" with his pig as the former does his "mud cabin;" hence they are both lovers of dirt. The potato is their principal article of food, and they are equally indolent and fond of smoking. Probably it was from this circumstance that the Government surveyors have named the three principal islands New Munster, New Leinster, and New Ulster. Our artistic traveller, Mr. G. F. Angus, has produced a very "pretty book," wherein he figures the Maori man and woman in gay holiday attire; but his portraits do not convey the disagreeable odour which offends our olfactory nerves in approaching the fairest Wahina, and the unwashed shirt, blanket, or rug on the unsoaped skin of the greatest Rangitiro.

The patois used as a means of conversation between the white man and the New Zealander is more extensive in the number of aboriginal words than that found on any of the South Sea Islands or in Australia. To acquire it is a matter of importance to the settlers, as it is universally adopted in all communications and transactions with the Maories. The Government use it in their proclamations and regulations, which are printed in legible characters around the townships. The missionaries preach in it, and there is a newspaper at Auckland written in that dialect, which the majority of the Aborigines can read and understand, while not a few can write the language in readable letters. The credit of teaching them belongs to the missionaries, although many consider that they should have taught them English at the outset. However, as it is, we have grammars, dictionaries, and translations of the Scriptures printed in it, by them and at their expense. Hence the majority of words are required to express religious ideas and matters of faith, which have had no previous existence in the mind; so, for want of a better orthography, they *maori-ise* nouns and proper names to suit the poverty of their alphabet. Thus Jesus Christ is written Ihu Karaiti, and pronounced as if in German—queen, *kuini*, governor, *kawana*, soldier, *hoia*, which has been followed to the letter

by these profound lexicographers. Just as we might suppose an old nurse constructing a vocabulary for the use of children, rendering the hard words familiar to the infant tongue by adding the termination she had attached to the title of her most gracious Majesty. Thus queen is written *kuini*, and pronounced queeny. In like manner our venerable dame might insert that famous expression that "georgy peorgy will have a ridy pidy in his coachy woachy." The pure Maori language as spoken by themselves is very expressive, and their gestures in conversation not inelegant.

From the date of the arrival of the first body of emigrants commenced the decline of missionary power over the native tribes. The influx of laymen with greater wealth soon lowered the rank of the missionaries in the estimation of the New Zealanders. The consequence was, that a jealousy of feeling arose between the new settlers and the missionaries. The latter have not only been accused of dislike to the settlers, but of countenancing by their silence many rebellious acts of the Aborigines. Be this as it may, they have unquestionably been useful in their calling as Christian teachers, and much good has resulted from their operations. Mr. Brown, in allusion to this matter, thus speaks,—

"Independently of their susceptibility to religious impressions, there are many other motives by which the New Zealanders are influenced to join the missionaries and to make some show of religion. I have already noticed one of these, namely, the great pleasure they appear to derive from assembling together, and uniting in singing hymns; but strong inducements are also presented by every form or circumstance connected with their new character, which can minister to their love of display, so as to afford a favourable and ostentatious contrast to the conduct of the natives, who still reject missionary influences. The mere possession of books, and the superior requirements of the missionary natives, form a powerful inducement to the other natives to follow their example, as there is no people whatever more desirous to acquire information, or are more apt and persevering in the pursuit of it. By taking a proper advantage of this, therefore, the missionary has very many motives to appeal to; but he must, at the same time, be cautious to prevent them from suspecting that interested motives influence him. The Roman Catholic priests, for example, have been in the habit of making presents of beads, crosses, Virgin Marys, &c., which the natives, of course, very gladly receive; but they look upon them as payments for something to be done by them, and conclude that they are conferring a favour by joining that body. This practice, however, is very effectual, so far as the making converts is concerned; but at the same time it, to a certain extent, confuses their ideas as to the motives of the donors, and doubtless also affects the purity of their belief."—P. 85.

It could not be expected in the course of events that those rival missionaries were likely to agree upon the supremacy of their respective institutions over the converted savages. Mr. Brown writes thus :—

" Until Bishop Selwyn arrived in New Zealand, the Church and Wesleyan missionaries conducted their labours of love with the best feeling towards each other—the native converts of the one communion being treated in all respects as if they were members of the other, and were wisely kept ignorant of the formalities of religion which distinguished one set of missionaries from the other. No sooner does the bishop arrive, however, than a line of distinction is immediately drawn between the Wesleyan and the Church-mission natives ;—the former not being allowed, as formerly, to partake of the Sacrament along with the followers of the latter. The Wesleyan missionaries themselves are decried as not being of divine authority, and their teachings therefore decried as unwarranted and useless. The rite of baptism performed by them must be repeated by the bishop or his clergy, in order to be effectual. The natural result of such extraordinary conduct soon manifested itself, and the natives of these different forms of Christian belief are now at open war with each other; nor will it excite surprise if we soon hear that they have forsaken their own savage feuds and animosities, for the no less deadly hatred and enmity engendered by the teachings of different professors of the same meek and merciful religion. But so it is ; and unless some effectual remedy be devised for the growing evil, all the good that the missionaries have ever done may soon be as nothing compared with the evils which threaten to accompany it. Native wrongs and enmities may easily be put an end to ; because they are susceptible of explanation and reparation ; but, if religious feuds are once introduced, who can say where they may end? as their causes neither can be satisfactorily explained, nor can any compromise be made. The greater the sincerity of belief, the deeper the animosity of those who differ from it. It is lamentable that the religion of Jesus should be perverted to such unholy purposes."—P. 178.

To intending emigrants it is of course a matter of great importance to obtain correct and useful information connected with those colonies. Their future welfare and comfort may depend upon what are considered trifling details. We advise them to place little confidence in the truth of many of those flattering accounts which describe those promised lands as " sylvan communities amidst an earthly paradise." There is no portion of this habitable globe, however fair to the eye, but has its gloomy side of the picture, which ought in justice to be described at the same time. For example, would it not be a more honest and manly proceeding on the part of the agents and surveyors of New Zealand Associations to state, even in moderate terms, the reasonableness of emigrants finding disagreeable cir-

cumstances to contend with over which they have no control, such as are to be encountered at the earthquake settlement of Wellington, or preparing them for the many privations they must undergo at the first occupation of a new country, such as are to be found even at Otago and Canterbury. Much discomfort arising, for example, from the inclemency of the weather, might be avoided by timely information. Wind and rain are direful forces to contend against in those bleak shores, especially for those who have been only accustomed to the comforts and shelter of a town life in this country. Some hints of this description, along with the sunshiny prints, gaudy panoramas, and glowing descriptions so zealously set forth, might prepare the emigrant in some measure for the reality that he must soon meet face to face. He would be more satisfied with his lot, seeing he had been forewarned; for New Zealand, notwithstanding its picturesque scenery, and the romantic character of its aboriginal inhabitants, is in the main a very homely country, which the enthusiastic emigrant, soon after his arrival, finds to his cost. We have not written the preceding paragraphs to deter men from going to these colonies, but to put them in possession of a few facts that may be balanced with the more favourable statements current in some quarters of society.

Our strictures in a former part of this paper upon the conduct of the early promoters of emigration to New Zealand, and our account of the possible advantages to be obtained by colonizing those islands, seem to apply more directly to the case of the large capitalist. We have endeavoured to shew that he might as well have his money locked up in railway shares that cannot pay a dividend, as rely on profitable returns from any extensive system of agriculture, sheep farming, or cattle grazing, at least for the next half century; and even then he could not be in as advanced a condition as his brother capitalist in New South Wales or Van Dieman's Land, unless he had a force to work with similar to that by which those colonies have been raised to their present influential mercantile position, viz., convict labour and expenditure. For it is a fact in the history of these two important colonies, that their resources were mainly developed by the roads, bridges, and other public works construted at the enormous expense of convict labour. To be made aware of this fact the traveller need only journey along the magnificent road which intersects the island of Van Dieman's Land, joining the south and north settlements, and opening up the golden resources of the interior. What must this colony have been had it depended on the unaided efforts of the emigrants, who now wend their way to New Zealand?

In reading the preceding passages the reader will remember

that they relate chiefly to the condition and prospects of the north island and its occupants. The attempts at colonization narrated above are matters of history. With regard to the middle island, (Tavai poenammoo, or New Munster,) which at present occupies a great share of attention from the emigrating portion of the community, the case is different. There everything is in projection. Its success or failure is in the womb of time. And as we have not similar sources of information in regard to them, we cannot so confidently canvass the flattering statements put forward by the promoters of emigration to Otago and Canterbury. Our experience, however, has taught us, that twelve years ago a respectable body of well-meaning and sanguine men held out equally bright prospects, and described the country in as glowing terms. And what has been the result? We are as earnest promoters of the cause of colonization as any member of these associations. But we would seriously counsel them to weigh well the statements on which they found their conclusions. As Bishop Selwyn advises Captain Thomas, Local Secretary to the Canterbury Association, " to send the very soil in boxes to be analyzed in England," so would we recommend him to inclose with it a patch of turf to shew the native pasture on their plains, for the inspection of the public, and the satisfaction of the intending immigrants. For the latter, in their enthusiastic visions of the supposed " charms of colonization," place implicit faith in the slightest favourable account, looking towards their future lot in the land of their adoption, as the bride elect pictures to herself an uninterrupted succession of happy years as soon as she crosses the threshold of her new home. Many a scene of grievous disappointment on the distant shores of New Zealand is known to us, and we believe that if the propounders of those contemplated colonies had witnessed these scenes, they would speak in less confident terms of their success.

In the imaginary tariff at the future port of Lyttleton we find an item of export to a promised market gravely stated, upon such slight data, that we cannot but refer to it, particularly as the commodity in question might be supposed to create a considerable portion of the future revenue of the colony, and thereby induce a larger per centage of agricultural labourers to emigrate than would be judicious:—

" As the settlement," it is remarked, " begins to fill up, and the demand for grain increases within its limits, an export of grain may eventually be looked for from the enterprise gradually engaged in its cultivation. For this grain there can hardly fail to be a considerable demand at the Australian ports, as the engagement of labour in pastoral and mining pursuits on that continent renders its population partially dependent on foreign supplies."—*Canterbury Papers*, p. 13.

Any one acquainted with the internal resources which Australia possesses for producing every description of food, will remark at once the gratuitous assertions contained in this passage. The writer might with equal plausibility have affirmed, that as numbers of sheep and cattle die of excessive drought in the warm districts of Australia, there is no doubt that the Canterbury sheep farmer will ultimately find a market there for his "mutton, so fat, that the sailors of the Acheron could not eat it." Van Dieman's Land alone, with its rich soil and cheap convict labour, is able to land grain of the finest quality at any Australian or New Zealand port cheaper than it can be produced on the spot. In fact, the grain market throughout those colonies is ruled by the Launceston prices. Excepting the imports of grain at Sydney and Moreton Bay from the corn-growing districts of the same group of colonies, we are not aware of any foreign supplies.

If we are, therefore, to place as little confidence in some other assertions contained in those papers, we must pause before we accept the judgments of those well-meaning leaders of colonial enterprise. We would advise them to solicit the advice of some disinterested and experienced mercantile men in such matters, for we are afraid that while many of their first transactions must necessarily be connected with exports and imports, supply and demand, produce and consumption, their education has not been of that nature to qualify them for conducting such monetary transactions with due caution and economy.

Far be it from us to discourage emigration and colonization on the praiseworthy plans of the Otago and Canterbury settlements. We most heartily wish them "God speed." But the wisest of men are liable to commit mistakes in their enthusiasm. Colonies, like plants when forced into premature growth, are ever weak and puny, and where natural resources and advantages are absent they will pine and die. Moreover, without a substantial foundation of capital, even the richest natural resources can seldom be made available. Labour itself is usually of small avail at the establishment of a colony where this is wanting. In our information regarding those distant lands we have known strong and willing labourers sitting idle for want of capital to employ them. And we have likewise known capital invested in local works which have yielded no return, as in the mining operations at Kawau. That the produce from pastoral pursuits must form the staple export from this colony, like her flourishing neighbours in Australia, there is little doubt. But before this can be accomplished to an equal extent with that naturally richly grassed land, a long period must elapse to bring stock to its mere intrinsic value in a foreign market, or lower the prices from £12 for cattle, and 35s. per head for sheep, perhaps to 30s. for the former and 5s. for the

latter, as they are in Australia. Although the shrubs and sedges indigenous to New Zealand furnish good pasture for cattle, yet they are not the food for fine woolled sheep. Hence the sheep farmer has to incur the heavy outlay of clearing the land and sowing European grasses, and this cannot be done without great expense. For home consumption, and to a limited extent, a profit may be realized ; but when the grazier has to boil down his increase, as in Australia, for the sake of the tallow, wool, hides, and horns, the returns look very small in proportion to the outlay.

In this Article we refrain from offering any further opinion upon the schemes of colonization which are in operation in Otago and Canterbury. A discussion of the principles on which these plans are founded may supply enough of material for another Article. In the meantime we cordially wish them all possible success. We have employed this opportunity specially for presenting facts and judgments concerning the physical capabilities of certain parts of New Zealand, which, we believe, are not yet commonplace to many of our readers. Our purpose is served if they tend, by spreading truth, to promote caution and wisdom, in the future history of the great modern movement of colonization, which is still in its infancy, but in which our warmest sympathies are embarked. It is one thing to discuss those principles of Social Science by which colonization should be regulated, and to apply them to the circumstances of this age. It is another task to describe accurately the resources of spots which have been, or are likely to be, selected by emigrants, and thus to diffuse information concerning them among the various orders of the community. Both these investigations are of the greatest importance in the present circumstances of our country. In this paper we have confined ourselves to the latter, and we shall be glad if what we have said suggests the desirableness of more systematic means for collecting and spreading true facts and judgments, gathered by disinterested parties, with regard to the geology, botany, physiology, and other resources of our favourite resorts of emigration.

ART. III.—*The Life of John Sterling.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. London, 1851.

LITERATURE and CHRISTIANITY present in their relations hitherto a somewhat singular and perplexing study. They have but seldom gone hand in hand. Their mutual bearing has been often one rather of repulsion and hostility than of attraction and sympathy. There has been a strong jealousy on both sides which has often manifested itself in downright animosity. To what extent this is to be traced to their original position of antagonism it would now perhaps be difficult to say. Christianity grew up under the hostile frown of Pagan Literature. The spirit of the one revolted from that of the other; and while it is true that almost all the literary culture which survived gradually passed over into the Church, we yet find throughout the early centuries, till it culminated in the notable case of Gregory in the sixth, a prevailing feeling of indifference, and even of opposition to heathen learning among Christians.* With the revival of letters the old antagonism reappeared. The ideals, which kindled the young enthusiasm of Europe in the fifteenth century, and re-awakened the long slumbering literary spirit, were those of Greece and Rome. It was from the old fountains of Pagan culture, dilapidated by long neglect, and overgrown with the weeds of centuries, that the stream of genius burst forth afresh.

The spirit of Modern Literature necessarily partook of the character of its origin. It was impossible that it could be otherwise. Accustomed to find the standard, not merely of taste, but of character and feeling in the productions of Grecian and Roman learning, modern genius could not fail to bear the stamp of the models which it thus worshipped. A certain Paganized influence accordingly diffused itself through the latter—an influence which, in some of its noblest representatives, may be said to have been almost entirely overcome, but which is not the less characteristic of its general productions.

We scarcely think that any would be disposed to question this decided effect of the ancient upon the modern classical Literature. In turning from the one to the other, we frequently meet with but little change of *tone*. The same class of sentiment—the same cast of character, claim our sympathy or provoke our dislike. Or where there is no such identity, there is yet, save in some comparatively rare instances of high significance, no *reno-*

* Julian, we know, made it one of his main reproaches against the Christians, that they ascribed the works of heathen genius to Satan or his agents—an accusation exaggerated it may be supposed, but undoubtedly indicating in the Church a prevailing sentiment of hostility to heathen learning.

vation of thought and feeling. There is no baptism of divine fire renewing and transfiguring the page of Literature. Christianity might nearly as well not have been, for aught of its spirit that breathes in many of these works of modern genius which have most interested and delighted the human mind. It is of our own literature we would be understood chiefly to speak; but the truth of our remark will perhaps be most readily admitted when applied to Modern Literature in general.

It may seem a harsh and Puritanical judgment which we thus pronounce. But the real question that concerns us is, not whether the judgment be *harsh*, but whether it be *true*. No good can come from mere evasion on such a subject. The truth is not the less true that we do not acknowledge it, and force ourselves to contemplate it. We remember the strong revulsion of feeling with which we first read John Foster's very minute and candid treatment of this subject, in his famous essay, "On the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion." It was hard to have one's idols so struck down, and their true character so unsparingly exposed. Even now, on reverting to the essay, we have been unable to read it, in some parts, without a kind of pain which must have led many, we fancy, indignantly to toss it aside. He brings forth, with such a clear yet mild prominence, the peculiarities of Christianity, and confronts them so clearly, yet boldly, with the characteristics of our polite Literature, as to leave no escape from conclusions which we would still fain repudiate. He presses the point of contrast in a manner at once so measured and forcible that it is impossible to resist the essential truth of his argument. We may regret it from our love of Literature, or despise it from our scorn of Christianity, but we will find it hard to repel it.

We do not, indeed, in some respects, coincide with Foster. We think that here, as often, the gloom of his temperament tinges the picture that he draws. He shuts out too much the lights which would relieve, and the pleasant colours which would soften it. Nay, we believe that the severity and exclusiveness of his own religion have led him to do some special injustice to the venerated names of Addison and Johnson. Still, with every abatement we may make of his representations, their substantial truth remains. There is the *fact*, which we cannot get rid of with the most tolerant latitudinarianism, that so much of our Literature is not characteristically Christian, but the reverse. Its genius is not only not consonant with that of the gospel, but often, though without any polemical purpose, quite hostile to it, so that every truly Christian mind must feel that the fascinations of Literature are not without their danger.

Not for one moment, indeed, would we be supposed to be

ignorant of the beautiful uses of all true Literature. There is a morally exalting power, we believe, in all its genuine manifestations, apart from their relations to Christianity. It is the wondrous gift of genius to serve often as a moral teacher, even in its fall and degradation. The pure heart will gather at once delight and discipline from productions which may yet by no means mainly minister to elevated and Christian feelings. There is an inextinguishable element of truth and beauty in all genius, which, from amid whatever corruption, will rise upon the untainted soul, imparting a moral joy and strength of the most precious kind. Foster, we think, has discerned this too feebly and inadequately. He has made too little allowance for the good we may always extract from whatever the hand of genius, has touched with its magic or arrayed in its glory. Even admitting that there is so much alien to the spirit of the gospel in our past Literature, we are not inclined to view so gloomily as he does the consequences of this. That living familiarity with our best writers, both of poetry and prose, which alone can impart a true literary taste, may, we think, be cultivated with less danger to Christian habitudes of thought and feeling than he seems to believe. Still the *fact* is, in the main, as he has represented it. Whatever view we may take of its bearing, *it* is not, we feel, capable of being disputed. The significant truth remains, claiming our serious attention, that so great a part of our past Literature is un-allied with Christianity.

We scarcely think it can be necessary, at this day, and in the pages of this Review, to offer any explanation of the anxiety with which we are inclined to regard this fact. There are but few of our readers, we suppose, who do not recognise that Christianity *ought* to be associated with Literature. It is only possible, indeed, on the ground of infidelity, on the one hand, or of fanaticism, on the other, to maintain that they can be severed without mutual injury. Here, as in other respects, these extremes are found to meet. From opposite reasons, but to the same purpose, they hold that Literature has nothing to do with religion—the former scorning religion as an unreality; the latter treating Literature as a folly. Supposing we take our stand at either of these extreme points, we may consistently look with indifference on the separation of Literature and Christianity, or even advocate the propriety of the separation. But from no other point can we contemplate this subject indifferently. If we at once believe in Christianity, and in Literature, we cannot logically remain satisfied with their disjunction. It will not stand for a moment, on such a footing, to say, as we have sometimes virtually heard it said, that we have recourse to Literature, not to have our piety quickened, but our taste gratified; that we do not expect,

and do not desire, the devotion of a David in Dryden or Pope, or the spirit of the Gospels in Hume or Gibbon. Every one in his own place. We are content to take Pope and Dryden as they are. Nay, we think that any special infusion of religion into their pages would only have tended to disgust, as has been exemplified in the case of some other writers who have attempted an incongruous mixture of piety and poetry. This is a style of argument which, if now but little heard, and certainly scarce needing refutation here, does yet, we apprehend, silently influence many minds in contemplating the relations of Literature and Christianity. It is long after the neck of a fallacy is broken till it altogether expires. It drags out a lingering existence in a lower class of minds after it has long ceased to live in a higher. And a fallacy such as the one in question, which Johnson, in his day, took under his protection, in his well-known and often refuted remarks on sacred poetry, may be imagined to have some special vitality in it. It is one, however, which could only exist in an atmosphere of gross misconception as to the nature of Christianity. No sooner is it recognised, what indeed was so little recognised during the last century, that Christianity is by no means merely a system of notions, with its *set* phraseology, but a Life animating and pervading the whole mental and active being, infusing a totally new spirit wherever it penetrates—changing from its inmost centre the complexion of individual and social character—than it is seen that it must identify itself with literature wherever it really lives. Casting, as it does, a new glory on nature and humanity, transfiguring both in a more radiant and significant light, how can it fail, where it is really present, to interfuse and blend itself with every phase and aspect of Literature?

It has been often lamentably forgotten that man, however complex and diverse in his nature, with the most varied susceptibilities, each going forth in its own way and seeking nurture after its kind, is not and cannot be, in any of the essential relations of his being, contradictory. What heaps of errors on all questions have accumulated under the practical forgetfulness of this truth! How have we seen the functions of man's intellectual, moral, and religious nature isolated, and even opposed to each other, as if, instead of being a harmonious growth of powers, centering in a mysterious unity of consciousness, he were a mere ill-assorted congeries of accidents—a "mere bundle of dry sticks," as John Sterling somewhere says—with no interior principle of coherence! In our country we have perhaps especially suffered from this absurd mode of contemplating human nature under arbitrary divisions. Religion, Morals, Literature have, with us, been separated and marked off in the most rigorous and detailed

manner. As we pass from our theological to our moral writers, and again to our writers of Belles Lettres, how often do we seem to enter, not only distinct, but altogether opposite spheres of thought and opinion! We contemplate man, not only under different, but frequently conflicting aspects. It is no easy matter sometimes to discern the same human Substantive under the several representations set before us. The coloured glasses of theology, moral sciences, and Literature exhibit often a quite contrary image, and a strange and sceptical confusion of feeling is apt to ensue in the mind of the student. It will not be supposed for a moment that we deny the necessity of classing the various functions of man's being, and considering them, to a certain extent, apart. It is only to the extreme and exclusive manner in which this has been often done,—whereby, as it were, all sense of men's spiritual unity has been lost,—that we object. In whatever *special* capacity we regard man, whether as a religious, moral, or æsthetical being, we ought never to forget that all his qualities are only several characteristics or manifestations of the same spiritual essence, which,—however we may ideally separate them for convenience,—are never actually separated.

It is impossible to over-estimate the evil effects which have flowed from the opposite arbitrary and artificial mode of contemplation. One of the greatest of these, however, is undoubtedly the common and fixed notion that has come to prevail of there being a valid division of *sacred* and *profane* in human nature and human life. In all relations the fatal error has extended itself, that in redeemed Humanity there are yet parts which may be esteemed common or unclean. This is the radical apostasy, seen in its grossest shape in Popery, but from which no form of Protestantism has been as yet wholly exempt. Within the kingdom of God there is and can be no such distinction of sacred and profane. All is sacred within,—all is profane without it. This dualism Christianity recognises in the broadest manner. Upon this as its fundamental condition it rests. But within the sphere of its operation this dualism entirely disappears. Wherever the Gospel enters it renews from the most hidden sources the whole being. It exalts and hallows all with a most sacred anointing. A Christian man, therefore, can never legitimately have any pleasures or pursuits that are not Christian. In all moods and all relations, and not merely in special moods and circumstances, he must be religious. His common thoughts, and every-day sympathies, and not merely his most exalted and solemn aspirations, must go forth from a Christian centre, and partake of a Christian character. Christianity, where it asserts its true nature, is pervadingly operative over the whole life, the whole

sphere of human thought and feeling, and not only over some special section or moments of it.

It must be very obvious from this that Literature can never be legitimately dissociated from religion. It can never be a valid and consistent step to acknowledge that Christianity is good in its place, and Literature good in its place, but that their provinces are quite apart and dissimilar. This reasoning can only prevail in conjunction with the most mechanical and perverted notions of religion—where it is viewed as a mere factitious increment to human nature—an ornamental crown, as it were, to be worn on solemn occasions, instead of, as it really is, a sacred fire kindled within the most secret affections, and irradiating the whole being.

In exact accordance with this conclusion we find that the characteristically irreligious period of our Literature just corresponds with the age of a negative and mechanical Christianity. Then when we see poetry, and philosophy, and history, most thoroughly and unhappily alienated from a Christian spirit, we see Christianity itself most dead. The separation grew out of no inherent repulsion of the one to the other, but out of the decay and perversion of both. In our earlier Literature, awakened and matured under the fresh impulse of the Reformation,—and while that positive and living apprehension of divine truth which it called forth still survived, we see a Christian influence working with an animating and pervading force. It was only when the genuine conception of Christianity as a divine Life, which must penetrate and sanctify every department of human sentiment and affection, began to die away, that we see our Literature assuming a decidedly unchristian character. And men were then content with such a Literature, just because they were content with such a religion. Where the latter did not affect to govern and transform the whole character, but was regarded merely as a sort of appendage to it, (honourable or otherwise as it might be,) it was only natural that it should remain disjoined from Literature. It is only where Christianity fulfils its true mission, of entering into the inward life of humanity, and purifying it along the whole course of its development, that Literature, with every other form of this development, must own its sway and bear its stamp.

The aspects of our recent and existing Literature bear out the truth of these remarks. Since the appearance of Foster's Essay, British Literature has undergone many changes. He himself, in a note to one of the later editions, remarks on these changes, chiefly in regard to style,—"The smooth elegance, the gentle graces, the amusing, easy, and not deep current of sentiment of which Addison is our finest example, have been," he says, "suc-

ceeded by force, energy, bold development of principles, and every kind of high stimulus,"—a change which, with true critical penetration, he hailed as a great gain, but not unaccompanied with serious evils. For along with the passion for vigour, and point, and originality, he discerned the natural excesses of this passion —" an ample exhibition of contortion, tricks of surprise, paradox, headlong dash, factitious fulmination, and turpid inanity."

But in the moral and religious tone of our Literature there has been a scarcely less surprising change, which we wonder Foster, in special relation to his subject, did not also notice, as it had begun distinctly to manifest itself within the period to which he alludes. The same relation between Literature and Christianity no longer exists as in last century. That relation may be briefly defined to have been one of *indifference.* Literature passed by Christianity—ignored it; and Christianity, in the merely negative form in which it prevailed, permitted itself to be ignored. With scarcely life in it to retain its external forms, it did not think that Literature did it harm or injury in passing it by with a quiet and somewhat scornful dignity. Nay, divines in becoming poets, historians, or philosophers, (and there is hardly a more significant sign of the age than this,) conceived it to be in some sort necessary to lay aside any Christian peculiarities, and adopt the indifferent and paganized tone of their brothers in letters. But Christianity, awakening from its death-like slumber, and in every direction giving evidence of new life, could no longer be treated in this fashion. It must either incorporate itself with Literature, or enter into open conflict with it. And this we find accordingly is what to a great extent has already taken place in our day. The old relation of indifference has not, indeed, quite vanished. There is still in certain quarters to be heard the faint echo of the old nôtion of religion and letters having nothing to do with each other. But generally, and in all the freshest and most significant forms of our present Literature, the cold, external compromise with Christianity is entirely done away, and the two have found a point either of living union or of downright hostility.

It is gratifying that so much of existing Literature breathes a truly Christian tone. In all its various forms, poetical, historical, and philosophical, we see the clear influence of Christian conceptions, and the fruitful working of a genuine Christian spirit. It is not that in a special dogmatic sense any phase of our Literature is more religious than that of last century. The mere theological element is perhaps not much more prominent than before, and it is not desirable that it should be. But a deep flow of Christian sentiment, a tender and comprehensive Christian sympathy, and a warm and genial spirit of love, which is essentially

Christian, are found pervading and animating a large proportion of our present literary productions.

But concurrently with this Christian development of our Literature, there has been also a very significant manifestation of an opposite kind. The very same process has to a certain extent taken place among us as among our German neighbours, though with differences significant of the relative characteristics of the two nations. The reaction against the old negative form of Christianity has with us as well as with them assumed two distinct modes of progress—one proceeding from the revival of a practical Christian spirit; the other from the revival of a more genuine philosophical spirit. This was inevitable in the course of things. The mechanical modes of conception which prevailed so largely during last century, could not fail to yield on both sides, as soon as the human mind received a new and invigorating impulse. Empiricism rests not only on a practical but a speculative falsehood. It not only quenches the living spirit of Christianity, in its bare and bald grasp, but it lies against the truths of the human soul, and as soon as under any movement of the national mind a genuine and more comprehensive insight is obtained into those truths, it cannot fail to be attacked also on the scientific side. This we know to have been notably the case in Germany. The older Rationalism fell there as much before the attacks of a new and more exalted philosophy, as before the advance of a deeper and more earnest Christian piety. Kant, and Jacobi, and Fries, and Schelling, and Hegel, in their own way, combated the old empirical system, just as vigorously as the representatives of the new development of a positive Christianity in the German Church.

A twofold movement of a similar kind, although, in the nature of the case, far less definitely and clearly marked out, has occurred in this country. While a revived Christian spirit has spread in many quarters, and pervaded influential sections of our Literature, a new philosophical spirit has also arisen—the latter no less opposed than the former to the cold, negative, and sceptical turn of our former Literature, yet not only claiming no affinity with the revived Christian spirit, but entering into direct, subtle, and energetic conflict with it.

We know how common it is to ascribe this new antichristian manifestation entirely to German influence, and to consider it as altogether an alien importation from the fatherland. It might well make one smile to hear the complacency with which in certain quarters, all that is supposed most vicious in our present Literature and Theology is laid to the account of poor Germany. The fact is, we believe, that this mode of ascribing changes of national taste and sentiment so prominently to foreign influence,

is in a great measure a mistaken one. Such changes *must* ever proceed more from inward and spontaneous tendencies, than from any mere external causes. The history of every people is a growth, each new epoch evolving organically out of the decay and corruption of the old, and not a mere succession of accidental impulses and fortuitous movements. And if there is now, therefore, among us a rapid increase of what is called *Germanism*, (and we have no objections to the name as sufficiently although vaguely expressive,) we conceive it to spring much more directly from the natural and inevitable reaction against the old empiricism which so long swayed British thought in every relation, than from any immediate and tangible influence that German literature or philosophy are yet exercising. What seems to be generally meant by Germanism, is no other than the deeper and bolder and more thorough spirit of inquiry which almost everywhere, and in so many various forms, has asserted itself against the tamer and narrower spirit of last century. In Britain as in Germany, this new spirit has invaded and beaten back the old; and in the one country as well as the other, it has assumed a twofold development—a Christian and an antichristian. It is no doubt true that we have followed in the wake of Germany, and that the antichristian development among us has been stimulated by German influence; but it is of the utmost importance, we think, to bear in mind that this influence has only been stimulative, because the latent tendency was already so powerful in the British mind. For mere truth's sake we think it important to remember this. The prevalent method of attributing this or that phenomenon in our Literature or Theology to Germany, and so making an end of it, destroys, in our opinion, all historical accuracy, and even all historical sense.

The character of the present antichristian section of our Literature may be generally defined, for want of a more significant term, as pantheistic. It is the extreme reaction against the character of our previous Literature. Whereas the latter, with a somewhat atheistic indifference, nowhere sought a divine meaning in things,—this discerns a divinity everywhere and preeminently in man himself, who is the great miracle of miracles—the true Emanuel. Whereas the one was content to rest on the mere surface and mechanism—the outward sensuousness and visibility of things—the other would penetrate to the living unity—the reality underlying all the confused phenomena of existence—the *great heart of the universe*. This, in now familiar phrase, is the "divine idea of the world," which "lies at the bottom of all appearance;" and men of letters, who rise to the consciousness of their true functions, and become interpreters of this "divine idea," are, in the highest sense of the words, prophets

and priests. It is impossible, therefore, to overestimate the importance of the literary function. It is the one perpetual Priesthood, from age to age, teaching all men that God is still present in their lives. It is the true Ministry, ever presenting in new forms of beauty, in richer and more touching sermons, the eternal truth of nature and of life. To use the fine words of one to whom, as having above all given significance to this new literary movement, and as standing somewhat notably at its head, our language has already obviously pointed. "He that can write a true book to persuade England, is not he the bishop and archbishop, the primate of England, and of all England? I many a time say, the writers of newspapers, pamphlets, poems, books, these are the real working effective church of a modern country. Nay, not only our preaching, but even our worship, is it not too accomplished by means of printed books? The noble sentiment which a gifted soul has clothed for us in melodious words, which brings melody into our hearts—is not this essentially, if we will understand it, of the nature of worship? He who in any way shews us better than we knew before, that a lily of the field is beautiful, does he not shew it us as an effluence of the Fountain of all Beauty—as the handwriting made visible there of the great Maker of the Universe. He has sung for us, made us sing with him a little verse of a sacred Psalm. Essentially so. How much more he who sings, who says, or in any way brings home to our hearts the noble doings, feelings, darings and endurances of a brother man! He has verily touched our hearts as with a live coal *from the altar*. Perhaps there is no worship more authentic. Literature, so far as it is Literature, is an 'apocalypse of Nature,' a revealing of the 'open secret.' It may well enough be named in Fichte's style a 'continuous revelation' of the Godlike in the Terrestrial and Common. The Godlike does ever in very truth endure there; is brought out now in this dialect now in that, with various degrees of clearness: all true gifted Singers and Speakers are consciously or unconsciously doing so. The dark scornful indignation of a Byron, so wayward and perverse, may have touches of it; nay, the withered mockery of a French sceptic—his mockery of the False, a love and worship of the True. How much more the sphere-harmony of a Shakespeare and a Goethe: the cathedral music of a Milton; the humble genuine lark-notes of a Burns,—sky-lark, starting from the humble furrow, far overhead into the blue depths, and singing to us so genuinely there! Fragments of a real 'Church Liturgy' and 'body of Homilies,' strangely disguised from the common eye, are to be found weltering in that huge froth-ocean of Printed speech we loosely call Literature! Books are our Church too."—(*Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship*, pp. 263, 264.)

It is obvious how complete is the reaction here against the spirit of our eighteenth century Literature. It is no less obvious, we doubt not, to most of our readers, that there is an important element of truth in all that is here said about the divine meaning that lies in every thing and in every man, and of the true dignity of Literature as the interpreter of this meaning. God is everywhere and in all things, and in him alone we live and move and have our being. All in us and around us is holy. The stamp of divinity is on all, and man is verily the true Shekinah, as Chrysostom said of old. All genuine interpretation of man and nature, therefore—in other words, all genuine forms of Literature, are *religious*. There can never be, as our previous remarks have endeavoured strongly to shew, a disjunction between letters and religion without somewhat fatal injury to both. Where such a disjunction is recognised and defended, Christianity must be dead, and Literature will be dwarfed and feeble and dying.

We acknowledge, therefore, in the warmest manner the earnest efforts of Mr. Carlyle to vindicate the religious character of all true Literature. No one has spoken more noble and touching words on this subject; and it has appeared at times to ourselves strangely repugnant that we should yet be obliged to reckon him very far from a friend to Christianity. So truly Christian-wise does he often speak, that when we class him, as we have done, at the head of the antichristian section of our Literature, our heart almost misgives us. It is not that we care what any of his worshippers and followers may say to this, but a voice within us bids us tremble lest we do him injustice. The calmer and clearer view of the matter, however, will never allow us any other conclusion. We find as we study him, and the more we study him the more plainly we find, that Literature is not only with him religious but *religion*. It is not only a divine teacher, but *the* Divine Teacher, and the only one left for man in these latter days. Any more special religion than that which is written on the face of nature and in the soul of man, Mr. Carlyle evidently disclaims. He will have no apocalypse save that of which Literature is the acknowledged interpreter. Man, if he will only open his eyes to the beauty which environs him, and listen to the "still small voice" which speaks from within his own heart, and allow himself to enter into clear and calm communion with the eternal laws of the universe, becomes religious in the highest sense possible for him. And it is just the glory of Literature that it is her peculiar mission to reveal ever more radiantly this beauty, and awaken ever more powerfully this inner voice, and so place man in ever more clearly conscious and calmly intelligent relation to the great laws of his being, and of all being. In characteristic and unmistakable speech, we are

told that "the Maker's Laws, whether they are promulgated in Sinai Thunder to the ear or imagination, or quite otherwise promulgated, are the Laws of God; transcendent, everlasting, imperatively demanding obedience from all men. This, without any thunder, or with never so much thunder, thou, if there be any soul left in thee, canst know of a truth. The Universe, I say, is made by Law; the great Soul of the World is just and not unjust. Look thou, if thou have eyes or soul left, into this great shoreless Incomprehensible; in the heart of its tumultuous Appearances, Embroilments and mad Time-Vortexes, is there not silent, eternal, an All-just, an All-beautiful, sole Reality and ultimate controlling Power of the Whole? This is not a figure of speech; this is a fact. The fact of gravitation known to all animals is not surer than this inner Fact which may be known to all men. . . . . Rituals, Liturgies, Credos, Sinai Thunder; I know more or less the history of these; the rise, progress, decline and fall of these. Can thunder from all the thirty-two Azimuths repeated daily for centuries of years make God's laws more godlike to me? Brother, no. Perhaps I am grown to be a man now, and do not need the thunder and the terror any longer: perhaps I am above being frightened; perhaps it is not fear but Reverence alone that shall now lead me! Revelations, Inspirations? Yes, and thy own God-created Soul; dost thou not call that a 'revelation?' Who made thee? Where didst thou come from? The Voice of Eternity, if thou be not a blasphemer and poor asphyxied mute, speaks with that tongue of thine! *Thou* art the latest birth of nature; it is the 'Inspiration of the Almighty' that giveth thee understanding! my brother, my brother."—(*Past and Present*, pp. 307-9.)

If any doubt could have remained as to the real meaning of all such utterances, and as to the real significance of the relation which Mr. Carlyle occupies to Christianity, it must at length have been sufficiently removed by the appearance of his *Life of Sterling*, which we have made the occasion of these remarks. To us, we will confess at once, that this book is a very mournful one—the most mournful we have read for many a day. It is not, perhaps, that after all Mr. Carlyle had previously written, we had any right to expect a different book. We now at least clearly enough see that we had no such right. And yet somehow we had expectations regarding it, which, in almost every respect, have been miserably disappointed. We are conscious of admiring Mr. Carlyle in some respects so genuinely, of honouring so heartily the fine and "rarely bestowed" gift of genius which God has given him; he has withal such a noble insight into Humanity in this nineteenth century, and such a warm and vigorous sympathy with its perplexities, its wrongs, and its miseries, that

we looked (the expectation had somehow laid itself so closely to our heart, that we now wonder at ourselves a little) to this book at last for some light to be thrown on the weltering chaos—some breaking of day o'er the confused darkness in which he had hitherto delighted to dwell. The subject was one to encourage us in this expectation: the story of a life which had gone astray amid this same darkness and perplexity in which so many are now wandering—of one who had sought truth with a pure and earnest aim, and yet only found (if, indeed, he had been so far successful) some faint forecasts of it, when he departed to the eternal Silence. Here, if ever, was an opportunity of building on the broken fragments of such a life, some "sunny dome" of faith and hope for all weary travellers on the same pathway. For any other purpose than this the life was not worth recounting,—certainly not worth again recounting. If Sterling's career was not to teach us in our present imbroglio of faiths and superstitions some lesson of religion, then it had not, that we can see, any lesson at all to teach. It had better, with many others, have remained unwritten; or, at least, enough had been said and written about it. However vain, therefore, we may now see that our expectation was in the matter, we cannot yet think it was altogether unreasonable.

The *significance* which, in almost every quarter had been found to attach to the life of John Sterling, was a religious one. What save this *could* it be? In Literature,—undoubtedly gifted as he was, and full from the beginning of a certain bloom and rich promise, which yet never ripened, and did not seem to be greatly ripening,—he had scarcely achieved for himself a name. He has left behind him nothing that will not soon be forgotten amid the endless article-writing and "blotting of white paper" in our day. This Carlyle himself sees very well and acknowledges. "Sterling's performance and real or seeming importance in this world," he says, "was actually not of a kind to demand an express Biography, even according to the world's usages. His character was not supremely original; neither was his fate in the world wonderful. What he did was inconsiderable enough; and as to what it lay in him to have done, this was but a problem now beyond possibility of settlement. Why had a Biography been inflicted on this man? why had not No-biography, and the privilege of all the weary, been his lot?"

To which emphatic query he strangely enough replies by writing *another* biography of this man, and from what reason? From one just the very opposite of that which, in the feeling of so many, had alone imparted significance and interest to the life of Sterling. Because Archdeacon Hare had viewed the life of his friend mainly in a religious light, and dwelt

upon it perhaps somewhat exclusively in this light—for this reason, and to correct the false effects, as he believes, of the picture thus drawn, Mr. Carlyle has re-written his life. He and some correspondent (who seems, in a very marked sense, to be an *alter ego*—a Carlyle the *second*,) do not hesitate, in fact, to express considerable indignation at the misrepresentations in which they conceive the figure of Sterling to stand in the Memoir of the Archdeacon. He appears to them to be treated in it merely as a clergyman, in which capacity he only acted for eight months, and the relations of which were, in no degree, the most important of his life. "A pale sickly shadow in torn surplice," writes this correspondent, "is presented to us here, weltering, bewildered amid heaps of what you call 'Hebrew Old-clothes:' wrestling with impotent impetuosity to free itself from the baleful imbroglio, as if that had been its one function in life; who, in this miserable figure, would recognise the brilliant, beautiful, and cheerful John Sterling, with his ever-flowing wealth of ideas, fancies, imaginations; with his frank affections, inexhaustible hopes, audacities, activities, and general radiant vivacity of heart and intelligence, which made the presence of him an illumination and inspiration wherever he went? It is too bad. Let a man be honestly forgotten when his life ends; but let him not be misremembered in this way. To be hung up as an ecclesiastical scarecrow, as a target for heterodox and orthodox to practise archery upon, is no fate that can be due to the memory of Sterling. It was not as a ghastly phantasm, choked in Thirty-nine-article controversies, or miserable Semitic, Anti-semitic street-riots, in scepticisms, agonized self-seekings, that this man appeared in life."—(P. 6.)

Now while it is no special concern of ours to defend Archdeacon Hare's portrait of his friend, we have no hesitation in saying that he appears to us,—with all the evidence now before us,—to have apprehended and rendered the real meaning of Sterling's life, upon the whole, more truly than Mr. Carlyle. In the present biography we no doubt see Sterling in a more varied and complete light,—generally, indeed, in a quite different light; yet all the obvious efforts of Mr. Carlyle to crush the matter out of sight, fail to convince us that the religious phase of Sterling's career was not, *for others at least*, the most significant and noteworthy through which he passed. If it did not possess all the importance which it assumes in Hare's memoir, it was yet *the* most important feature claiming public attention. It was the point of view especially from which those beyond the mere circle of Sterling's companionship felt that his life had any peculiar interest for them. It very naturally, therefore, assumed the prominence it did in the hands of the Archdeacon, although

from the deficiency of his representation in other respects, it now seems to occupy a somewhat too naked and exclusive position. For our own part, however, we feel bound to say that we prefer the portrait of Hare to that of Carlyle. It will not, of course, be supposed for a moment that we intend any comparison between the mere literary merits of the Memoirs. The brief sketch of the Archdeacon has, in this respect, no pretensions to rank with the more copious and finished biography before us. But we feel strongly (notwithstanding the somewhat rude bluster we have quoted above), that it is a more loveable and interesting character rises upon us from the faint and rapid outlines of the one than from the more complete picture of the other. We confess, indeed, to no small amount of disenchantment, in reading Carlyle's Life. Every touch of the heroic we had hitherto associated with Sterling gradually disappeared. The pure, earnest, struggling aspirant after truth merged into the merely frank, brilliant, somewhat impetuous, and spoiled Dilettante. The halo that had surrounded him, to our vision, was gone. Mr. Carlyle would probably say—so much the better. It was just for this purpose he wrote his book. This was just his aim—to snatch the figure of his friend from the absurd halo of religious interest which had been thrown around it. But we feel satisfied, notwithstanding Mr. Carlyle's asseverations, that such an interest, although not in the measure supposed by some, *did* invest Sterling's life.

If we now pass from these general remarks to some special criticism on the work before us, we feel, first of all, called upon to express our delight with it in a mere literary point of view. We agree with our contemporaries generally in esteeming it, in this respect, one of the best of Mr. Carlyle's books. It has not only here and there touches of exquisite art, but its pervading texture is, to our minds, of a more finely wrought and beautiful character than any of his recent compositions. The style, in its general structure, is the same which, from so many quarters, has provoked assault; but it moves, save at brief intervals, in a clearer, quieter, and more placid flow than usual. If not rising to any of those terrific heights of sublimity, of which it is so capable, crushing and overwhelming the reader with its piled-up and lurid grandeur, and stunning him with the thunder of its march; neither does it ever sink, save in rare instances, into the mere grotesque and fantastic—the mere mimicry of thunder, which not infrequently turns our gravity into a smile in the perusal of Mr. Carlyle's writings. There are, indeed, some scattered passages of a very provocative and impetuous kind, and one or two which, in their ragged and inapposite contrasts, may well call forth a smile; but a character of pathetic softness, of mild and graceful tenderness, is the distinguishing one of the volume. It is impos-

sible to doubt how truly Carlyle loved his friend, or what a deep and pensive fountain of love there is in the man altogether. Down below all his rugged sternness and repulsive bitterness, there is a well of genial and most gentle affection, the stream of which makes glad almost every page of this book. As a work of art, too, as a compact piece of biographic story, in which the principal figure occupies his due prominence, while a group starts into life here and there around him, by a few rapid and picturesque touches, it is very nearly perfect. After we had once begun its perusal, we could not lay it aside nor pause over it. But onward we went, now well-nigh touched to tears, and now, it is true, touched with indignation, at some obvious and gross injustice, but owning everywhere the felicitous mastery of the hand that was leading us. A feeling of deep sadness, however, of profound and perplexing sorrow, was *uppermost* with us in its perusal.

In token of the rich literary merit we have ascribed to this volume, we feel bound to present our readers with a few extracts, although most of them, even to those who may not have read the volume, will, we dare say, be familiar from the numerous notices that have appeared of it. They are of that kind, however, which will bear a second reading. Sterling's mother is thus described in the second chapter:—

"Mrs. Sterling, even in her later days, had still traces of the old beauty; then and always she was a woman of delicate, pious, affectionate character; exemplary as a wife, a mother, and a friend. A refined female nature; something tremulous in it, timid, and with a certain vernal freshness still unweakened by long converse with the world. The tall slim figure, always of a kind of quaker neatness; the innocent anxious face, anxious bright hazel eyes; the timid, yet gracefully cordial ways; the natural intelligence, instinctive sense and worth, were very characteristic. Her voice, too, with its something of soft querulousness, easily adapting itself to a light thin-flowing style of mirth, on occasion, was characteristic; she had retained her Ulster intonations, and was withal somewhat copious in speech. A fine tremulously sensitive nature, strong chiefly on the side of the affections, and the graceful insights and activities that depend on these—truly a beautiful, much suffering, much loving house-mother. From her chiefly, as one could discern, John Sterling had derived the delicate *aroma* of his nature—its piety, clearness, sincerity; and from his father the ready practical gifts, the impetuosities, and the audacities, were also (though in strange, new form) visibly inherited. A man was lucky to have such a Mother—to have such Parents as both his were."—(Pp. 17, 18.)

We give as a companion picture the following—a very slight thing indeed, but pleasant and attractive:—Charles Barton "now, in 1829-30, an amiable, cheerful, rather idle young fellow about town;" had been one of Sterling's fellow-students at Cam-

bridge, and, meeting again in London, Sterling became a familiar intimate of his family. The eldest daughter—"a stately, blooming, black-eyed young woman, full of gay softness, of indolent sense and enthusiasm, about Sterling's own age, if not a little older,"—would seem to have especially interested him, as he had undoubtedly found an interest in her eyes. In the meantime there was talk of a Spanish invasion, and of Sterling, now full of enthusiastic radicalism, joining the invaders. "The ship was fast getting ready;. on a certain day it was to drop quietly down the Thames; then touch at Deal and take on board Torrijos and his adventurers, who were to be in waiting and on the outlook for them there. Let every man lay in his accoutrements then; let every man make his packages, his arrangements, and farewells. Sterling went to take leave of Miss Barton. 'You are going then to Spain? To rough it amid the glories of war and perilous insurrection; and with that weak health of yours; and we shall never see you more then!' Miss Barton, all her gaiety gone, the dimpling softness became liquid sorrow, and the musical ringing voice one wail of woe, 'burst into tears,'—so I have it on authority;—here was one possibility about to be strangled that made unexpected noise! Sterling's interview ended in the offer of his hand and the acceptance of it."—(Pp. 93, 94.)

It was not till after Sterling had retired from the Church that he made the acquaintance of Carlyle. He had come to London to consult as to the state of his health, which he began to find inadequate for the efficient discharge of his pastoral duties. On this occasion Carlyle first met him at the India House, in company with John Mill.

"The sight of one (he says) whose fine qualities I had often heard of lately, was interesting enough, and, on the whole, proved not disappointing, though it was the translation of dream into fact—that is, of poetry into prose, and showed its unrhymed side withal. A loose careless-looking thin figure, in careless dim costume, sat in a lounging posture, carelessly and copiously talking. I was struck with the kindly, but restless, swift glancing eyes, *which looked as if the spirits were all out coursing like a pack of merry eager beagles, beating every bush.* The brow, rather sloping in form, was not of imposing character, though, again, the head was longish, which is always the best sign of intellect; the physiognomy, in general, indicated animation rather than strength."—(P. 140.)

The acquaintance thus begun ripened speedily into a very close and peculiar friendship; and especially when Sterling finally left Herstmonceux, the seat of his brief clerical labours, and took up his abode at Bayswater, the intimacy between him and Carlyle appears to have grown fast, and deepened on the one side into that profound estimation, and on the other into that

deep and tender love, which ever afterwards characterized it. Carlyle thus describes the employment and character of his friend at this time :—

"Sterling's days, during this time as always, were full of occupation, cheerfully interesting to himself and others; though, the wrecks of theology so encumbering him, little fruit on the positive side could come of these labours. On the negative side they were productive; and there was also so much of encumbrance requiring removal before fruit could grow, there was plenty of labour needed. He looked happy as well as busy; roamed extensively among his friends, and loved to have them about him—chiefly old Cambridge comrades, now settling into occupations in the world;—and was felt by all friends, by myself as by few, to be a welcome illumination in the dim whirl of things. A man of altogether social and human ways; his address everywhere pleasant and enlivening. A certain smile of thin but genuine laughter, we might say, hung gracefully over all he said and did;—expressing gracefully, according to the model of this epoch, the stoical pococurantism which is required of the cultivated Englishman. Such laughter in him was not deep, but neither was it false, (as lamentably happens often); and the cheerfulness it went to symbolize was hearty and beautiful,—visible in the silent *un*symbolized state in a still gracefuller fashion.

"Of wit, so far as rapid, lively intellect produces wit, he had plenty, and did not abuse his endowment that way, being always fundamentally serious in the purport of his speech; of what we call humour he had some, though little; nay of real sense for the ludicrous, in any form, he had not much for a man of his vivacity; and you remarked that his laugh was limited in compass, and of a clear, but not rich quality. To the like effect shone something, a kind of child-like half-embarrassed shimmer of expression, on his fine vivid countenance, curiously mingling with its ardours and audacities. A beautiful child-like soul! He was naturally a favourite in conversation, especially with all who had any fund for conversing; frank and direct, yet polite and delicate withal,—though at times he could crackle with his dexterous petulancies, making the air all like needles round you; and there was no end to his logic when you excited it; no end unless in some form of silence on your part. Elderly men of reputation I have sometimes known offended by him; for he took a frank way in the matter of talk; spoke freely out of him, freely listening to what others spoke, with a kind of 'hail fellow well met' feeling; and carelessly measured a man much less by his reputed account in the bank of wit, or in any other bank, than by what the man had to show for himself in the shape of real spiritual cash on the occasion. But withal there was ever a fine element of natural courtesy in Sterling; his deliberate demeanour to acknowledged superiors was fine and graceful; his apologies and the like, when in a fit of repentance he felt commanded to apologise, were full of naïveté, and very pretty and ingenuous."—(Pp. 166-168.)

We have given the few fine touches in which Sterling's mother is brought before us. We wish we could have also presented the more elaborate portrait of his father—the famous thunderer of the *Times* newspaper,—a remarkable man truly, more deserving, some have said, of having his life written than the son. We cannot, however, afford space for this portrait at full length, and prefer sending our readers to the volume to garbling it.

The ill-health which compelled Sterling to abandon his clerical duties continued to cling to him with increasing effect throughout the rest of his years. He had to live, in fact, "as in continual flight for his very existence, darting continually from nook to nook, and there crouching to escape the scythe of death." His life, as he has himself pathetically said, "thus ceased to be a chain, and fell into a heap of broken links." He was so knocked about from place to place in pursuit of health, that it was only fractions of his time he could devote to any work. Still his continued and ever-hopeful activity is among the most notable and cheerful features of his life. After many wanderings in France, Madeira, and Italy, we find him at length, in 1843, settled with his family at Falmouth, busy, notwithstanding the strong dissuasions of Carlyle, with poetry. Disaster on disaster, however, is here destined to overtake him. Within a few hours mother and wife were suddenly snatched away from him. He was left alone with his six children, two of them only infants, and a dark outlook a-head of them and him. He sought the Isle of Wight as his last retreat; and while his residence was there getting ready for him, he paid a brief visit to London. We give Carlyle's recollection of this—the last occasion on which he saw and conversed with his friend—for its general interest, but especially for the hushed and deepened pathos of the closing sentences; how softened, and tender, and touching, is their beauty:—

"We had our fair share of his company on this visit as in all the past ones; but the intercourse I recollect was dim and broken, a disastrous shadow hanging over it, not to be cleared away by effort. Two American gentlemen, acquaintances also of mine, had been recommended to him, by Emerson most likely; one morning Sterling appeared here with a strenuous proposal that we should come to Knightsbridge (his father's house vacated after his mother's death), and dine with him and them. Objections, general dissuasions were not wanting; the empty dark house, such endless trouble, and the like;—but he answered in his quizzing way—'Nature herself prompts you, when a stranger comes, to give him a dinner. There are servants yonder; it is all easy; come; both of you are bound to come.' And accordingly we went. I remember it as one of the saddest dinners; though Sterling talked copiously, and our friends, Theodore Parker one of them, were pleasant and distinguished men. All was so hag-

gard in one's memory, and half-consciously in one's anticipations; sad as if one had been dining in a ruin, in the crypt of a mausoleum. Our conversation was waste and logical, I forget quite on what, not joyful and harmoniously effusive: Sterling's silent sadness was painfully apparent through the bright mask he had bound himself to wear. Withal one could notice now, as on his last visit, a certain sternness of mood, unknown in better days; as if strange gorgon-faces of earnest destiny were more and more rising round him, and the time for sport were past. He looked always hurried, abrupt, even beyond wont; and indeed was, I suppose, overwhelmed in details of business.

"One evening, I remember, he came down hither designing to have a free talk with us. We were all sad enough, and strove rather to avoid speaking of what might make us sadder. Before any true talk could be got into, an interruption occurred, some unwelcome arrival; Sterling abruptly rose; gave me the signal to rise; and we unpolitely walked away, adjourning to his hotel, which, I recollect, was in the Strand, near Hungerford Market; some ancient, comfortable, quaint-looking place off the street; where, in a good, warm, queer old room, the remainder of our colloquy was duly finished. We spoke of Cromwell among other things, which I have now forgotten: on which subject Sterling was trenchant, positive, and on some essential points wrong—as I said I should convince him some day, 'Well, well!' answered he with a shake of the head. *We parted before long; bedtime for invalids being come; he escorted me down certain carpeted back stairs, and would not be forbidden; we took leave under the dim skies;—and, alas! little as I then dreamt of it, this, so far as I can calculate, must have been the last time I ever saw him in the world. Softly as a coming evening the last of the evenings had passed away, and no other would come for me for evermore.*"—(Pp. 323-325.)

We had intended to add to these extracts Mr. Carlyle's closing sketch of his friend,—a life-warm and vigorous portrait, very masterly in every literary point of view, but especially interesting as fully expressing that peculiar conception of Sterling's character, which, above all, distinguishes this biography from the previous one by Archdeacon Hare. Some of the foregoing extracts have already, however, pretty clearly indicated this conception; and our space will only permit us to append a few fragments from the concluding chapter in confirmation:—

"A certain splendour, beautiful, but not the deepest or the loftiest, which I could call a splendour as of burnished metal—fiery valour of heart, swift decisive insight and utterance, then a turn for brilliant elegance, also for ostentation, rashness, &c., &c.,—in short, a flash as of clear-glancing, sharp-cutting steel, lay in the whole nature of the man, in his heart and in his intellect, marking alike the excellence and the limits of them both. . . . To call him deficient in sympathy would seem strange; him whose radiances and resonances went thrilling over all the world, and kept him in brotherly contact with all: but I may say his sympathies dwelt rather with the high and sublime

than with the low or ludicrous; and were in any field rather light, wide, and lively, than deep, abiding, or great." (P. 337.)

"A pious soul we may justly call him; devoutly submissive to the will of the Supreme in all things; the highest and sole essential form which religion can assume in man, and without which all forms of religion are a mockery and delusion in man. Doubtless in so clear and filial a heart there must have dwelt the perennial feeling of silent worship. . . . And yet, as I have said before, it may be questioned whether piety, what we call devotion or worship, was the principle deepest in him. In spite of his Coleridge discipleship, and his once headlong operations following thereon, I used to judge that his piety was prompt and pure rather than great and intense; that, on the whole, religious devotion was not the deepest element of him. His reverence was ardent and just, ever ready for the thing or man that deserved revering, or seemed to deserve it; but he was of too joyful, light, and hoping a nature to go to the depths of that feeling, much more to dwell perennially in it. He had no fear in his composition; terror and awe did not blend with his respect of anything. In no scene or epoch could he have been a Church Saint, a fanatic enthusiast, or have worn out his life in passive martyrdom, sitting patient in his grim coal-mine looking at the 'three ells' of heaven high overhead. In sorrow he would not dwell; all sorrow he swiftly subdued and shook away from him. How could you have made an Indian Fakeer of the Greek Apollo, 'whose bright eye lends brightness, and never yet saw a shadow?'—I should say, not religious reverence, rather artistic admiration, was the essential character of him. . . . He was by nature appointed for a Poet—a Poet after his sort, or recogniser and delineator of the Beautiful, and not for a Priest at all. . . . True above all one may call him; a man of perfect veracity in thought, word, and deed. Integrity towards all men—nay, integrity had ripened with him into chivalrous generosity; there was no guile nor baseness anywhere found in him. Transparent as crystal, he could not hide anything sinister, if such there had been to hide. A more perfectly transparent soul I have never known. It was beautiful to read all those interior movements; the little shades of affectations, ostentations; transient spurts of anger which never grew to the length of settled spleen; all so naïve, so childlike, the very faults grew beautiful to you."—(Pp. 339-342.)

It will not be denied that here and elsewhere in the graphic delineation of Mr. Carlyle,—so free and flowing, and yet so nicely and minutely touched,—a very interesting and beautiful character is presented to us. Sterling seems to live before us, and we who never saw him, seem to have known him well,—so bright, and hopeful, and joyful. And there can be no doubt, we infer, that there must have been an element of rare brilliancy and joyousness in him, which the sketch of Archdeacon Hare fails to bring out. Yet, as we have said, we cling rather to the portrait drawn by the latter. The Sterling of Hare seems to us, upon the whole,

a nobler and worthier character than the Sterling of Carlyle. And not only so, (and this is a consideration in comparison with which every other is of no consequence,) it conscientiously appears to us, that, while the delineation of the Archdeacon must be held somewhat deficient in complete truthfulness, it is yet, upon the whole, the more truthful. It seizes indeed too prominently the earnest, religious aspects of Sterling's character; but Mr. Carlyle has, we think, still more disproportionately undervalued and neglected these. We have sought satisfaction on this point from a renewed converse with the most significant of Sterling's remains; and our conviction decidedly is, that Sterling was far more distinguished by religious earnestness, and even religious sorrowfulness, than Mr. Carlyle would leave us to suppose. An *artist* he no doubt was, with an eye and a heart for the beautiful everywhere, and with that strong repulsion to all that is merely narrow, or exclusive, or gloomy in religion, so characteristic of the artist; but an heroic truth-seeker too, with the most solemn *moral* convictions, and the most ardent and painful longings. And it is *this* side of his character which Mr. Carlyle has just ignored, that to us is the most interesting, and reappears the most frequently throughout his writings.

We have dwelt upon this point, as the most important one relating to Sterling himself brought before us in this book, and the point from which, as a centre, his two biographers diverge in their whole estimate of his life. Mr. Carlyle, with his views, naturally holds that Sterling's attempt to find rest in the bosom of the Church, was of the very maddest kind. There was and could be no peace for him *there*. The Archdeacon, on the contrary, laments that Sterling was unable to continue in the discharge of the clerical duties which he so hopefully and vigorously began, and believes that, had he been enabled to do so, he would have found security from those speculative doubts and distractions which afterwards beset him. Coleridge's influence is of course reckoned by the Archdeacon entirely favourable. We all know with what affectionate earnestness he has expressed his own obligations to the Christian influence of the great Poet-Philosopher. Rejoicing in the light and strength which he had himself derived from that quarter, he could not but rejoice that his young and gifted friend had sought wisdom at the same shrine. All this Carlyle contemplates in the most opposite manner. To his view, Coleridge and the Church were the *very worst* things that befell poor Sterling. We shall appropriately occupy the remainder of this paper with some consideration of what Mr. Carlyle has been pleased to express on these points in relation to the subject of his memoir.

He has devoted a chapter to Coleridge, presenting a somewhat

elaborate delineation of that wonderful man; not unmarked by the masterly strokes which distinguish the other portraits in the volume; but on the whole, a sadly blurred and wretched affair. We have been both amazed and pained at the praise we have seen bestowed on this sketch in some quarters. It is to us the one utterly unworthy feature of the volume—a poor unheroic daub. In the "old man eloquent," as he sat on the brow of Highgate Hill discoursing in that indescribable and interminable manner of his, with his ever-recurring *sum-in-jects* and *om-m-jects*, there was no doubt something that could easily be turned into ridicule. There was no doubt in that ever-flowing river of talk many pools of mere darkness. We have Dr. Chalmers' honest and emphatic statement to this effect when he went to visit the Philosopher with his friend Irving who sat so reverently at the Philosopher's feet. But we know also that there was often a divine meaning and beauty in the old man's speech—rich gleams of a far-off sunshine irradiating the soul of the listener. The talk which, day by day, rivetted such a man as Edward Irving, and delighted and *enlightened* we shall say—let Mr. Carlyle say what he likes—John Sterling, could not have been without glorious flashes and even meridian splendours of meaning under all its cloudy phases. Carlyle indeed admits that there were "glorious islets" ever and anon "rising out of the haze;" but, generally, according to his representation, it was a very sad and dreary affair this talk. This is decidedly the impression conveyed by his picture. Nay, it appears to us that an ill-concealed air of contemptuous pity breathes throughout it. The aspiring sage of Chelsea had come to the shrine of the expiring sage of Highgate Hill, but it is with no reverence in his heart, and with rather a smile of mockery on his lips. He looks down with some sort of poor compassion on the "logical fata morganas" with which he sees the other "labouring to solace himself." Listen to this account of the Coleridgean remedy for evils in Church and State:—

"The remedy, though Coleridge himself professed to see it as in sunbeams, could not, except by processes unspeakably difficult, be described to you at all. On the whole, those dead Churches, this dead English Church especially, must be brought to life again. Why not? It was not dead; the soul of it in this parched up body was tragically asleep only. Atheistic philosophy was true on its side, and Hume and Voltaire could on their own ground speak irrefragably for themselves against any church; but lift the Church and them into a higher sphere of argument, *they* died into inanition, the Church revivified itself into pristine florid vigour—became once more a living ship of the desert, and invincibly bore you over stock and stone. But how, but how! By attending to the 'reason' of man, said Coleridge,

and duly chaining up the 'understanding' of man, the *Vernunft* (reason), and *Verstand* (understanding), of the Germans, it all turned upon these, if you could well understand them—which you could not. In the rest Mr. Coleridge had on the anvil various books, especially was about to write one grand book *on the Logos*, which would help to bridge the chasm for us. So much appeared, however; Churches, though proved false, (as you had imagined), were still true, (as you were to imagine); here was an Artist who could burn you up an old church, root and branch; and then, as the Alchymists professed to do, with organic substances in general, distil you an 'Astral spirit' from the ashes which was the very image of the old burnt article, its air-drawn counterpart,—this you still had, or might get and draw uses from, if you could wait till the Book on the Logos were done;—alas, till your own terrene eyes, blind with conceit and the dust of logic, were purged, sublimized, and spiritualized, into the sharpness of vision requisite for discerning such an 'om-m-ject.'"—(Pp. 76, 77.)

There is to us something very intolerable in this tone of Mr. Carlyle,—in continuance of which we have, throughout the volume, more than abundant mention of "Coleridgean moonshine," "Coleridgean legerdemain." We must say it has kindled our indignation not a little. Where are Mr. Carlyle's remedies for our faithless and aberrant generation, that he feels himself warranted in speaking thus of Coleridge? We can imagine the fine work which some future biographer of another Sterling will in a similar strain make of the Chelsean prescription. Perhaps, too, it may be found when the secrets of another sanctuary are unveiled, that if there was not much "pious" nor even "partly courteous snuffle" in the discourse *there*, there was yet in plenty "a confused unintelligible flood of utterance, threatening to submerge all known land-marks of thought, and drown the world and us"—a vast vituperative commotion which made noise in the ear without bringing much light or life to the heart. But in truth this way of talking about great men is not to our taste at all, and we least of all expected it from such a quarter. We would reverence all spiritual teachers, if we could, and Mr. Carlyle no less in his way. They have all their lesson to teach. Let us learn it if we can. It will never do us any good to laugh at it. The silliest trifler can raise a shout at the most sacred attempt, and mere scorn, Mr. Carlyle should know, is a cheap attribute of fools. Coleridge, no doubt, had his weaknesses. Even *his* great intellect had a halt, as it were, which many weaker and smaller men could see and prate about, as they have already so abundantly done. The treasure here, as everywhere, was in an *earthen* vessel—of glorious framework it is true, yet not without the ineradicable flaw. "The empyrean element lay smothered under the terrene." Yea doubtless. But we did not expect Mr. Carlyle to be the man to proclaim this with a jest! There was

enough of the *heroic* surely in Coleridge for him and for us to admire for ever, without our lifting the veil and pointing to the scars which mark him as our brother in human frailty and sin. The man who has found a hero in Mahomet and Johnson and Burns, might, we think, have trod with a more reverent tenderness round the grave of Coleridge.* Of the substantive value of his contributions to the cause of truth we cannot even for a moment now speak. We *feel*, however, that we hazard no vain conjecture when we express a conviction that future generations will find them upon the whole, perhaps, the worthiest which have descended from our age.

With such views of "Coleridgean moonshine," it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Carlyle ceases not throughout the volume to deplore its effect upon Sterling. With the most withering and contemptuous scorn does he speak of his endeavour to find light in such. "To steal into heaven by the modern method of striking, ostrich-like, your head into fallacies on earth, equally as by the ancient, and by all conceivable methods, is for ever forbidden. High treason is the name of that attempt; and it continues to be punished as such." And when, under the supposed influence of this "moonshine," with his heart deeply saddened by the mournful issue of that Spanish Invasion which he had been so zealous in helping forward, Sterling sought peace and moral health in the Church, under the kind direction of his friend Archdeacon Hare, Carlyle can scarcely find words to express the tempest of indignation and "pitying condemnation" which sways him. With apparent ungovernableness he breaks forth into perhaps the stormiest passage of the book:—

"The bereaved young lady has *taken* the veil then! Even so. . . To such length can transcendental moonshine cast by some morbidly radiating Coleridge into the chaos of a fermenting life, act magically there, and produce divulsions and convulsions and diseased developments. So dark and abstruse, without lamp or authentic finger-post, is the course of pious genius towards the Eternal Kingdoms grown. No fixed highway more: the old spiritual highways and recognised paths to the Eternal, now all torn up and flung in heaps, submerged in unutterable boiling mud-oceans of Hypocrisy and Unbelievability of brutal living Atheism, and damnable dead putrescent Cant; surely a tragic pilgrimage for all mortals; Darkness, and the mere shadow of Death enveloping all things from pole to pole; and in the raging gulf-currents, offering us will-o'-wisps for load stars—intimating that there are no stars, nor ever were, except certain Old-Jew ones which have now gone out."

* We speak sincerely what we think of Mr. Carlyle's personal sketch of Coleridge as a whole. Here and there in it, as well as elsewhere in his essays, he has spoken of him with all the admiration we could wish.

"Concerning this attempt of Sterling's to find sanctuary in the old Church, and desperately grasp the hem of her garment in such manner, there will at present be many opinions; and mine must be recorded here in flat reproval of it, in mere pitying condemnation of it, as a weak, false, unwise, and unpermitted step. Nay, among the evil lessons of his Time, to poor Sterling I cannot but account this the worst; properly, indeed, as we may say, the apotheosis, the solemn apology and consecration of all the evil lessons which were in it to him."—(Pp. 126, 127.)

Sterling continued a curate only eight months—months, it appears to us, even from the scanty chapter devoted to the subject by Mr. Carlyle, among the most healthful and happy of his life.. Ill health was the cause of his discontinuance of his clerical duties. Mr. Carlyle, indeed, pretty plainly insinuates, that there were deeper causes already at work, and that this was merely "the last ounce which broke the camel's back;" but he furnishes not a shadow of evidence for his surmise on this head. And on referring to Sterling's own letter on the subject to Archdeacon Hare, it is impossible not to feel that, by this insinuation, he has done his friend gross injustice. That Sterling, however, was at length quit of the Church, Carlyle rejoices. It was a miserable and contemptible affair this "clerical aberration;" but, thank God, it is past. And hereupon we have the astounding declaration, that "no man of Sterling's veracity, had he clearly consulted his own heart, or had his own heart been capable of clearly responding, and not been dazzled and bewildered by transient fantasies and theosophic moonshine, could have undertaken this function. His heart would have answered, 'No, thou canst not. What is incredible to thee thou shalt not at thy soul's peril attempt to believe!—Elsewhither for a refuge or die here. Go to Perdition if thou must—but not with a lie in thy mouth; by the Eternal Maker, no!'" —(P. 139.)

Mr. Carlyle is given to strong sayings—sayings which,—even in the words of John Sterling,—a friend of his, "might be pardoned if he wished to blot out with tears." And *we* feel that Sterling would have thought the above one of these sayings. No man of veracity, it seems, who clearly consults his own heart, and whose heart is capable of clearly responding, can be a clergyman. "*You* hard-working minister of God, going about your daily business, with a clear though often saddened heart, and with an ordinary strength of intellectual vision, you suppose yourself to be veracious—you think yourself an *honest* man, do you? *Fool!* cries the stern oracle of Chelsea. You are but a poor theosophic dreamer, or a 'conscious impostor.' If only a weak and stupid creature, we may give you some credit for sin-

cerity. But you cannot maintain at once your veracity and your clearness." Such is really the purport of Mr. Carlyle's most offensive language. What then, may we ask, is the highest test of sincerity? Is it a continual big-mouthed prate about it? or is it a silent, earnest working in behalf of the truth which we count dear? Are we to submit to be told, that the man who, day by day, with a noiseless and self-denying perseverance, carries the Gospel of Divine grace into the cottages of the poor, and speaks of it by the bed-sides of the sick and dying, is either a "conscious impostor," or a poor bewildered fanatic; while he who sits in his snug parlour at Chelsea, evermore talking of the "Eternities" and "Immensities," is the true and clear man? Are we to believe that poor Sterling, the laborious curate, was a mere theosophic moon-struck wanderer, while Sterling, the litterateur, had attained to *the chief end of man?* This surely is the merest—direst unveracity; and if there is bewilderment at all, there can be little doubt on whose side the bewilderment is.

Shortly after Sterling quitted the Church, he entered upon that career of theological struggle with which his name has been so associated. Whatever significance may have once attached to that struggle, a wider and more intimate acquaintance with the character of Sterling has pretty well removed. It was indeed, we still think, for others, the most significant phase of his career, but it wanted that breadth of interest and meaning which a deeper, more intense, and on the whole greater character could alone have given it. We now *see* what we had all along felt from a perusal of his writings, that the importance of Sterling as a thinker had been somewhat overrated in his previous biography; or at least, that an exaggerated notion of him in this capacity, founded somehow upon that biography, had arisen. So far we believe Carlyle to be entirely in the right, when he affirms, that "in spite of his sleepless intellectual vivacity, Sterling was not properly a thinker at all." He had subtlety, brilliancy, and a certain roundness of intellectual vision which could not yet be called comprehensiveness,—but he wanted depth, penetration, and, above all, calmness and patience. He went at everything—Philosophy, Theology, Poetry, in a certain headlong, dashing manner, which shewed the dexterous *improvvisatore,* (a term by which Mr. Carlyle has more than once characterized him,) rather than the thoughtful worker. "Over-haste was his continual fault; over-haste and want of the due strength." His genius flashed and coruscated, playing like sheet-lightning (to adopt Carlyle's comparison) round a subject and irradiating it, rather than "concentrating itself into a bolt and riving the mountain barriers for us." Fitted to excel in

the fields of pure Literature with his quick, genial grasp, and rich glittering style, (though the glitter is often cold as of polished crystals rather than of living sun-light), and the delicacy and ripe finish of his touch, he was yet greatly deficient in that direct and piercing insight, and that calm laboriousness of inquiry which alone constitute the thinker, and could alone have given the significance claimed for it by some, to the religious crisis which he underwent. That such a *crisis* was deeply experienced by him, however, can admit of no doubt. Tremulously he owned the spiritual agitations of his time. He felt the conflict on all sides of him, and gave himself heartily to it. His undoubtedly valorous spirit bore ever after the dints of a strife which had been no holiday one with him. We would not, for a moment, (as Mr. Carlyle would have us to do,) underrate the potency of the struggle through which he passed. Only, *his* was not the strength to wrestle patiently through it and reach the light of heaven beyond. He could not dwell in the gloom till the true light shone, but at every cost must have light, even if radiated from the cold intellectual frost-work of a Strauss, or the more softened and beautiful, but scarcely less cold, snow-fancies of a Goethe. Archdeacon Hare has said that "there are minds whose lot it is to grapple with the hardest problems of their age, and who cannot rest until they have solved them—men who seem to regard it as their appointed task to descend to the gates of Hades and bring back Cerberus in chains; and of these men Sterling was one." Yes; but only in so far as he owned the speculative impulse, not as possessed of the speculative power. He did indeed descend to the gates of Hades, but *his* was not the strength to bring back Cerberus in chains.

Mr. Carlyle, as the reader will have inferred from our previous statements, has dealt in the most scanty and imperfect fashion with this period of Sterling's life. There is indeed in all his talk of his friend, about this time, and of his favourite authors, a tone of insolent pity and injustice that has filled us with feelings of less regard for Mr. Carlyle than we thought we could have ever entertained. "I remember," he says, "he talked often about Tholuck, Schleiermacher, and *others of that stamp;* and looked disappointed, though full of good nature, at my obstinate indifference to them and their affairs. His knowledge of German literature, very slight at this time, limited itself altogether to writers on Church-matters, Evidences, Counter-evidences, Theologies, and rumours of theologies—by the Tholucks, Schleiermachers, Neanders, and I know not whom. Of 'the true sovereign souls' of that literature, the Goethes, Richters, Schillers, Lessings, he had as good as no knowledge."—(P. 165.)

What strange, hap-hazard, and monstrous talk is this? The

Goethes and Lessings exalted to honour, and the Schleiermachers and Neanders trampled under foot! What next? Can Mr. Carlyle fancy he honours his own function as a teacher by such talk? By all means let us do justice to Lessing and Goethe. They *were* "true sovereign souls" in their way. But must we therefore tread Schleiermacher and Neander in the mire? Who that knows anything of these men, or of their works, does not know that they also, and in a far more eminent sense, were "true sovereign souls"—men who fought a harder fight and won a nobler victory? What does John Sterling say of Schleiermacher even after this time?—"I still think of him as, on the whole, the greatest spiritual teacher I have ever fallen in with."—(P. 97, Hare's *Life.*) But we beg pardon of our readers for such a line of apology in regard to such men.

As we get from Mr. Carlyle no insight into this struggling period of Sterling's life, so we get from him no satisfactory account of its issue. We are indeed told that, by-and-bye, "Tholuck, Schleiermacher, and the war of articles and rubrics were left in the far distance;" and that "Literature again began decisively to dawn on him as the goal he ought to aim at." "It was years, however, before he got the inky tints of that Coleridgean adventure completely bleached from his mind." But finally he *did* get emancipated. Of Strauss even, nothing more was heard. "Strauss had interested him only as a sign of the times, in which sense alone do we find, for a year or two back, any notice of the Church or its affairs by Sterling; and at last even this as good as ceases." "Adieu, O Church; thy road is that way, mine is this; in God's name, adieu!" "What we are going *to*," says he once, "is abundantly obscure, but what all men are going *from* is very plain." (P. 286.)

This seems to be the sum of truth, which, according to Carlyle, John Sterling reached,—full of what comfort may be gathered from it by any of our readers. One touching and melancholy corroboration of his statement Mr. Carlyle has furnished in a letter, not just the last one, but nearly so, that he received from Sterling. We give it as about the most deeply pathetic letter we ever read. We cannot even now again read it without a perplexed and swimming feeling as of tears that will not yet flow.

"To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea, London.

"*Hillside, Ventnor, August* 10, 1844.

"MY DEAR CARLYLE,—For the first time for many months it seems possible to send you a few words; merely, however, for Remembrance and Farewell. On higher matters there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear, and with very much hope. Certainty, indeed, I have none. With regard to you and me, I cannot begin to write; having nothing

for it but to keep shut the lid of those secrets with all the iron weights in my power. Towards me it is still more true than towards England, that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you! If I can lend a hand when *there*, that will not be wanting. It is all very strange, but not one hundredth part so bad as it seems to the standers by.

"Your wife knows my mind towards her and will believe it without asseverations.—Yours to the last,

"JOHN STERLING."

Sad enough, truly, and dark enough—The beautiful incident in Mr. Hare's memoir comes to shed a gleam of light on this thick darkness; and we rejoice with trembling to think of it. "As it grew dark he appeared to be seeking for something, and on her (his sister) asking what he wanted, said 'only the old Bible which I used so often at Herstmonceux, in the cottages.'" Why has Mr. Carlyle not recorded this fact?—*if it be a fact*, which we cannot doubt. Was he ashamed that it should be so said of his friend? Must we blame him for wilful suppression here as we fear elsewhere,—for wilful blindness in overlooking some of the real facts of Sterling's spiritual history which it did not suit him to disclose or at least to dwell upon? With a noble affectionateness Sterling speaks of the good of Carlyle's influence over him. We feel profoundly that we cannot respond to these words of a dying brother.

What precisely Sterling's ultimate views were, it is impossible to say. If uncertainty rested on them before, a deeper uncertainty may be said to rest on them now. That he had not, however, altogether abandoned Christianity, seems undoubted both from his closing interview with his sister, and his own express statement in a letter of farewell to Archdeacon Hare. "Christianity is a great comfort and blessing to me," he says, "although I am quite unable to believe all its original documents." *What* his *conclusions* were, with our view of his character, is not a matter of special importance to us. While, in the mere fact of the struggle through which he passed, typical of his age, he was yet, as we have endeavoured to explain, not fitted to enter into all the depth of that struggle, and work his way through it into clearness and truth. He was altogether of too light and restless and facile a nature—like his friend Francis Newman, (with his likeness to whom, in some respects, we have been much struck), to mirror in any adequate sense the spiritual progress of our time, and to furnish it with the right solution of its spiritual perplexities.

As for Mr. Carlyle himself,—it is obvious we have no more anything to look for in this way from him, if we ever had. His attitude is now and henceforth plainly and emphatically enough

an "Adieu, O Church." Whatever spiritual consolation may be possible from Goethe is welcome to the age. Other the biographer of Sterling has not to give. Literature has again in him, through a curious process of religious baptism, culminated in a mere species of philosophic Paganism. We cannot for the life of us make more of Mr. Carlyle's *chief end of man* than this. We have pretty well got rid—thanks to him—of the sceptical Epicureanism of last century; but only, so far as he is concerned, to traverse the more lofty and specious but not less dangerous verge of a stoical Pantheism. There is, we feel assured, a more excellent Way than either. There is a Light of Divine Truth, however dimmed, yet burning in the midst of us. There is a Sun of Christian warmth and vitality still, under whatever obscurities, shining in our poor world, irradiating many a heart, and illuminating many a mind. All has not become mere "bleared tallow light," mere "draggled, dirty farthing candle." We honestly believe with Coleridge in the inextinguishable power of Christianity, and that there is life in the old Churches yet,—destined to a glorious revival,—let Mr. Carlyle mock as he may. We firmly rejoice with Neander, that Christianity having once entered into the life of Humanity shall go forth, from every temporary lull of its strength, to new conquests over it, and enter into freer and more perfect harmony with it,—till its vitalizing spirit circulates in every vein of the great growth and progress of our race, and effloresces into a richer blossoming of *literary* as of all other excellence.

ART. IV.—1. *Reports of the Board of Agriculture.* London, 1796-1815.

2. *Transactions—Proceedings—and Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society of London.* London, 1808-1851.
3. *Transactions of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland.* Edinburgh, 1850, 1851.
4. *Report on the Geology of Cornwall, Devon, and West Somerset.* By SIR HENRY DE LA BECHE, F.R.S., &c. &c., Director of the Ordnance Geological Survey. London, 1839.
5. *The Nature and Property of Soils, and their Connexion with the Geological Formations on which they rest.* By JOHN MORTON, F.G.S. London, 1842. Third Edition.
6. *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.* Vols. i.-xii. London, 1840-1852.
7. *Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry and Geology.* By JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON, M.A., F.R.S.S. L. & E., &c. &c. Edinburgh and London, 1844.
8. *Memoirs of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom, and Museum of Economic Geology.* Vol. i., Vol. ii., Parts I. & II. Published by order of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury. London, 1846-1848.
9. *Proposals for a Geological Survey, specially directed to Agricultural Objects.* By JOSHUA TRIMMER, F.G.S. London, 1850.
10. *Report on the Agricultural Capabilities of New Brunswick.* By JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON, M.A., F.R.S.S. L. & E., F.G.S., and C.S. Frederickton, 1850. Second Edition.
11. *Notes on North America—Agricultural, Economical, and Social.* By the Same. London, 1851.
12. *An Address on the Recent Progress of Geological Research in the United States, delivered at the Sixth Annual Meeting of the Association of American Naturalists, held at Washington, May* 1844. By HENRY ROGERS, Professor of Geology in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, 1844.

THAT fascinating writer, the Author of the "Old Red Sandstone," has, in a recent work, compared the search of geologists for fossil fishes in the lower Silurian strata, to the labours of the patient angler, who, having cast his line day by day, into some large inland water, can scarcely detect a nibble after the lapse of months, and at the end of years cannot boast of captures exceeding a score. This analogy may even be carried further. It is notorious, that among the brethren of the gentle craft, no fish are so large as those which are not brought to land, and that of

none is the weight so accurately determined. So it is in geology. We are better acquainted with the history of the strata most remote from our own times, than with the history of the period which immediately preceded the epoch of our race. We know more of what has happened in the depths of the ocean, than of events which have taken place upon the surface of the land. We have traced a long series of organic life through the many thousands of feet which constitute the mass of the Silurian strata; we can follow its migrations, and point out the direction of the currents which transported its germs; we even undertake to trace the shore of the Silurian ocean, and to indicate the position of subaerial volcanoes which scattered their ashes into the sea to form the peperinos of Snowdon. We know the feeding grounds of every shoal of fish which swam through the seas of the Old Red; we can describe the process by which the coral reefs of the carboniferous and Silurian limestones were formed; and can follow them through all their risings and sinkings. But the Geological Society has held its meetings for nearly half a century in buildings whose foundations are laid in a bed of gravel teeming with the remains of the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and other extinct mammals. With them are associated land and fresh water molluscs, all of species now living, and with one or two exceptions, identical with species now inhabiting the banks and waters of the existing Thames; and yet it is still an open question, in the discussions of that affectionate but rather pugnacious brotherhood, whether those deposits were formed before or after the emergence of Britain from beneath the glacial sea; whether the extinct pachyderms were, during any part of their range in time, coeval with man; whether they died out, one by one, or were cut off by a series of local catastrophes, which mark a particular epoch in the history of the world. Nay more, it is not even settled as yet whether there was a glacial epoch or not; whether, after the temperate latitudes of Europe and America had been occupied by a fauna and flora, indicating a high temperature, a refrigeration took place down to that of the arctic circle; whether our present climates are tending towards their zero, or whether they have passed it, and indicate a rising of the cosmical thermometer. Even among those geologists who admit the extensive agency of ice at the close of the tertiary era, there is the utmost diversity of opinion, whether the deposits once called diluvium, and now known to many geologists by the indefinite name of "drifts," were formed by terrestrial glaciers or by shore ice, or by ice drifted from arctic lands, under climates not very different from the present; just as icebergs from Greenland and Labrador now float occasionally to the latitude of the Azores. On the other hand, there are those who abjure ice

altogether, and with whom the transporting power is made to consist of waves of translation, travelling with the speed of a railway train, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and set in motion by the sudden upheaval of parts of the bed of the sea, which spread over other parts of it streams of moist detritus, by which the rocks over which they passed were grooved and polished and scratched.

It is not with respect to speculative questions alone that the neglect of the geology of the surface constitutes the opprobrium of the science, and shakes the confidence of the uninitiated in the soundness of geological inductions respecting the other extreme of the series. It has operated detrimentally on its very important practical applications to the theory and practice of Agriculture. A more accurate knowledge of the superficial deposits is essential to an accurate knowledge of the nature and distribution of soils and subsoils, which, in the majority of cases, are dependent on those neglected deposits; and it would furnish an answer to the objection with which landowners often upbraid geologists, when they are sceptical as to the value of geological investigations.

It is now rather more than half a century since the cultivators of geology, abandoning mere arm-chair speculations as to the manner in which planets have been formed, applied themselves to the task of observing the structure of the earth as it exists, the materials of which its crust is composed, and the order in which these are arranged. Those who have marked the progress of the science during that period, cannot fail to have observed the numerous successful results which attended its practical application in the outset of its career, and the small number which have been achieved since it advanced beyond its robust childhood. In an Article in this Journal on the Memoirs of William Smith,* we enumerated some of these triumphs of applied geology. We are unable to call to mind more than two subsequent attempts to direct the study to similar objects of practical utility. One of these was the inquiry by the Commission with Sir Henry De la Beche at its head, respecting the best building stone to be used for the New Palace at Westminster—and even with that Smith was associated; the other was the discovery of the black-band ironstone by Mr. Mushet, to the great benefit of some landowners and iron masters in Scotland. What has been the cause of the exuberant harvest yielded by applied geology at one period and its poverty at another? Is the soil exhausted, or has its cultivation been abandoned? An answer may be found to these questions in the fact, that the early vota-

* See *North British Review*, No. VII.

ries of geology were practical men, and gave their researches an economic application—Werner to mining—Smith to mining, general engineering, and agriculture. Their successors have been philosophers and naturalists, whose favourite lines of research have been questions in geological dynamics, and in the ancient natural history of the earth. When practical men shall again become geologists, we may hope to see geology once more applied to practical purposes, as well as advanced in a more comprehensive point of view. The Government School of Mines promises to rear a race of future superintendents of mining operations who will make this use of the science which they acquire. For the instruction of the still more important agricultural class, no such public provision has yet been made, though the annual value of the agricultural produce of Great Britain is ten times that of its mines; and till the agricultural class shall have somewhat more largely imbibed the streams of science, we cannot expect much progress to be made in agricultural geology.

With Agriculture were connected the first efforts of Geology as a science of observation. In treating of the agriculture of any district, it is necessary to describe the areas which are occupied by different kinds of soil, rendering necessary the adoption of different systems of husbandry. In districts (of which Britain contains several) where the superficial deposits are either generally absent or only slightly developed, the variations of soil correspond more or less with the outcrops of the strata. The areas which these occupy were known long before it had been ascertained that they were the results of stratification and denudation. Hence we find, that so early as 1734, the outcrops of the strata of Kent—one of the districts least covered with the superficial deposits—had been described by Parke, in a treatise on the agriculture of that county, in such a manner as to render easy the subsequent construction of a geological county map. Hence we find Marshall, in describing the practice of agriculture in Norfolk in 1782, entering into disquisitions essentially geological; and hence it is that to the Board of Agriculture belongs the honour of having produced the first geological map of any part of England. Its first series of reports contains, on the testimony of Conybeare, very adequate geological maps of the North Riding of Yorkshire, of Derbyshire, and Nottinghamshire, with a less accurate map of Devonshire. The report on Kent in 1796, and Maton's tour through the south-western counties, both contain geological maps of the districts described; and between that date and 1813, the same Board had given useful maps of Surrey, Berks, Bedford, Gloucester, Wilts, Lincoln, Durham, and Cheshire, besides publishing a second report on Derbyshire, by Farey, exclusively devoted to its mineralogy. Farey was a pupil of Smith; and several of the second series of the Board's

reports were drawn up by those to whom Smith's discoveries had been orally communicated. In 1790, he had commenced his investigations of the succession of strata. Ten years later he published a work on the same subject; and in the meantime manuscript copies of his Tabular View of the Strata and their Organic Contents were in circulation both in Britain and on the Continent. It was not till 1815, after many delays, that his map of England and Wales made its appearance; but the manuscript had been, in great part, prepared before those local maps of the Board of Agriculture, which are certainly the earliest *published* geological maps of any part of these islands.

The progress made in the science of geology by Smith's discoveries of the laws of stratification, and of the distribution of their organic remains, has perhaps tended to retard, for a time, its application to agriculture, by giving an undue importance to the theory of the substratal origin of soils, and by leading geologists away from practical investigations.

It was natural, too, that "Strata Smith" should be led, in his agricultural investigations, to take an exaggerated view of the connexion between the soil and the strata to which he owed his celebrity; and that having devoted a large portion of his attention to the study of oolitic districts, in which soils prevail which have been derived exclusively from the subjacent rock, he should have been led to draw conclusions too general from local phenomena. The construction, moreover, of geological maps, even of those on the largest scale yet constructed, renders necessary the adoption of a geological fiction. In order to represent the outcrops of the strata, it is necessary that all the superficial deposits should be supposed to be removed; and that the rock below them, which is nearest to the surface, should be assumed as the surface. It becomes necessary also to sink the mineral distinctions of the strata, and to include under one colour, a group of strata connected by the presence of a common group of fossils, however numerous may be the alternating silicious, argillaceous, and calcareous strata of which the group consists. To an assumption that soils are exclusively derived, not only from the strata immediately below them, but from those strata as represented on geological maps, the transition is so easy, that it would have been marvellous if it had not been made. From ignoring the geology of the surface on geological maps, we proceeded to ignore it in nature, and to treat of agricultural geology in the spirit of the strolling players who performed the tragedy of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet unavoidably omitted. The cultivated soil rarely exceeds a foot in depth, and is frequently much shallower. There are few operations of agriculture in which the subsoil is of much importance at a greater depth than seven feet. The instances are rare in which mineral manures are

raised from beneath an overburthen of more than twenty feet. The superficial deposits which are excluded from geological maps cover extensive areas, to depths varying from less than one foot to several hundreds of feet; and yet it has been long the fashion, among those who undertake to teach geology in its application to agriculture, to tell the farmers that the nature of the soil being given on one part of a geological formation, it is known for the whole; and that it is possible, by the mere inspection of a geological map, to announce the course of husbandry which will be found to prevail on the several districts represented on it. The intelligent farmer knows, however, that this is either not true, or a very rude approximation to the truth: and that within very small areas, on the same farm, and even in the same field, many varieties of *soil* occur of very different values, without any corresponding variation in the mineral character of the *rock* on which they rest. Is it surprising, then, that in a Farmers' Club the question should lately have been mooted, whether a knowledge of geology is of any advantage to the farmer, and that it should have been decided in the negative?

And yet the geology of agriculture is of the utmost value both to the owners and managers, and also to the cultivators of the soil. It aims at the establishment of a definite classification and nomenclature of soils, as a substitute for the local jargon, which deforms the best treatises on local agriculture, written by practical men. It aims at imparting a knowledge of the laws of the distribution of different sorts of soils. It aspires to the development of such a knowledge of the depth and composition of soils and subsoils, as will lead to the solution of the vexed questions, of the proper depth and distance of drains, and how superfluous moisture may best be removed, or water obtained when deficient. It aspires also to a knowledge of the distribution and composition of mineral manures, which afford the means of improving poor soils, and to the establishment of a general and precise nomenclature for them, as well as for soils, so that men in different districts shall understand what each is talking of when they use the terms clay and marl. It should be able to determine the respective influence on the soil exercised respectively by the rock formations and the superficial deposits; to discriminate between soils composed exclusively of the debris of the rocks on which they rest, and those in which the materials of several formations have been blended by aqueous transport. It should be able to afford assistance in the search for the best and cheapest materials for building, draining, and road making, objects of no small importance to the farmer; teaching him under what circumstances they may be sought with success beneath his own farm where their existence has not been suspected, and under what circumstances they may be obtained, in these

railway days, from a distance, of better quality, and at a cheaper rate, than that at which they can be procured nearer home. Lastly, it points out the indirect influence of geological structure on the value of land, by the industrial employments, of a non-agricultural character, to which the presence of certain strata gives rise, and the numerous consumers of agricultural produce which they cause to congregate in certain localities.

The investigations of agricultural geology should embrace, therefore, two distinct classes of facts—the composition and distribution of the *strata* of our geological maps, and the distribution and composition of the *superficial deposits* which are as yet unmapped. In the application of geology to agriculture, attention has hitherto been confined almost exclusively to the former. Attempts, however, have recently been made to return into the right path. Professor Johnston intimated, some years ago, that the time had arrived when agriculture required geological maps of her own—maps which should include the drifts as well as the rock formations. This hint was acted upon by the construction, in 1844, 1845, and 1846, of maps in which the variations of soil were laid down on the Ordnance sheets, of a large part of Norfolk, and a small part of Cardiganshire; and subsequently, by the publication of Proposals for a Private Geological Survey, specially directed to Agricultural objects. A new class of geological maps was proposed, in which the variations of soil and subsoil should be shewn, on the private maps of estates, with greater minuteness of detail than is attainable on the scale of any public maps, except the Tithe maps of England and Wales, and the Ordnance maps of Ireland, and of a few counties in the north of England and Scotland, which have been constructed on the scale of six inches to the mile.

The maps of the surface geology of Norfolk, and of part of Cardiganshire, were undertaken for the purpose of determining the extent to which the variations of soil are dependent on the strata of ordinary geological maps, and on the superficial deposits. It was found in each case, that, excluding the alluvial class, a great variety of soils—soils worth a rent of more than thirty shillings, and less than two shillings the acre,—were irregularly distributed over areas in which there were no variations of the mineral character of the strata; and in which, had they existed, ordinary geological maps would not have shewn them.

The first of these maps was constructed as the basis of a paper on the Geology of Norfolk in relation to its Agriculture, published in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. Having attracted the notice of Sir Henry De la Beche, who so ably presides over the Government geological survey of Great Britain, that distinguished individual became anxious to

combine the mapping of the geology of the surface with that of the substrata carrying on at the public expense. This new branch of geological surveying was accordingly commenced in South Wales; but after a few hundreds of square miles had been mapped, yielding the same results which had been obtained in Norfolk, and shewing a great variety of soils dependent on contours, where the map of the strata exhibited nothing but the colour indicating lower Silurian slates, it was first suspended, and then finally abandoned, in consequence of the reluctance of the Government to supply the necessary funds.

Professor Johnston himself has subsequently constructed two maps of New Brunswick, the one geological, the other agricultural, in illustration of the agricultural capabilities of the province, published under the auspices of the local legislature. More recently, Mr. Mylne has brought out a contour map of the London District, on which the surface variations are, to a certain extent, denoted, together with the mineral characters of the different beds of clay, sand, and pebbles belonging to the eocene tertiary formation,

It must be obvious, that independently of the economic value of maps of the surface geology, they would be the means of collecting, recording, and generalizing a vast mass of facts, of the utmost importance, in the investigation of questions in theoretical geology, affecting the history of the period known by the vague denominations of pleistocene and post-tertiary. We would define this to be the period intervening between the close of the Norwich, or Mammalian Crag, and the disappearance of the great mammals, whose remains are so extensively entombed in the wide-spread ancient alluvia of the Thames, and of most other rivers of Europe and America. This epoch is highly interesting from its proximity to our own times, and because it involves the history of a terrestrial surface during a protracted period; whereas in the older strata we see little but marine deposits, with such scanty and obscure traces of the existence of neighbouring land, as leave a wide field open to conjecture respecting its condition.

The true method, then, of ascertaining the respective influence which the rock formations and the superficial deposits exercise on the character of the soil, is to map them; laying down the latter with as much minuteness of detail as possible, together with the mineral characters of the strata on which they rest, and which are grouped on ordinary geological maps under one colour, as representing a common assemblage of organic remains. The true method of investigating the nature of the operations by which the superficial deposits were formed, consists, likewise, in mapping them. Not only should the areas covered by drifts be laid down generally, but the varying depth

and composition of those deposits should be shewn. By no other method than by such a minute examination can we learn what portion of them was formed beneath the sea, and what on the surface of dry land; whether disconnected masses of them are separate drifts—be the meaning of "drifts" what it may—or fragmentary portions of a once continuous sheet; whether, after their desiccation and denudation, they were exposed to any subsequent aqueous operations; and if so, of what kind, whether marine or atmospheric—whether produced by forces of the same kind and intensity as those now in operation, or by forces of the same kind, but different in degree. By such a course of investigation we should advance from the known to the unknown. At present we make the passage by a bound. We examine carefully operations now in progress, we measure the effects of existing forces, and we labour to bring every part of the ancient strata into strict conformity with the results obtained; vaulting dexterously over the interval between the tertiary and the modern epoch, and over any anomalies which that interval presents. Two opposite errors have retarded our knowledge of this period,—overweening confidence on the part of some, that we are thoroughly acquainted with it, and a lazy despondency on the part of others, which suggests that the study of it is beset with difficulties so insuperable that it is hopeless to grapple with them. The one class think the problem solved when they have ascertained, on organic evidence, that during the later portion of the tertiary epoch there was a migration southwards of a northern fauna. The other class consider that the deposits of this era have been so broken up, and subjected to so many changes, that it is impossible to unite them into a continuous series. They would treat them like a geological puzzle, with the pieces of which they are well enough satisfied to amuse themselves, but which they will not take the trouble of putting together. We believe that those who will not shrink from this labour will find them as capable of being fitted into one another as the disjointed fragments of a dissected map. We speak from experience when we say, that it is impossible to lay down the detached portions of clay, sand, and gravel in any extensive district, without finding the process reduce to order what previously appeared a mass of confusion. It is equally impossible to perform the same operations in several widely distant districts, without discovering an identity of character—the thread of a common clue—pervading the whole, and without being convinced, that if the same mode of investigation were extended to the whole island, the most sceptical would be convinced that the separate drifts of some geologists are the results of a connected series of operations during an epoch of considerable duration.

In order to form some estimate of the importance, both economical and theoretical, of the superficial deposits, let us briefly trace their distribution over the northern hemisphere in general, and over the British Islands in particular; and let it be remembered, that when in the course of this survey we use the term erratic tertiaries it is to be understood as synonymous with the old term diluvium, and with the more modern term northern drift of some geologists and the "drifts" of others. In the north of Europe, from the White Sea to the German Ocean, beds of clay, sand, and gravel, accompanied by large boulders, which can be traced from their parent rocks in Lapland and Scandinavia, are spread over an area more than two thousand miles long, with a breadth varying between four hundred and eight hundred miles. They cover the whole of Belgium, Holland, and the north of Prussia, and occupy large tracts in Poland and eastern Russia. In Germany they approach, but do not actually reach, the fiftieth parallel of latitude. The boundary line of these erratics in Russia, as laid down by Sir Roderick Murchison, is very irregular. Its most southern point is between the sources of the Don and the Dnieper, where it extends to about N. Lat. 50°. It then ranges in a NE. direction to about E. Long. 57°, N. Lat. 61°, and then NW. to about E. Long. 48°, N. Lat. 64°. If any part of the British islands have been exempt from the operations of the erratic block period they are the steep escarpments of some ranges of hills and the lofty summits of others—the greater portion of the counties of Devon and Cornwall, the extreme south of Ireland, and the district south of the Thames—though even in these there are deposits of superficial gravel extensively distributed. In Britain, marine shells, generally in fragments, have been found in so many localities as to leave no doubt that a large portion of these deposits must have accumulated beneath the sea; and the species are such as to refer the beds in which they occur to that portion of the tertiary era which, in the nomenclature of Lyell, is denominated pleistocene, ninety-five per cent. of the molluscs belonging to species now living. There is evidence furnished by the forest of Cromer and Happisburgh, rooted in the mammalian crag, and buried beneath the whole mass of the erratic tertiaries, that this crag of the pliocene era had been converted into dry land, and had continued in that state for some time before it was submerged beneath the waters of the erratic sea. There is also evidence that the surface was inhabited by the mammoth, (*elephas primigenius,*) two species of rhinoceros, and other large pachyderms, of species now extinct, associated with others which cannot be distinguished by their solid parts from species still living.

On the Continent of Europe marine remains have been found but sparingly in these deposits, and that chiefly in Russia and

Scandinavia. Wherever found they are of the same tertiary age as those of Britain; and when we remember how long it was before marine shells were discovered in the erratic deposits of these islands, and the numerous localities in which they have of late years been brought to light, it is not unreasonable to expect similar results from a more careful examination of the erratic clay and sand of Germany and Poland.

Whether, with Agassiz, we regard the transport of blocks from the regions of the Alps, across the Lake of Geneva to the flanks of the Jura, as evidence of the former enormous extent of the existing glaciers which have retreated under a milder climate, within their present oscillating limits, or whether, with Sir R. Murchison, we consider that the change took place when the Alps lay beneath the sea, there is evidence that the dispersion of these erratics belongs to a very recent portion of the tertiary era.

In North America the erratic phenomena are developed on a magnificent scale, and extend further south than their most southern European limit. On the Atlantic border the continuous stratum of drift includes Long Island and Northern Pennsylvania. On the west it reaches the Ohio, but its gravel extends along the immediate valleys of the Delaware, Susquehanna, and Mississippi, to much more southern points. The equatorial regions are free from marine deposits containing large transported boulders, and the latitudes in the southern hemisphere, corresponding to those which in the northern hemisphere are covered with erratic deposits, lie chiefly beneath the sea; but Mr. Darwin has described a boulder deposit in Patagonia of similar characters to that of Europe and North America.

There is a remarkable coincidence in the heights to which the erratic phenomena in Europe and America extend. Such deposits are found on the Valdai Hills, the highest ground in European Russia, a thousand feet above the sea. In Wales marine shells have been found at an elevation of nearly 1392 feet, in sand and gravel, accompanied by granitic and other pebbles, derived from the north and west, and some of them from lower levels. Fifteen hundred feet appears to be about the limit of erratic blocks on the central ridge of England.

In Lancashire, Cheshire, Shropshire, Worcestershire, Staffordshire, and Warwickshire, marine remains are extensively distributed at heights varying from the sea level and below it to six and seven hundred feet above it. In Canada seven hundred feet—in the neighbourhood of Montreal—is the greatest height at which they have been observed, but northern blocks of considerable size have been seen in New York and Northern Pennsylvania a thousand or fifteen hundred feet above their parent rocks. Scratched and grooved and polished surfaces of rock occur at all altitndes from the beds of the valleys, and over the whole broad plain of

the lake district to the summits of the highest mountains of New England and New York. Professor Hitchcock has even observed them three thousand and four thousand feet above the sea.

The rocks of Britain form an epitome of those of the world. By mapping the areas occupied by the outcrops of the strata of England and Wales, as they emerge from beneath one another, and by observing their fossil contents, an order of stratification was determined, which holds good for the remotest regions yet explored by the geologist. It has proved that the same groups of fossils hold the same relative position to one another in the vertical series, in the Appallachian chain, the Ural, the Himalaya, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, which they hold in the mountains of Wales or Westmoreland, the oolitic Cotswolds, or the chalk ranges of the Wolds and the Chilterns. In like manner, the erratic deposits of Britain exhibit a miniature representation of those of the north of Europe and America, and such a knowledge of them as is only to be obtained by the same patient and laborious research which has been bestowed on the rock formations, could not fail to lead to a general solution of the most important practical and theoretical problems connected with the geology of the surface. The erratic phenomena of Russia and America are but a repetition, on a more extensive scale, of those which had been previously described, and can be more conveniently studied, in Britain.

To the erratic deposits of Britain we would, therefore, now direct the reader's attention, tracing them also over Ireland, but more particularly over South Britain. In the course of our survey we shall point out the most remarkable peculiarities by which they are characterized, we shall notice the progress of opinions respecting them, and indicate the views to which, as according best with the greatest number of facts, we have been led by much personal observation of these deposits in England, Wales, and Ireland; lastly, we shall cast a rapid glance over the distribution of soils in England, as laid down by agricultural authorities, pointing out how their descriptions, meagre as they are, corroborate our views respecting the great variety of soils which are found in every formation, while they are independent of mineral variations in the rocks themselves.

Commencing in the extreme north, we find, in geological descriptions of the Ultima Thule of Caithness, notices of boulder clay and northern erratics. On the coast of Inverness, Mr. Miller describes large tracts of rounded hills and scratched and polished rocks, as evidence that the country was once wrapped in a winding-sheet of ice. The erratic deposits mantle other parts of the Scottish coast, and extend into the valleys of the interior, covering such polished surfaces, and often imparting comparative fertility to barren districts, which must have been

more barren but for them. They contain, locally, marine pleistocene shells, which are generally distributed irregularly through them in a fragmentary state, but are occasionally disposed in regular beds, indicating tranquil deposit, where the animals had lived. These regular beds generally cover the till or boulder-clay, but have occasionally been found in the midst of it. In most districts overspread with the erratic tertiaries, the present physical features appear to have been generally established before those deposits were formed. The direction of the principal chains of hills has greatly influenced their distribution, though it is not wholly subordinate to it. The main lines of drift are parallel to the ranges of hills, but have crossed them at some points, always the lowest passes which they present. A central ridge—the great Penine chain—ranges from the Tyne to the Trent. The comparatively low ground between this chain, the Cotswolds on the east, and the Welsh mountains and the Malverns on the west, is covered with deep accumulations of clay, sand, and gravel, associated with pleistocene marine shells, large boulders, and smaller fragments of granitic and other rocks, derived from the Scottish Border, from the Lake region of the north of England, and from the Isle of Man and Ireland.

Again, on the eastern side of the Penine chain, are several other lines of drift, having a direction chiefly from north and east. One of these covers the eastern slopes of the chalk from the district of Holderness in Yorkshire, through Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, interrupted, however, by the alluvial tracts of the Humber, the Wash, and the Yare, to the northern skirts of the valley of the Thames near Hampstead. In these deposits boulders of granite and other crystalline rocks occur, which must have been derived from the east of Scotland and from Scandinavia, mixed with much fragmentary matter from the subjacent and neighbouring chalk and oolites. The minor features of hill and valley have, in this district, influenced the distribution of the transported matter; for, from the increase of oolitic fragments westward up the valley of the Waveney and Little Ouse, it is evident that they came in that direction from the oolitic ridges on the west; and, on the other hand, in valleys closed at one end, the foreign matter has not penetrated in force beyond their middle regions, the detritus of their upper portions being chiefly derived from the bounding rocks. There is farther evidence of detritus borne from the west, blending with that derived from the north-east, in the blocks of Cumbrian granite lodged on the Eastern Moorlands and Wolds of Yorkshire, which have crossed the Penine chain at one point.

Between the western escarpment of the chalk and the slopes of the great oolitic range there is another line of drift, in which the materials are chiefly local, and derived from the chalk and

oolites, but a few northern pebbles have been found in it. There is a third line of drift from the north, covering the lias and new red sandstone, on the west of the great oolitic escarpment. Its northern portions contain some of those Cumbrian erratics which have crossed the Penine chain; its southern portions in the counties of Rutland, Leicester, and Warwick exhibit other detritus, having a western origin. Those counties are covered to a great depth with gravel, often constituting decided hills, and containing fragments of almost every rock in England, among which those of the oolites prevail. Next in abundance are fragments of a peculiar quartz rock, derived from the Lickey range, near Bromsgrove. The history of these quartzose pebbles is curious. Their parent rock was an altered Silurian sandstone, of the Lower Lickey and of the Wrekin. Fragments of it, rolled by ordinary marine action, to smooth pebbles, had been imbedded in a conglomerate of the new red sandstone, forming the Upper Lickey. This conglomerate having been broken up by the operations of the erratic period, and mixed with angular and partially worn fragments of the local rocks, forms a gravel which is extensively spread over the Midland counties, particularly about Cannock Chase in Staffordshire, and Coleshill, east of Birmingham. It has also accumulated in large quantities at the base of the great oolitic escarpment near Shipston-on-Stour, in Warwickshire, and near Moreton in the Marsh, in Gloucestershire. The foreign pebbles in this gravel consist of gneiss, which must have come either from Norway or Scotland; of flinty slate, white quartz, and porphyry, which may have come either from the mountains of Wales or from Charnwood Forest. Dr. Buckland found, near Moreton in the Marsh, fragments of red chalk and of a peculiar hard and white chalk, both of which must have been derived from Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. In the gravel of the Midland counties we have thus fragments drifted from the north and east, mixed with others drifted from the north and west. The mixed materials have crossed the oolitic range at a few of its lowest points, and have spread over the table lands of the middle and upper oolites, bordering the valley of the Thames in the neighbourhood of Oxford. They have also been carried down the valleys of the Evenlode and Cherwell into that of the Thames, within which they have been traced, mixed, as they have advanced, with the debris of each succeeding formation, to the gravel-pits of Hyde Park. The larger portion of the gravel of the immediate neighbourhood of London consists of flints derived from the chalk.

The erratic tertiaries throughout the district above described consist of two deposits—the till or boulder clay of the lower erratics, and the gravel and sand of the upper erratics. The boulder clay deviates most from the normal condition of the

tertiary strata. Its peculiarities consist in the intermixture of foreign and local detritus, in a base of clay, which varies in colour from that of the neighbouring rocks from which it has been derived,—in the great size of some of the imbedded fragments—their irregular distribution—their general angular unrolled condition—the polish and scratching confined, in some specimens, to one side, in others found more or less on several, and those chiefly the broadest faces—the presence of marine shells—their general broken and disturbed condition—the absence of molluscous borings on the calcareous detritus imbedded in it and on the calcareous rocks beneath it—the absence of marine incrustations on the non-calcareous rocks and detritus—the general absence, though there are exceptions, of beds of shells, with the two valves united, following laminæ of stratification, and indicating deposit on the spots where the animals had lived. To these must be added the polished, scratched, and grooved surface of the rocks beneath it, or their shattered state, resembling the effects of an ancient weathering before the boulder clay was deposited; both conditions being frequently found within a few yards of each other in the same section. Weathered masses of slate in some districts, and of fragmentary chalk in others, have been lifted up and deposited in the midst of this clay unabraded and unmixed with other detritus, and without disturbance of the vertical position of the joints and planes of cleavage. Such masses are also occasionally enveloped in the gravel and sand of the upper erratics, in and upon which large blocks derived from a distance are scattered. The upper erratics possess these two features in common with the lower. In other respects they conform more to the type of the ordinary tertiary strata—in their alternating beds, the more rolled condition of their smaller detritus, and their oblique lamination, or false bedding, indicating the pushing action of water.

Marine pleistocene shells have been found both in the upper and lower erratics in numerous localities from Preston, in Lancashire, to a few miles south of Worcester, on one side of the Welsh mountains; to St. David's Head, on the other; and up to the very edge of the Penine chain. They have also been found, in both upper and lower erratics, but chiefly the latter, in the deposits on the east of the chalk range bordering the German Ocean, in Yorkshire, and Norfolk. They have not yet been detected in the gravel of the Midland counties.

The boulder clay of the lower erratics occurs, on the coast, at and below the sea-level, gradually creeping, in the interior, up to heights which may be estimated at about eight hundred feet. At greater elevations, the peculiar causes which produced it appear to have ceased, and to have been succeeded by those modifications of marine action which produced the gravel and

sand of the upper erratics. At greater heights, which may be about two thousand feet, both classes of phenomena disappear; and we have peaks of bare rocks surrounded by masses of their own ruins, in the form of angular blocks. Blocks of the same kind, having their surface more or less scored, are arranged at intervals in terraces between these naked peaks and the upper limits of the upper erratics.

The transport of erratic blocks having a distant origin over great irregularities of surface—one of the most remarkable peculiarities of the erratic tertiaries—is well exemplified in the Lake region of the north of England, where the marked characters of some of the rocks render their detritus easy of identification, while the limited and well-defined area from which they have been derived precludes mistake as to the direction in which they have been transported. The easily recognised granite and syenite of Shap Fells and Carrock Fell have been transported chiefly along the lines of depression between the Penine chain and the mountains from which the blocks have been derived, though they have crossed the former at one point. In their course along the low grounds they have in some cases followed the present lines of drainage, but independently of the present levels; more frequently, however, crossing them. They have travelled northwards down the Vale of Eden to Carlisle, where they are mixed with boulders which have come southwards across the Solway Firth. They have gone westward, along the depression at the northern extremity of the Penine chain, caused by the Tynedale fault, to the mouth of the Tyne, though that river and its tributaries have not their sources in the Cumbrian Mountains. The north and south range of the Penine chain has presented, in general, an obstacle to their passage eastward, and has caused them to be drifted in immense quantities southwards, by Lancaster and the narrow tract between the mountains and the sea, into the plain of the new red sandstone, over which they have spread into the Valley of the Severn at Worcester and the Valley of the Trent near Stafford, crossing in their passage the lines of the Lune, Ribble, Weaver, Mersey, and Dee. Those blocks which have been borne, not in the direction of the valleys, but across them, have first crossed the ridge of Orton and the Vale of Eden, and this valley must have existed not only before their dispersion, but before the formation of the new red sandstone, because horizontal strata of that rock occupy its bottom. The point at which they have crossed the Penine chain is the pass of Stainmoor, the lowest portion of that ridge opening directly to the west, and facing the Cumbrian Mountains. From this summit, which is 1500 feet above the sea, as from a new centre, they have pursued their course in various directions, descending the eastern slopes of the Pen-

ine chain into the Valley of the Tees, which they have followed to the coast at Redcar and into the Vale of York, which they have traversed southwards to the Humber. The oolitic ridge of the Eastern Moorlands, and the chalk ridge of the Wolds, have opposed, on a minor scale, obstacles to their passage eastward similar to those presented at the outset of their course by the Penine Chain. These have been surmounted, in a similar manner, at the lowest points of those ranges. Blocks of Shap Fells granite, which have thus reached the German Ocean at high levels, and lie on the oolite at Scarborough and the chalk at Flamborough Head, attest, like those in the vales of Tees and York at lower levels, an interlacing of lines of drift from the north and west, with others from the north and east, similar to that which has been described in the case of the gravel of the Midland counties.

In Wales the northern and western erratics and marine shells are confined to the skirts of the chain. They have not been transported into the valleys of the interior. In them, however, there are considerable accumulations of local detritus, with scratched and polished fragments, and rock surfaces similar to those associated with the boulder clay of the flanks of the chain, which is undoubtedly of marine origin, from the presence of marine shells.

In whatever manner these detrital masses of the interior may have been formed, they bear evident marks of having been arranged under water, and of transport outwards. There are also on the skirts of the chain, at the mouths of the great valleys, situations from which the boulder clay appears to have been removed, and replaced by detritus carried outwards. It is important that these facts should be borne in mind, because a period of subsidence, under a sea having the power of transporting detritus derived from great distances, would be the period of the accumulation of the erratic deposits, and of their transport inwards, while the subsequent period of elevation would be that of denudation, and of outward transport.

The eastern coast of Ireland is fringed with deposits similar to those of Wales, containing detritus which proves transport from the north; but nothing which can be identified as having an eastern origin. Among the fragments indicating transport from the north, are those of the peculiar hard chalk of the county of Antrim, which has been traced in the erratic deposits from its source in the north, to Wexford in the south. It has also been found in the boulder clay of the extreme point of Carnarvonshire, and in South Wales near St. David's Head. The whole of Ireland is covered, more or less, with deposits of detritus, borne from north to south, and presenting the same mode of distribution, and the same general characters, which have been

described in England. Pleistocene marine shells have been found in many parts of these Irish tertiaries; the most remote from the sea being in the heart of the county of Cavan. The most southern points of Kerry exhibit those grooves and scratches, which some geologists, who do not consider this part of Ireland to have been submerged during the pleistocene era, refer, nevertheless, to the action of ice, either terrestrial or marine.

Such are the erratic tertiaries of Britain, long known by the name of diluvium, and more recently by that of northern drift. By comparing them with the condensed description of the erratic deposits of North America, given by Professor H. Rogers, in one of the works which we have placed at the head of this Article, an almost perfect identity will be perceived, as regards the state of the rocky surface beneath them; the distribution of the bouldered materials; the condition of the land as to level at the time of their dispersion; and the epoch and duration of the causes which produced it.

The progress of opinion respecting these wide-spread and comparatively modern deposits, is worth tracing, as affording evidence that no department of geology has been made the sport of so much crude speculation, and hasty generalisation; and that in none are more difficult and interesting questions remaining unsolved, which demand for their solution long and patient investigation.

Hutton taught that these detrital deposits were the results of atmospheric erosion on a subaerial surface; and that their transport to situations beyond the influence of existing streams, had been effected by the shifting of river beds, and the bursting of lakes. Sir James Hall was the first to observe the furrows on the surface of the rocks beneath them, which he attributed to the action of currents of extraordinary energy, the direction of which he inferred from the direction of the furrows. Smith was the first to point out the distinction between the loose covering of gravel, sand, clay, and boulders so named, and the regular fossiliferous strata. The latter had been long regarded as proofs of the Noachian deluge; and when the discoveries of Smith, which proved that they represented a number of successive sea-bottoms, and a number of successive organic creations, gave a death-blow to these views, it was not surprising that the deposits so extensively distributed as those of the erratic period, and attributed, with much apparent probability, to extraordinary marine action, should be regarded as monuments of an event recorded in Scripture, and of which the memory remains in the traditions of all nations. This form of the diluvial hypothesis acquired popularity from the "Reliquiæ Diluvianæ" of Buckland, with whom

the term diluvium originated; and received the sanction of Cuvier. Its popularity, however, was of short duration. As the tertiary strata became better known, it was discovered that between the most recent with which Cuvier was acquainted, and that deposit which he attributed to a transient irruption of the sea, a long series of strata intervened, now known as the tertiaries of the miocene and pliocene epochs, representing a considerable lapse of time, and testifying, by their organic contents, both of molluscs and mammals, a gradual passage from the eocene to the existing fauna and flora. It became evident, also, that the tertiary deposits of this age, both marine and fluviatile, with all gravel beds in all parts of the world, had been erroneously included in the so called diluvium.

In the face of these facts, the most strenuous supporters of the diluvial origin of the superficial deposits, rapidly abandoned it. By some they were considered to belong, not to one, but to many epochs, and to have been shot off the flanks of mountain chains, at successive periods of elevation; those of different epochs having become so blended as to render their discrimination impossible. By others, attempts were made to return to the Huttonian doctrine, respecting the subaerial origin of these deposits, together with the sounder views of that school, which explained the phenomena of the stratified rocks, their association with unstratified and crystalline masses, their consolidation and elevation, to the combined operations of the aqueous and igneous forces now in operation.

About this time marine shells, nearly all of existing species, began to be discovered in the superficial deposits; first in North Wales, at an elevation of nearly 1392 feet above the sea, and subsequently, in the various parts of England and Ireland, which have been already indicated. The diluvialists had often been asked, why, if the diluvium had been formed by an irruption of the ocean, it contained no marine remains, and why its fossils should be exclusively those of the land? They had been reminded, too, that in a deposit, which they supposed to have been formed within the human period, no human remains or works of art had ever been discovered; that the bones of land animals contained in it were chiefly those of extinct species, and that in the Scriptural account of the deluge, there is nothing to warrant the belief that it was of that violent character, or produced such a change on the surface of the earth, as their hypothesis required.

The discovery of marine remains, belonging to a very recent epoch, in the erratic deposits produced, therefore, a modified diluvial hypothesis, among those who were aware of the peculiar characters by which they are distinguished. The diluvium was

supposed to have resulted from marine action, of a violent and transient kind, upon a terrestrial surface, but prior to the existence of the human race. About the same time evidence was collected, that in the British islands and many other parts of the world, a considerable elevation of the land had taken place, not only since the neighbouring seas were inhabited by molluscs of existing species, but since they were inhabited by the same groups of existing molluscs as those now established in the vicinity. With these raised beaches which belong to an epoch still more recent than the erratic, the opponents of the modified, as well as of the original diluvial hypothesis, confounded those erratic deposits which contain marine remains. They all now became raised beaches, and instead of a universal ocean without shore—*pontus undique undique mare*—we had now a universal shore without any deep water deposits, and without sea bottoms possessing the characters generally appealed to as proofs of ordinary marine action of long duration. Both parties were in some measure right, and in some measure wrong. The diluvialists were right in maintaining the peculiar characters which distinguish the erratic tertiaries from raised beaches and the tertiary beds of other epochs, and in pointing out the evidence of a previous terrestrial surface over which they had been spread; but they were wrong in the nature of the agencies to which they ascribed those peculiarities. Their opponents were wrong in denying those peculiarities, in dwelling exclusively on the characters which the erratic deposits possess in common with other tertiary strata, and in shutting their eyes to the evidence of the pliocene terrestrial surface which they covered.

To the diluvial succeeded the glacial hypothesis of Agassiz, founded on the study of the glaciers of the Alps, their powers as transporters of detritus, their effects in grinding and polishing the rocks over which they pass, and the evidence which they have left of former extension beyond their present limits. Playfair appears to have been the first, as long ago as 1816, to ascribe the transport of the erratic blocks on the Jura, to the agency of glaciers, which once stretched across the Lake of Geneva and the plains of Switzerland. Venetz, who had collected evidence of the oscillations of the Swiss glaciers in historic times, was the first publicly to maintain the same doctrine in Switzerland. Warmly supported by De Charpentier, this doctrine was extended by Agassiz, as an explanation of the erratic phenomena to other regions in which it is less applicable —Britain, the north of Europe and America; and since his residence in America, he still applies it to the wide-spread erratic deposits of that country. On his hypothesis the whole northern hemisphere, if not the whole world, was covered by a vast cere-

cloth of ice, a universal glacier, moving by the force of expansion over all kinds of surfaces, and even up steep acclivities. The extinct mammals were supposed to have been frozen to death, and the melting of the ice to have produced enormous debacles which modified and dispersed the moraines or accumulated debris of the glaciers.

The attention directed to the subject by the views of this great naturalist, led to a controversy respecting the cause of glacier motion, which is generally considered to have been proved by the investigations of Professor James Forbes to be of the nature of a viscous fluid, or a semi-fluid mass, requiring at least the same fall in the surface over which it moves as water would have required. Dr. Buckland was among the first to espouse the glacial hypothesis of Agassiz, and to recognise as moraines, and the friction of terrestrial ice, phenomena in Wales and Scotland, which he had long ascribed to the action of violent currents of water. Sir Charles Lyell also accepted it as a satisfactory explanation of deposits in Scotland in which he had previously seen only the effects of ordinary marine action. The presence, however, of marine shells, in so large a portion of the so-called moraines of Britain, excluded terrestrial glaciers as an agent of more than limited application there. The opponents of the glacial views of Agassiz, and among them Mr. Darwin, who, while engaged with the exploring expedition in the South Pacific, had enjoyed many opportunities of observing the action of floating icebergs, insisted on marine ice as being equally capable with terrestrial glaciers of polishing and scoring the surface of rocks. That shattered condition of the rocks, which we have elsewhere spoken of as an accompaniment of the polishing, and which had long before been pointed out and urged as proof of an ancient weathering and a terrestrial surface, he ascribed to the battering of ice against a rocky coast, and though, while re-examining phenomena in Wales, previously described by others, he attributed them chiefly to glacio-marine action, he recognised the deeper grooves on bare surfaces in the valleys radiating from Snowdon, as the effects of terrestrial glaciers, which he supposed to have been one of the principal agents in sweeping the marine deposits out of those valleys, leaving only disconnected patches of them in protected situations.

In the meantime the arctic character of the erratic pleistocene shells—the identity of the species found in deposits of that sea in Sweden, with those of North America, and their difference as a group from those now inhabiting the Scandinavian seas—indications of the former wide extension of a boreal ocean, had been established by Mr. Smith of Jordan-Hill, Sir Charles Lyell, and others. Professor Edward Forbes had also pointed

out the first appearance of a few arctic forms, in our latitudes, during the miocene epoch, their increase in the pliocene, and their maximum development during the pleistocene. The evidence afforded by the mammalian remains of the true erratic period, is to the same effect. Reindeer, marmots, gluttons, and bears in prodigious quantities, with other animals which at present only live in snowy regions, then extended themselves over the whole of Western Europe, in countries where it would be impossible for them now to exist, or where the present conditions of climate so uncongenial to their habits and constitutions, would only permit them to exist in very small numbers. The presence of the species of elephant and rhinoceros which accompany them, is by no means an argument against the existence of a much colder climate in the temperate latitudes at that period, since they belonged to species no longer existing, and the preservation of their entire carcases, in the frozen cliffs bordering the Arctic Sea, covered with a thick coat of hair and wool, proves them to have possessed an organisation capable of sustaining the rigours of a northern climate. The character, moreover, of their dentition has been shewn by Professor Owen to have been such as would enable them to subsist on the vegetation which such a climate must have produced.

Though there exists so much evidence, physical and palæontological, that a climate colder than our present one prevailed in these latitudes, during the pleistocene era, there are still some geologists who discard ice altogether, or allow it to perform a very subordinate part.

According to them, waves of translation produced the erratic deposits. Mr. Hopkins of Cambridge, reasoning from the experimental deductions of Mr. Scott Russell on the properties of waves, has shewn that there is no difficulty in accounting for a current moving at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, if paroxysmal elevation of the bed of the ocean, amounting to one or two hundred feet be granted,—that a current of twenty miles an hour would move a block of 320 tons, and that a very moderate increase of velocity would be capable of effecting the transport—beneath the sea—of the largest blocks which have any where been found in the erratic deposits. By such waves of translation, produced by a rise of the floor of the arctic ocean, while the regions of Europe now covered with the erratics lay beneath the sea, Sir R. Murchison explains the transport of the great mass of the erratic matter, and supposes the blocks derived from Norway and Sweden to have been floated on ice, but he does not assert for these waves of translation power to waft such blocks to the situations where they are now found, if the land were then above the level of the sea. On the other hand,

Professor H. Rogers of Pennsylvania, dissatisfied with the explanation of the grooved and polished surfaces having been produced by the agency of grounding icebergs, and arguing against the permanent submergence of the American continent from the general absence of marine shells, except in certain localities and at comparatively low levels, has appealed to the enormous erosive power which a thick and ponderous sheet of angular fragments of rock would possess if driven forward, at a high velocity, under the waters of a deep and general inundation, excited and kept in motion by an energetic upheaval and undulation of the earth's crust, during an era of earthquake motion. Such agency he conceives would be adequate to produce all the results which the erratic deposits present, to rip off the outcrops of the harder strata, to grind down and strew wide their fragments, to polish and groove the surface, and, gathering energy from resistance, to sweep over the highest mountains.

Having once advocated similar views, we have observed, during a more extended study of the erratic deposits, so many indications of successive deposit, as appear incompatible with such an origin, and to render necessary a resort to some other explanation than that of violent and transient action, or even a long series of such paroxysmal action, to account for the peculiar character of the erratic tertiaries, even now that waves of translation, moving huge blocks beneath the sea, have been proved to be in accordance with the laws of dynamics. To waves of translation, even thus limited, and to the motion of semifluid masses of mud down an inclined plane, as suggested by Mr. Mallet, this important objection occurs, that such movements of the ocean bed as they suppose, if admitted as geological agents, must have happened repeatedly during the formation of the stratified rocks; whereas the facts which we are called upon to explain are confined to a peculiar epoch.

Those who invoke most largely the aid of marine ice for the formation of the erratic tertiaries, appear to confine their views too much to the action of icebergs floating from northern regions into our latitudes at the same average annual rate as at present, and under existing conditions of climate, and to think only of the *elevation* of a sea-bed thus strewn with erratic blocks. This is a part, but only one part of the history, and applicable to the upper rather than the lower erratics. The action of shore ice on *sinking* land, the effects of an arctic climate in modifying ordinary atmospheric and marine action, the nature of a littoral deposit of an arctic sea, and the point in geological time at which the transport of erratic blocks commenced, have not received the attention which they deserve. The two opposite characters present in the erratic tertiaries, those by which they differ from the

other tertiary strata, and those by which they resemble them, as well as the peculiarities by which the upper and lower erratics are distinguished from each other, appear to be best explained by the theory which connects the gradual advance of an arctic climate southwards, during the subsidence of pliocene land, with its retreat northwards during a subsequent period of elevation,—the subsidence and re-elevation commencing in each case from the north. The submergence of pliocene land is not a mere hypothesis. It is proved by the forest of the Norfolk coast, rooted on the mammalian crag, and covered by the erratic tertiaries. It is proved on the western side of the island by the pleistocene deposits of the vicinity of Cefn Cave in Denbighshire, which have entered it through a fissure in the root, and cover the mammalian remains deposited in hollows in the irregular floor, where they are mixed with river pebbles and fragments of wood thrown in when the Elwy flowed at a different level.

The narratives of the polar voyages furnish incidentally, and solely with reference to the navigation, many instructive details respecting the modifications of marine and atmospheric action, produced by an arctic climate, with which we may advantageously compare the peculiarities exhibited by the erratic tertiaries. We learn from those narratives that an extreme paucity of shells is one characteristic of the seas of such high latitudes as Melville Island and the northern coast line of the American continent: and our examination of the erratic deposits shews shells to be most abundant in those beds which belong to their commencement and their close. The intermediate position is marked by such an absence of them, over great areas, and through a great depth of strata, that it has been used, as we have said, by Professor Rogers as an argument against any but transient marine action. We would ascribe it in part to the greater rigour of the climate during the middle period, or period of greatest depression. We learn also from the polar voyages, that the ice is fixed to the coast during the greater part of the year; and that during the brief summer its motions are extremely irregular, and influenced more by winds than by tides. We are told how it suddenly drifts with the wind into the offing, and as suddenly returns, in the course of a few hours, grinding against the coast, or stranding upon shoals, and thus furnishing machinery for that peculiar polishing and scratching of rocks and detritus, which characterize the erratic tertiaries. We learn, too, that these capricious motions of the ice are subordinate to a strong undercurrent flowing steadily from the north. We find what might have been expected in seas loaded with ice, and consequently free from breakers, that mud, which in ordinary cases is a deep water deposit, is in the seas of high northern latitudes, charac-

teristic of the vicinity of land, and of situations in which sand and shingle would accumulate under milder climates. Of the soundings in the voyages of Parry and Ross, in which the nature of the bottom is stated, we find that from seventy to eighty per cent. are on mud or mud and stones, the exceptional cases being in the comparatively open seas of Davis's and Behring's Straits.

With regard to the atmospheric action of an arctic climate on the land, we read numerous descriptions of surfaces covered for miles to the depth of a foot and more with angular fragments detached from the rock on which they lie—of blocks constantly rolling from the face of cliffs, and accumulating in a talus at their base,—and of large upright masses, rising like pillars and stacks of chimneys from frost-shaken rocks resembling loose walls, and surrounded by heaps of their own ruins.

The land thus strewed with angular fragments is covered with snow from October to May. On the commencement of the thaw the partially-melted snow freezes into a cake of ice. In some situations, and in cold summers, this is the utmost extent of the thawing process. As the snow continues to melt, the beds of ravines, dry at other times, become suddenly filled with furious torrents, of shorter or longer duration, as the land in the vicinity is high or low. High land, from the greater accumulation of snow, supplies an incessant flow of water during the whole of the short summer; while, on low land, the streams run themselves dry in less than six weeks, and the surface of the ground becomes parched and cracked with drought. Can machinery be devised better calculated than this for the production of the peculiar characters of the till or boulder-clay?

We have mud depositing near the shore, angular detritus produced in abundance on the land and ice, in which it would be imbedded during the early part of the thaw. It might slide thus, set in ice, down slopes, and be floated over level surfaces, making its passage to the sea by successive stages, presenting different surfaces at different times to the polishing and scratching action of small fragments frozen into the ice; and, finally, it might be hurled into the sea, still set in ice, so as to preserve the scratches unobliterated by being rolled in the bed of the torrent. The greater portion of the marine ice melts during the summer. There are situations, however, where, during a succession of cold seasons, it remains fixed to the coast for several years. Whether thus fixed, or grinding against the coast during its fickle summer motions, it must receive a vast quantity of detritus. It would receive it in various states, some polished and scratched in the manner above described, some more or less rolled in the torrents which hurried it into the sea, some abraded by the wash of the sea over the ice. Heaps of the angular debris of such

rocks as the softer slates, the chalk, and the oolites, would be borne from different parts of the coast, and drifting about in the melting ice, would be dropped, as we find them in the boulder-clay, in some cases side by side, in large unmixed masses, in others, in detached fragments, dispersed through the mud.

Regarding the boulder-clay as a littoral deposit, the sinking of the land, during its formation, will explain the greater altitudes at which it occurs in the interior than in the coast. As the subsidence continued, the previous coast line, broken by islands and promontories, would be converted into an open sea, in which boulders and heaps of detritus from remote quarters would still continue to be occasionally dropped. The most recent portions of the upper erratics would therefore differ from the lower, in part from being formed in a more open sea, and in part from the mitigated rigour of the climate at the close of the glacial period. When the amount of depression reached to about two thousand feet, only the summits of our higher mountains would remain above the sea as small scattered islands, which, on the commencement of the movement of elevation, would be left as masses of frost-shaken rock, surrounded by heaps of their own angular ruins, the very conditions which our mountain peaks now exhibit. As the elevation continued, large portions of the sand and gravel of the upper erratics would be removed from higher to lower levels, forming terraces of rolled materials, in the situations where we find them, bordering the great lines of drainage at various heights. Large areas of the lower erratics would be exposed by the denuding process, and would be partially covered by outlying patches of the upper sand and gravel; while along the great lines of drainage, the two would be almost entirely removed, and the subjacent rocks exposed. Out of these combined operations would arise all that irregularity of distribution which appears to be one of the prevailing characteristics of the erratic deposits. Our higher mountains would be clothed with glaciers both during the subsidence and elevation. Those of the latter period, as suggested by Mr. Darwin, may have assisted in clearing the great valleys of the marine deposits, and may have left those deep grooves on the rocky surface, which conform to the course of the valleys.

The contorted state of Cromer Cliffs have long presented difficulties to which the narratives of the polar voyagers appear to offer a satisfactory solution. The conditions to be explained are remarkable, and preclude the idea of their having resulted from a force acting from below. The contorted strata consist of laminated beds of the upper erratics occupying hollows in the boulder-clay. Beneath them are strata of crag and chalk, in their original horizontal position. There are also

many serious objections to the contortions having been caused by the ploughing action of grounding icebergs. Sir Edward Parry found, however, a stratum of compact blue ice fixed ten feet below the water for several miles along the coast of Melville Island, the remains, as he supposed, of floes driven on shore by the heavy pressure of large ice fields, and remaining fixed in the viscous mud. To ice thus fixed and covered with marine deposits, afterwards laid dry by elevation, he attributed the phenomenon of underground ice in cold countries. Laminated beds of the upper erratics, accumulated over such masses, would subside, as the ice melted, on the return of a milder climate, into the cavity which it had previously occupied, and the walls of clay bounding the cavity being squeezed together, under the pressure of three or four hundred feet of strata, acting laterally in the vicinity of the cavities or weak places, like the creep in coal mines, would produce, with the aid of irregularities in the upper and under surface of the ice, every variety of contorted strata which the cliffs of the Norfolk coast exhibit.

If the gradual submergence of the land proceeded from north to south, the erratic deposits would be the deepest in the northern parts of the island, and at some southern point, where the climatal conditions precluded the formation of boulder-clay as a littoral deposit, the upper erratics would overlap or extend beyond the lower. Here, again, the theory is the expression of facts, for the boulder-clay does not extend beyond the northern confines of the valley of the Thames; but the chalk and eocene tertiaries, south of that river, are covered with thin beds of a peculiar subangular gravel, which may be considered as a modification of the upper erratics of the northern district, though some geologists, in the absence of marine remains to define the age of this gravel, refer it to an older portion of the tertiary era.

The history of the pleistocene epoch does not terminate with the elevation of the erratic tertiaries; neither are their accumulation and denudation the only operations which have modified the influence of the rock formations on the soil. In every district to which our observations have extended, tabular hills, up to an elevation of somewhat less than one thousand feet, are covered with a thin film of soil, of different composition from the bed on which it rests, whether that bed belong to the erratic, tertiaric, or to older strata exposed by denudation. On clays it is more sandy, on sands more clayey than the subjacent bed. It deepens, from less than six inches, on summits and at the heads of valleys, to four or five feet and more near the coast. It is composed, in some cases, of finely divided matter, forming a deep loam. It contains, in others, alternating seams and collections of fragments derived from different neighbouring forma-

tions which imply aqueous transport. In others it is wholly replaced by angular or very slightly worn debris. In some cases it abounds with large angular fragments, which must have required for their transport forces of greater intensity than ordinary atmospheric action. It is not a mere talus, for it is spread over table lands, as well as at the base of cliffs. It is the principal cause of those variations of soil within small areas, and without corresponding changes in the mineral character of the rock on which they rest, which are found, whenever reduced to order by mapping them, to be dependent on contours. The geologist who first drew attention to this deposit called it the "warp of the drift," or "erratic warp," from a belief that it was formed by the last wash of the erratic sea on the emerging land, and from its resemblance, in low situations, to the deposit left by muddy waters in the process of warping land. Phenomena, however, were discovered by more extended observation, which indicated the lapse of a considerable interval of time between the desiccation of the bed of the erratic sea and the formation of this warp; and during the interval the country appears to have been repeopled by many of the large pachyderms which had flourished there before the submergence of the erratic block period. Estuary and freshwater beds, formed on the denuding surface of the erratic deposits, and containing exclusively living species of shells, associated with bones and teeth of the elephant, rhinoceros, horse, and a species of bos, are covered in West Norfolk by this deposit, which fills pipes, furrows, and cavities excavated in the freshwater beds. It extends, of variable depth, to the summit level of the district, filling similar excavations, in whatever beds it is in contact with, whether they belong to the erratic or to older formations. Similar deposits cover the mammalian gravel of the ancient wide-spread alluvium of the Thames, and are found in the district south of it, holding the same relative position to the subangular flint gravel of that district, which they hold to the undoubted upper erratics north of the Thames. It has recently been described in some parts of the southern district by Mr. Austin, under the name of "head," as a subaerial accumulation, the result of atmospheric agency of a peculiar kind. If we understand his paper rightly, this was the melting of snow. It has also been described by Sir R. Murchison, in a paper recently read before the Geological Society, but not yet published, as it exists in other portions of the same district, under the name of "angular flint breccia of the southern counties," and attributed to anomalous marine action—the bursting over the land of waves analogous to those of earthquakes. His descriptions apply to the upper part of the bone bed of Dr. Mantel, at Brighton, which is based on an ancient beach con-

taining marine remains, with rolled pebbles of granite, and other crystalline rocks. Similar pebbles have been found beneath the mammalian deposits of the valley of the Thames. This alone would be an indication that they accumulated after the desiccation and denudation of the bed of the glacial sea; for whatever proofs the red and mammalian crag may afford of the commencement of an arctic fauna, the true erratic phenomena of the transport of granitic fragments do not begin till after that period. There is, however, independent evidence, first pointed out by Dr. Buckland, that the valley of the Thames, unlike those of Norfolk and Wales, was excavated after the transport of the gravel of the Midland counties, which we regard as belonging to the latter portion of the erratic period.

The attention of geologists is now strongly fixed on these questions, and we may hope that the superficial deposits will receive more careful investigation than has yet been bestowed on them. With regard to that deposit, which one eminent geologist attributes to anomalous atmospheric action, another to anomalous marine action, and which others assert to have resulted from the decomposition *in situ* of the rock on which it rests by ordinary atmospheric action, all we contend for is, that it is an aqueous deposit of some kind or other on which the distribution of soils in a great measure depends. We do not attempt to define the nature of the agencies which produced it, beyond this, that if marine, they differed from ordinary marine action—if atmospheric, they differed from ordinary atmospheric action; that they produced phenomena different from those which, in the lower erratics, we have traced to the action of shore ice, and different from those which, in the upper erratics, we have traced to the action of ice floating in open seas.

The practical questions in the Geology of Agriculture, connected with the pleistocene deposits, are independent of questions in theoretical geology respecting their origin. In whatever manner they may have been formed, the extensive areas which they cover, the great elevation to which they extend, their frequently great depth, and the mixture which they contain of matter derived from a great variety of rocks, are unquestionable facts, which render them of the utmost importance in an agricultural point of view. The state of our knowledge respecting the distribution of soils is disgraceful to an age when so much is doing in the application of science to agriculture. Having lately endeavoured to compile, from agricultural authorities, a map of the soils of England, for comparison with maps of the strata, we were compelled to abandon the attempt from want of materials. The only resources are the maps, on a very small scale, attached to the Reports of the Board of Agriculture,

and they resemble fractions, most of which require reduction to a common denominator, while some are incommensurable, from want of a uniform nomenclature. Foxbench, rammel, woodland, clum, clunch, cledge, keale, pinnock, hassock, stone shatter, malm rock, hazel, black hover, and bears' muck, with red land, black land, and white land, are some of the wild flowers which we have culled from the fields of agricultural nomenclature. Each of the last three terms is applied to the soils of more than one geological formation, and the white land of one county is often geologically the black land of another. We found Arthur Young, the Secretary to the Board, complaining, as well as other reporters, of the loose and indefinite manner in which the common terms, sand, loam, and clay are used in different districts, and different parts of the same district, everything stronger than the average quality of a sandy district being called clay, though it may scarcely, with reference to composition, deserve the name of sandy loam. Whether the agricultural districts described accord with geological areas, or are independent of them, we are invariably told of the numerous and intricate variations contained in every area assigned to any given description of soil. Districts of clay, sand, and loam are laid down, with the reservation, that though those are the prevailing characters in each, the cases of exception are nearly as numerous as those of the rule; and in most counties a "district of various soils" is formed, comprising not unfrequently the larger portion, in which the variations are said to be so numerous and intricate, as to defy classification.

The oolites and the chalk are the strongholds of those who derive soils exclusively from the rock below by ordinary atmospheric decomposition, *in situ*, and who found on that assumption another, that the composition of the soil and the rock are identical. If, however, we trace these strata through the maps and reports of the Board of Agriculture, or the more recent essays in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, it will be found that, though soils on the chalk ought by hypothesis to be white and calcareous, non-calcareous sands, loams, and clays alone are described, and those of any colour but white, from Flamborough Head till the counties of Cambridge, Beds, and Herts are reached. Even there these chalky soils are stated to be confined to steep escarpments and lofty summits, so that they occupy but a small portion of the area allotted to chalk on geological maps. In Buckinghamshire, the variations of soil on the chalk are described as so numerous that scarcely a single parish can be characterized as consisting of one description. It is the same in the western counties, and on the North and South Downs of Kent and Sussex. Even in Hampshire and Wiltshire,

where the broad, elevated platform exists, which Pennant named the *patria* of the chalk, we find white and calcareous soils confined to steep escarpments and to the higher and sharper ridges. Some of the surveyors by whom the reports were drawn up, expressly referred the numerous variations of soil on the chalk to elevation and forms of surface. The author of the Report on Wilts attributes them to diluvial action, and combats the doctrine of their formation by ordinary atmospheric erosion. This was Mr. Davis of Longleat, an eminent land agent, who, when he heard Smith explain the relation subsisting between the agriculture of a district and its geological structure, exclaimed, "That is the only way to learn the true value of soils." The advocates of the substratal origin of soils get rid of the calcareous matter of the chalk by solution in the rain water, and suppose the sands and clays which cover it to be its silicious and aluminous particles left behind, as upon a filter. If this were true, the composition of the chalk ought to vary with the composition of the soil, which it does not; added to which the surface soil exhibits these alternations of deposit and mixture of the matter of different formations, which we have already noticed as proofs of aqueous transport.

The oolites present a greater extent of soils, whose chemical and mineral characters accord with those of the rock on which they rest, than most other formations; but the Cotswolds of Gloucestershire and the Eastern Moorlands of Yorkshire attain that elevation at which the effects of the superficial deposits on the soil ought to approach their minimum, and even there the agricultural writers notice the varying quality of the soil within small areas. On the plains of the new red sandstone and the lias, which are so extensively covered with deep erratic accumulations, the relation of these to the variation of soils is sufficiently conspicuous. A recent agricultural writer, Mr. Bravender, a land-surveyor in extensive practice, in the lias district, declares that the fertility of certain parts of it, and the sterility of others, depend, not upon their belonging to the upper or lower lias, but on the presence or absence of a diluvial covering. In the more broken region of the Yorkshire coal measures, Mr. Charnock, another eminent practical authority, expressly refers the variations of soils to contours.

We require, then, in agricultural geology, a more definite nomenclature and classification of soils, based on their composition, as sands, sandy loams, loams, clay loams, clays, marls, &c., according to the proportion of sand separable by washing, and of calcareous and vegetable matter which they contain. A concomitant classification is also required, which shall shew their geological relations, dividing them into local, alluvial, and erratic

sands, loams, &c., as they are derived, exclusively, from the rock on which they rest, as they have been deposited by existing rivers and estuaries, or have been formed by operations of the erratic period. The geological relations of soils can only be learned by laying down their variations on maps, for comparison with maps of the strata. But who will undertake the task of constructing those maps of soils and subsoils, by which alone these questions can be solved? It is too laborious, and yields results too slowly, to be attractive to amateur geologists. The Government Geological Survey of England and Wales has proceeded on the old system of ignoring all superficial deposits except the alluvial; and if the error of neglecting Agriculture has been discovered, the Survey of South Britain is too far advanced to leave much hope that its Directors can retrace their steps. They will certainly not retrace them, unless maps more adapted to the present wants of agriculture are demanded by the landed interest, which manifests much apathy on the subject. Agricultural associations, central and local, appear little disposed to apply any portions of the immense funds which they raise by subscription to such an undertaking. It will, therefore, be left to private enterprise. Individual exertion and private enterprise produced the first map of the strata of England, which was waited for in vain, so long as it was expected from the patronage of the Government or of the wealthy landowners. Whether private enterprise will produce the first map of the surface geology remains to be seen.

As regards Scotland, the case is more hopeful. There, the Ordnance Topographical Survey can only be said to have commenced in detail; the map of one county, on the six-inch scale, having just been published, with the contour outlines, or lines of equal elevation above the mean sea level. In Scotland we have recently obtained, as an act of tardy justice to our remonstrances, a larger share of the funds appropriated to that department, which had chiefly been absorbed by the English and Irish Surveys. The Geological Survey of Scotland should be commenced immediately. It should proceed, *pari passu*, with the Topographical Survey, and include the geology of the surface as well as that of the substrata. Scotland well knows how to appreciate the value of science in its application to agriculture; and the Highland Society was an early encourager of the labourers in the field of geological research.

ART. V.—*An Introduction to the New Testament; containing an Examination of the most important Questions relating to the Authority, Interpretation, and Integrity of the Canonical Books, with reference to the latest Inquiries.* By SAMUEL DAVIDSON, LL.D., D.D. 3 vols. London, 1848-51.

THE mode in which God has given the oracles of the New Testament to the world is a striking proof that "His ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts." Had man been left to form his own conjectures as to the manner in which divine truth should be communicated, his wondering mind must have perplexed and betrayed itself in the multiplicity of its abandoned hypotheses, and in its anxious and endless balancing of probabilities. What plan shall be most in unison with God's dignity and man's collective tastes and desires? Shall the sky be cleft, and the voice of love clothe itself in the terrible majesty of the seven thunders? Or if the scenes at Sinai are not to be repeated—if God is not to "speak with us, lest we die," shall His substitute and messenger array himself in the starry plumage of those bright and burning Essences which encircle the throne? Or if, from want of community of nature, the presence of an unembodied spirit should alarm us, and his trembling audience could gather no sympathy from his countenance—if, for such a reason, a human ambassador should be employed, with what supernatural lustre shall he be enveloped, and with what unearthly prerogative shall he be vested? If God's own Son is to leave His bosom and descend to our distant earth, shall not heaven pour forth all its hosts robed in immortal youth and beauty, and shall not the sky trim all its lamps in honour of that night in which such "a man-child is born" into the world? And if, upon His removal, others should act as his heralds, must not their language be such as had never been yoked to human thoughts, or been soiled by egress from human lips? If, for the permanent instruction of the world, the essential truths of their message are to be written, shall there not be among these earnest and responsible authors huge labour and long consultation in order to secure uniformity, so that at length, every truth being discussed, and every word being weighed which is to be introduced into the proposed volume, there shall be no discrepancy, nor even the semblance of variation? If, in a treatise so elaborated, there be any allusions to nature, surely they must be in the terms of scientific precision, lest philosophers should be scandalized; and there must be no hard sayings and rasping imputations in it, lest persons of delicate and virtuous susceptibility should be shocked and

affronted? And, in fine, might it not be concluded that there must be some external virtue about such a book which shall instantaneously prove its origin—some electric influence that might gleam on the eye that mocked it, and flash upon the hand that touched it with rude and indecent assault? Now, were we to judge from the kind of opposition so often made to the Bible, and from the curious and contradictory charges so frequently arrayed against it, we should not hesitate to affirm, that it has been tried, not on its own intrinsic merits, but by those proud and vague preconceptions which we have briefly sketched. Those opposed to revelation do not in these days take Scripture as it is, and humbly examine its credentials; but presuming that a book from heaven must be composed and published in such a form as their anticipations would suggest, they reject the Bible, as being out of all unison with their theism and ethics—with their notions of what God is, and how God should proceed in the disclosure of Himself and his counsels.

But the method of divine revelation is beyond the limit of human analogies, as well as out of the sphere of ordinary calculation, and it is not to be judged of by our ideas of propriety and expediency. Our knowledge of God is not sufficiently profound and ample to enable us to determine how he shall act. All our expectations only mock us. We find ourselves at fault in every conjecture with regard to plan, style, and arrangement. Thus, the New Testament is a book of remarkable simplicity of structure. It is a collection of seven-and-twenty separate and independent tracts. These tracts circulated singly for a long period, and in various countries, ere by the pious wisdom and foresight of the Church, they were gathered together and bound up into a volume. The Apostles at an early epoch separated to their several fields of foreign labour, and when a few of them did happen to meet again, it was not to concert measures for literary publication, but to discuss questions of discipline, organization, and missionary enterprise. With one exception—in itself an imitation of ancient prophetic oracle—the style of the New Testament is reduced to the two simplest and commonest forms of human speech—*telling a story and writing a letter*. The gospels and epistles make up the book. The four gospels are but brief biographies, quiet, earnest, unaffected sketches,* and twenty-one books are letters—the fruit of easy and familiar correspondence—and sent to various churches from the pressure of peculiar circumstances. About the book there is no literary ambition, no exaggeration,

* The "Acts of the Apostles" is properly a second part of Luke's Gospel. The title, however, is rather inappropriate. Few of the Apostles are mentioned in it—and others who were not Apostles, such as Philip, Silas, and Barnabas occupy a prominent place.

nothing meretricious in form or pretension. The telling of an honest tale about the man Jesus, and the writing of a letter of counsels and suggestions, are works which admit of no embellishment or ornamental appendages, for clearness and impressiveness are their prime beauty and first distinction. The radiance that now illumines our path to immortality, comes like its brightest emblem, through a colourless atmosphere. And the book possesses no abnormal means of self-defence against vulgar insolence and sceptical caricature. Voltaire's motto* was indeed daring and profane—a blasphemous reference to Him who is the Alpha and the Omega of the New Testament, and yet that watchword was not traced in letters of hell-fire on his impious forehead. This collection of biographies and epistles relies for its defence and circulation on the power of its evidence, and the adaptation of its truths. It deals with men as possessed of reason and immortality, while it arrays before them its "great cloud of witnesses." In all those respects, man's expectations as to the history, character, contents, and power of the Book, are utterly contrary to the reality—apparent folly is found to be consummate wisdom—seeming weakness is strength. Truly "the weak things of the world" astonish us by their power. Strange it is that the life of Him, who descended from his father's bosom to ransom a guilty world—who spake as never man spake, for he thought as never man thought, and loved as never man loved—who is presented to us as the model-man, the incarnation of perfect virtue—strange it is that his life should be written four times and by such a quaternion—first, by a petty officer of Roman inland revenue, then by a literary friend and follower of the man who had the hardihood to deny all knowledge of his master—again by a physician of pagan extraction, who was not even an eye-witness, and lastly by a Galilean fisherman. And the majority of the letters were composed, not by a member of the original apostolical college, but by a scholar trained in all the subtleties of Rabbinical lore, whose first position toward the new cause was that of a restless and malignant persecutor—himself a "Hebrew of the Hebrews," and yet especially magnifying his office as the "Apostle of the Gentiles." Those letters often written in a dungeon, and sent in all directions, to Corinth, Ephesus, Philippi, and Rome, were in course of time interchanged and copied from the perishing autographs and gradually gathered into one volume.† What more unpretending than all this? What more unlikely as the varied organs of a divine revelation—as if its Author had purposed to

* ECRASEZ L'INFAME.

† Often named by the collective title ὁ ἀπόστολος—though the title was sometimes especially applied to the Pauline letters.

mock the expectation, and baffle the ingenuity of such as presume to "think Him altogether such an one as themselves."

Still more, the language employed in the New Testament is a peculiar and inferior dialect. It is not a pure tongue; it has not the pictorial euphony of Isaiah, nor is it the lucid and musical diction of Xenophon. It is a broken speech—Hebrew in essence and Greek in dress, Hebrew in spirit and Greek merely in body, drapery, and costume. That Greek has not the grace and elegance of classic times, for it was learned by those who used it in Palestine, not from books, but from conversation. In a language at which Plato would have sneered for its barbarous structure, and which Demosthenes could not have interpreted in its Hebrew idiom and allusions, were these books of the New Testament composed. Besides, the people with whom the volume originated were reckoned a poor and fanatical race by their enlightened neighbours. The wisdom of the world had not dawned upon them, neither the sciences of Egypt nor the philosophy of Greece had visited them; but Babylon had oppressed them, geographers had scarcely noticed their narrow strip of territory, and Rome had now laid her iron hand upon their dispirited and divided cantons. Ere these books were collected together, their capital, with its magnificent fane, was overthrown, and thousands upon thousands of the tribes butchered or enslaved. And are men of such a language, such a race, and such a country, to be the pioneers of universal civilisation and spiritual worship? What contempt is poured on Grecian eloquence and Roman majesty!

Now if we group together these peculiar literary elements, the style and language, the age and country of the sacred penmen, their personal obscurity, and, with one exception, their previous want of mental culture, the utter absence of premeditation and concert, their employment of the homeliest methods of composition, and their apparent unconsciousness that they were writing for all men and for all time—if we study those strange characteristics, we cannot but feel that the whole enterprise, so foreign to the circle of man's familiar operation, and so distant from the range of his likeliest conjectures and forethought, must surely be ascribed to Him who is "wonderful in counsel and excellent in working."

For those books did not pine and perish in the shades of their native obscurity. With every drawback in origin, structure, language, and authorship, they have now won their way to unparalleled ascendency. No volume ever commanded such a profusion of readers, or was translated into so many languages. Such is the universality of its spirit, that no book loses less by transla-

tion—none has been so frequently copied in manuscript, and none so often printed. King and noble, peasant and pauper are delighted students of its pages. Philosophers have humbly gleaned from it, and legislation has been thankfully indebted to it. Its stories charm the child, its hopes inspirit the aged, and its promises soothe the bed of death. The maiden is wedded under its sanction, and the grave is closed under its comforting assurances. Its lessons are the essence of religion, the seminal truths of Theology, the first principles of Morals, and the guiding axioms of Political Economy. Martyrs have often bled and been burnt for attachment to it. It is the theme of universal appeal. In the entire range of literature, no book is so frequently quoted or referred to. The majority of all the books ever published have been in connexion with it. The Fathers commented upon it, and the subtle divines of the middle ages refined upon its doctrines. It sustained Origen's scholarship and Chrysostom's rhetoric; it whetted the penetration of Abelard, and exercised the keen ingenuity of Aquinas. It gave life to the revival of letters, and Dante and Petrarch revelled in its imagery. It augmented the erudition of Erasmus, and roused and blessed the intrepidity of Luther. Its temples are the finest specimens of architecture, and the brightest triumphs of music are associated with its poetry. The text of no ancient author has summoned into operation such an amount of labour and learning, and it has furnished occasion for the most masterly examples of criticism and comment, grammatical investigation, and logical analysis. It has inspired the English muse with her loftiest strains. Its beams gladdened Milton in his darkness, and cheered the song of Cowper in his sadness. It was the star which guided Columbus to the discovery of a new world. It furnished the panoply of that Puritan valour which shivered tyranny in days gone by. It is the magna charta of the world's regeneration and liberties. Such benefactors as Francke, Neff, Schwartz, and Howard, the departed Chalmers, and the living Shaftesbury, are cast in the mould of the Bible. The records of false religion, from the Koran to the Book of Mormon, have owned its superiority, and surreptitiously purloined its jewels. Among the Christian classics it loaded the treasures of Owen, charged the fulness of Hooker, barbed the point of Baxter, gave colours to the palette and sweep to the pencil of Bunyan, enriched the fragrant fancy of Taylor, sustained the loftiness of Howe, and strung the plummet of Edwards. In short, this collection of artless lives and letters has changed the face of the world, and ennobled myriads of its population. Finally, and to shew the contrast, while millions bid it wel-

come—the mere idea of its circulation causes the Pope to tremble on his throne, and brings fearful curses from his quivering lips.

And here, were it our present purpose, we might raise an argument from all these momentous considerations in favour of the divine origin and authenticity of the New Testament. These characteristics are cogent proofs of infinite wisdom and condescension. Taking the book as it is presented to us, its genuineness is clearly stamped upon it. It is precisely such a book in style, language, and structure, as you might expect in such circumstances—eight honest and ardent men, either giving a plain narrative, or writing letters of sympathy and warning. Had these Gospels been artistic compositions, and the language in which they are written more rhythmical and elegant, and had these letters been polished dissertations, the strength of the Christian evidences would have been weakened in proportion. But the New Testament is such a volume as the mind relishes, for every one likes the tale of a wondrous life, and prizes highly the letters of eminent worth. And therefore the Gospels are given it, and there is spread out before it this rich and genuine Cardiphonia.

Our immediate object, however, is with the literature of the New Testament. The conservation of the text was the earliest work of the Church—its duty was to have copies of the inspired volume for study and exposition. Hesychius, Lucian, and Origen, were principally employed in this department. The defence of these oracles was also a prominent labour; for the Jew contradicted and blasphemed, and the heathen cavilled and persecuted. Christianity having at length triumphed over its antagonists, exposition then became the absorbing work, and it has bequeathed to us the luxuriant homilies of Chrysostom, the erudite exegeses of Jerome, and the massive and didactic treatises of Augustine. The mediaeval schoolmen were bewitched with the spell of Aristotle, and their theology assumed the form of keen and subtle dialectics. They felt not as they should the soothing influence of the blood of Calvary, and certainly their teeth were set on edge with its gall and vinegar. It was only at the Reformation that the sound and learned interpretation of Scripture delivered itself from ascetic bondage. The Reformers felt that the Bible must be studied in its own tongues, apart from scholastic ingenuities and ecclesiastical tradition, so they commenced in earnest vigour to master the sacred languages, and published various forms of help for the study of Scripture. These publications chiefly referred to hermeneutical investigation, comprising a discussion of the nature of New Testament Greek, the style of the various books, and the general help which the critic gets from philology, geography, and Oriental antiquities.

"Introduction," in the technical sense of the term, was a later fruit of Biblical research, and the appropriate name has now supplanted the ancient *Clavis*, *Critica Sacra*, *Thesaurus*, and *Apparatus Biblicus.* This study has been to a great extent confined to Germany, and is associated with the names of Michaelis, Bertholdt, Jahn, Eichhorn, Haenlein, Hug, De Wette, Guerike, and Schott.

Introduction, *Isagoge*, *or Einleitung*, is a special form of Hermeneutics, as its name implies. It *leads in* the student to the special characteristics of each sacred book, noting its age, authorship, style, genuineness, integrity, and contents, the place of its publication, and the circle of readers for whom it was intended, with any peculiar textual, chronological, or exegetical difficulties that may occur in the treatise. Such a work demands ripe scholarship and extended research. Our own country has done little in this province of labour, from the days of Walton to those of Harwood, Marsh, and Hartwell Horne. The voluminous work of the last named author has so far accomplished its object, in awakening a taste for such studies. In fact, as a native production, it has stood alone. Its contents, however, are rather bulky and promiscuous: it aimed at too much, and the excerpts, of which it is to a great extent made up, are not always selected from the best and most accurate sources. But the book has now fallen to some extent behind the science. It might be relieved of a great load of superfluous matter; but it must remain a monument of zeal and diligence, and the number of editions a book of such a price has gone through, proves that it did meet the wants of the age. If Mr. Horne's discrimination had been equal to his research; if his book had been less a miscellany, and more the independent result of personal study; if, instead of having heaped into his garner an incongruous mass of cockles and wheat, and thistles and barley, he had contented himself with a few ripe sheaves and tempting first fruits, his volumes would have been yet more welcome, and would have met with a still wider and more cordial reception.

The author of the work which has given birth to these prefatory remarks was well qualified for his task by his previous pursuits. His two volumes on "Criticism" and "Hermeneutics" were an excellent preparation for successful labour in this special department. His present work bears abundant marks of careful elaboration, even to excessive minuteness. Some opinions of very trifling moment are formally and solemnly refuted. The fly is broken upon the wheel. We think that this is the main fault of the performance. While, of course, weighty objections, weighty in themselves, on account of their authors, or the adverse effect they have suddenly produced, must be decisively dealt with

and disposed of, there is no use in gathering together the frivolous and vexatious whims of captious and eccentric learning, and solemnly proceeding to set them aside.. They would soon subside of themselves into merited oblivion, the little dust raised by the wings of the moth is soon quieted again. Not a few of the erudite vagaries of this minor sort have their only chance of remembrance or immortality from the place they occupy in the pages of Dr. Davidson's "Introduction." But we are bound to give the work our highest commendation, as an honour to our country, and a munificent contribution to the cause of sacred literature. We commend it for its fulness, erudition, and honesty, its vast research and persevering labour, its immense amount of accurate and useful information, and its chivalrous defence of the Gospels and Epistles against every form of assault which the mythical ingenuity and morbid subjectivity of Teutonic criticism can invent.

The origin of the four gospels and their relation to one another have been matters of keen disputation. Did the evangelists borrow from a common source, or did they make use of one another? If they took their materials from a common source, was it a written document, or merely a collection of floating traditions? Or if they borrowed from one another, which is the first gospel? Has Mark taken from Matthew and Luke, or Luke from Matthew and Mark? There are remarkable verbal coincidences in the gospels—how shall we account for them? These three gospels (for the Gospel of John comes not into comparison) have many points of resemblance, and when we compare, in some places, Matthew with Mark, Mark with Luke, and Matthew with Luke, the parallel passages, in any of the two collated gospels, are numerous and striking. The hypothesis of a written document, out of which the three evangelists served themselves as they pleased, is utterly preposterous. However ingeniously Eichhorn, Marsh, and Gratz, may find the original of the three synoptical gospels in a Protevangelium, written and retouched from time to time, and altered by the taste and constitutional sympathies of each of the three biographers who selected their materials from it; the whole hypothesis is unwieldy and cumbrous—no such document was ever heard of in ancient times—and the very idea of its existence appears to involve a high improbability. Why, if it ever existed, did it not take the first rank, and render the treatises extracted from it unnecessary? The parent gospel must surely have been as highly venerated as any of its offspring. But till it sprang from the fertile brain of Eichhorn, no one ever heard of it. Nor is it by any means clear that the three synoptical evangelists made use of one another. Such a thing might, indeed, account for some similari-

ties, but how then shall we explain the numerous discrepancies in structure and arrangement, or what reason shall we assign for so many gospels? The truth is, that the whole inquiry is to a great extent superfluous. The phenomena of resemblance among the three gospels are neither so uniform nor so striking as to necessitate the formation of such theories. Let three honest and intelligent men write the life of a friend and teacher, let it be their object to present a faithful literary portrait, and let it be considered necessary to such fidelity that a special account of his more remarkable sayings be given, and that the scenes and results of his most striking actions be described. Now, where might we expect similarity in three such biographies? Plainly when they record the sayings of their common Master, and when they describe the peculiarity of his most famous deeds. The case stands precisely so with the gospels. Real and direct similarity is found principally in their records of Christ's lessons and conversations. How could it be otherwise? If the three reports of their Master's teaching be faithful, need it surprise us that verbal similarity or identity is everywhere observed? Would not each strive to give the very words, or at least the general phraseology? Fidelity, therefore, required similarity in such simple and unadorned narratives; and if many of the addresses of Jesus were in the shape of replies to previous questions—were in short brief conversations—then we should expect equal similarity in the recital of the words, as well of inquirers as of disputants; for such verbal coincidence is almost identical with truthfulness. In reporting the words of Christ and the words of others, the very idea of giving such *words* must create constant similarity. Now, in the Gospel of Matthew, the great majority of the instances of its agreement with Mark and Luke, occur in such recital of others' words, or the words of Christ, and so in respect to the other gospels. In the sections of simple narrative, where each evangelist was free to use his own diction, verbal similarity rarely occurs, except in the ordinary formulas which express common and daily acts, such as departures, journeys, embarkation, and temporary residence. Besides, the narrative part in these gospels is small in proportion to the other contents—about a fourth in Matthew, a half in Mark, and scarcely more than a third in Luke. If, then, three-fourths of Matthew, one-half of Mark, and two-thirds of Luke be filled with honest reports of the sayings of the great Teacher and of those with whom he came into contact, must there not be great and parallel similarity in their three statements? From the very nature of the case, then, we might expect no little verbal agreement, even more similarity than has actually occurred, for we meet with perfectly exact identity in

a mere fraction of the gospels compared to the whole contents.* Why then should men have striven so restlessly to account by mere hypothesis for what must have been an anticipated and a necessary phenomenon?

It is plain that prior to the composition and publication of the canonical gospels, the early Christians must have possessed a pretty full and correct idea of the Lord's life and ministry. His career must have been a frequent and joyous theme of conversation and study. The discourses of the apostles must have often dwelt on the marvellous events of the life of the God-Man, reciting what he said and describing what he did, in order to prove his Messiahship, and by this means establish the faith, quicken the joys, and foster the hopes of the early converts. And the gospels must have embodied these memorabilia which were so familiar to the first Christians. Not that we can fully espouse the theory of De Wette, Olshausen, and others, who, without hesitation, trace to such a source the correspondences of the first three gospels. These coincidences need, as we have seen, no such explanation. Besides, not a few members of these first Christian communities seem to have reduced to a written form their reminiscences of apostolic instruction. "Many," says Luke, "have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us." These numerous authors seem to have comprised in their respective treatises what each one had caught and treasured up from the sketches given by the apostles, and from the general conversations of the believing brethren. That these sketches were brief, fragmentary, and without formal authority, is evident from their speedy disappearance. If they were correct brochures, then much of what they contained will be found in the canonical gospels. With these exceptions, therefore, that the three evangelists may have seen the earlier compilations of the "many," and that they must have embodied in their biographies much that was matter of common and current belief among the primitive churches, these histories of Jesus are separate and independent publications. Their testimony is that of witnesses to the same facts, without previous consultation; occasional sameness of language with occasional discrepance of arrangement, giving to their evidence the unmistakable stamp of intelligence and honesty, as that of men who could not be deceived themselves in circumstances so propitious to the formation of a right and mature judgment, and who were too pure and generous to be guilty of deceiving others.

And this quadriform biography of Jesus is full of wise and

* Norton's Genuineness of the Gospels, Vol. I.

benignant adaptations. Each of the four writers has his own special end in view in the construction of his narrative. Each exhibits the significance of Christ's life according to a preconceived plan, and in order to enjoy a full and symmetrical view, all of them must be consulted. Fulness of conception is thus obtained. For example, in Matthew's Gospel a new star leads Chaldean star-gazers to the infant Jesus, and their own science instructs those heathen worshippers of the new-born King. But it would be strange if no spiritual minds in Judea could detect the Messiah in the Son of Mary, and so Luke shews, how an angel, one of the Beings who appear so often in their early history, revealed the truth to the shepherds, and how Simeon and Anna welcomed the babe on his presentation in the Temple. Jew and Gentile alike are thus shewn to have an interest in him, and this completeness of view is found by a combination of the gospels.

The object of Matthew clearly is to prove that the Son of Mary is the promised Messiah, a species of proof specially intended and fitted to operate on Jewish mind. Chronological arrangement is not necessary to such an end. The first Gospel is constructed to shew that ancient prophecy is fulfilled in Christ. His sayings and actions are therefore skilfully grouped together, and each group is followed up by a reference to the Old Testament in the ever recurring formula, "that it might be fulfilled." The method of Christ's teaching and the substance of it; the splendour of his miracles and their peculiar nature; his eventful life, with its sorrows and sympathies, and his character in its combination of meekness and heroism, of grace and majesty—these are so presented in the pages of the first evangelist as to convince every unprejudiced reader of the Old Testament that its Messianic predictions are realized in Him who was born at Bethlehem in "the fulness of the time." This is a purpose perfectly intelligible and consistently executed. And there is no wonder that the first gospel should be designed to bear primarily on Jewish minds, as the founder of the new faith, with his early and immediate heralds, belonged to the Jewish people, and they possessed a common ground of appeal and argument in their own national oracles. This Gospel, in its structure and purpose, bears thus a distant resemblance to Xenophon's Memorabilia.

But a question naturally arises, if Matthew wrote for Jews, did he not write in the Jewish tongue? This subject has been long and warmly debated, some affirming that the original gospel was composed in Hebrew or Aramaean, and that either the author wrote a second copy in Greek, or that our present Gospel is an anonymous translation. Our own view is that the cano-

nical Greek Matthew is the one original Gospel. Having carefully studied the evidence presented for an original Aramaean Gospel, we are compelled to say that the proof adduced appears to us to be essentially defective. Dr. Davidson devotes many pages to a statement and defence of the opposite view. He has indeed altered his opinion, having in his first published work advocated a Greek original.* We blame him not, we taunt him not, as others seem to have done, for changing his mind—we applaud his transparent candour and honesty, but we feel unconvinced by his arguments. His first thoughts on this subject are better than his second thoughts.

And first, the theory of a sole Aramaic original brings along with it consequences from which we instinctively shrink. We are not trying the question by dogmatic views—we are not refuting evidence by the negative power of polemics, but surely we are at liberty to point out conclusions which are not accidental, but essential and undeniable results. Dr. Davidson says,—"In the present version we have Matthew's genuine production. It may be questioned, indeed, whether it be in all respects *an exact* representation of the original—probably additions were made by the translator." Again he says, he admits "that the translator was under infallible guidance," but qualifies the statement by adding, that it was only "*virtual inspiration*" which was possessed by him. Now, these appear to us to be somewhat inconsistent conclusions. If the translator was under infallible guidance, then surely we have *actual* and not virtual inspiration; and it cannot be questioned that in such a case we must have an exact representation of the Aramaean copy. If, under that infallible guidance, he made additions to the original, he was virtually an evangelist as well as a translator. A good translator needs honesty and not inspiration; and how in this case can we distinguish the supplement from the original matter? But further, how know we that an anonymous and unauthorized translator had guidance of any kind, save his own taste and sense of fidelity? The idea of his infallible guidance is only a desperate expedient in the crisis, to give the version some air of authority, and to save us from the natural conviction, that a version made, no man can tell where, when, or by whom, cannot possess inspired credibility. The anonymous historical books of the Old Testament, such as Kings and Chronicles, stand on a wholly different foundation. If the supposed Aramaean original had been preserved, the Greek version of Matthew would have been only on a par with the English or French translations of the same book; and does it gain

Lectures on Biblical Criticism, pp. 352.

any higher authority because the feigned original has been lost? Could the existence of an inspired and original Aramaean gospel be proved, we must take the theory, with all its consequences. We do not say that such results negative the theory; but surely a theory that undeniably leads to such consequences, involving really the question whether this be Matthew's actual gospel or not, must be looked on with distrust and suspicion. It is not because the so-called version is anonymous that we would doubt its inspiration, for there are several anonymous treatises in Scripture; nor do we reject it because it is a translation simply, for the Chaldee chapters of Ezra and Daniel would have been canonical though they had been given us in Hebrew—but because it is a version for whose fidelity there are no vouchers—no one testifying that he had compared the Aramaean with the Greek gospel, and no one being able to tell anything of its origin or publication. The Fathers forget not to tell us how the gospels of Mark and Luke, not being the composition of apostles, came into the Canon, but they are silent as to any apostolical sanction or patronage of a Greek translation of Matthew. Were we then forced to believe that an Aramaean gospel ever existed, we would be obliged to have recourse to the hypothesis of a double publication by the evangelist himself.*

Granting freely that Matthew wrote for Jews, there yet seems to be no valid reason to conclude that he was obliged for this purpose to write in Syro-Chaldaic. Even had he composed his gospel solely for Palestinian Jews, he was not obliged to use their Shemitic language. It has indeed been a debated point—what language was spoken in Palestine in Christ's time, and perhaps between the extremes of Pfannkuche† and Diodati,‡—between the extreme of asserting that Aramaic was the only tongue, and the opposite extreme of maintaining that Greek had banished this ancient and national speech, the truth seems to be, that while Aramaic was the vernacular, and cherished as the mother tongue, Greek was extensively spoken, and all but universally understood. It was a tongue common to the Palestinian and Hellenistic Jews. It is said (Acts xxii. 2) of the mob in Jerusalem, when the Apostle Paul was about to address them, "when they heard that he spake to them in the Hebrew tongue, they *kept the more silence.*" They were prepared to hear a

* This is the theory of Whitby, Bengel, Guerike, Townson, Horne, Olshausen, Bloomfield, Schott, and Kitto.

† Ueber die Palästinische Landes-sprache in dem Zeitalter Christi.—In Eichhorn's Allegm. Bibliothek der Bibl. Literatur, viii. 472.—Pfannkuche in this Essay was indebted principally to a tract of De Rossi—Della lingua propria di Christo—Parma 1772.

‡ De Christo Græce Loquente—Neapoli 1767. Reprinted in London 1843.

Greek oration, for they knew Paul to be a Hellenist, and they were able to understand it, but the Apostle's use of the national dialect created a deeper sensation, nay, its very employment on the occasion was an argument in itself, and "they kept the more silence." They could understand Greek, but they preferred the tongue of their ancestors; as the Scottish Highlander living among a Saxon population and freely using the English language, feels his heart warm to the sound of the Gaelic. There appears, therefore, no reason why Matthew should employ Aramaean for Palestinian Jews, and there is every reason why he should not employ it, but use Greek, a tongue of a wider diffusion, if he thought of the Jews of the dispersion, his countrymen scattered through the Empire. There was a church in Rome principally composed of Jews, and Paul wrote to them not in Latin, but in Greek, while the gospel of Mark, intended to influence the Roman mind, was also written in the tongue to which Hellenic influence and literature had given predominance and extension. Matthew, being in the civil employment of Rome, could not have been ignorant of Greek—the general medium of intercourse with the higher ranks in the Italian metropolis. On the other hand, all the inhabitants of Palestine did not know Aramaean, for Justin Martyr, though a native of Neapolis, seems to have been ignorant of it. The usual arguments taken from passages in Josephus, conduct to the same results, to wit, that while Aramaean was the national speech, Greek was also of extensive diffusion.

Again, if there did exist an original Aramaean copy of this gospel, how came it to be lost—and lost at so early a period? Why did it never gain a place in the canon? What feeling of dislike could the early church entertain against it? Inspired writings, that is, writings given for the immediate occasion, and not designed for perpetuity may fall aside, but no canonical book has perished. That a gospel did exist under the name of Matthew in the Aramaean tongue is evident from the concurrent testimony of antiquity, of Papias, Irenæus, Pantaenus, Origen, Eusebius, Epiphanius, and Jerome. Now had these men said that they had seen this gospel, and found it, on comparison with the Greek version, to have been the original and inspired document, we must at once have received their testimony. But Papias, the first witness, has been stigmatized by Eusebius as a simpleton,* and therefore in matters of criticism his judgment cannot be relied on. The man who could assert such sayings about a sensual and fantastic millennium, as are ascribed to Papias, was scarcely competent to prove a literary curiosity. The Ebionites or Nazarenes may have easily imposed on his credulity. Pos-

* σφόδρα σμίκρος τὸν νοῦν—Euseb. Hist. Eccles. iii. 39.

sibly, as the late Professor Hug* suggests, Irenæus took his report from Papias—a man whom he has mentioned with peculiar esteem. Origen was a practised biblical scholar; but he only states the tradition or generally received report, that Matthew wrote in Hebrew. Eusebius also as a faithful annalist, records the current notion, but in one of his commentaries he describes Matthew as deserting the rendering of the Septuagint, and translating for himself out of the original Hebrew. The meaning of his statement plainly is, that Matthew translated the words of the Hebrew into that Greek phrase in his gospel which Eusebius quotes. The testimony of Jerome is somewhat peculiar and scarcely consistent with itself. In one place he says, that "he did not know who translated the Chaldaic Gospel of Matthew into Greek;" but that he was permitted by the Nazarenes of Berea to take a copy. Then he says of this book which is also called the "Gospel according to the Hebrews," that he himself had lately translated it into Greek and Latin. It is manifest that Jerome had great doubts on the subject. He adds, "the majority call this the authentic Matthew." The case, therefore, stands thus,—Jerome possessed the Greek copy of our canonical Matthew, and had no doubt of its inspired authority; but he had heard that many believed that this book was originally written in Aramaean, while he himself had seen the so-called original, and had even translated it into Greek. What kind of Aramaic gospel must that have been which needed a second translation into Greek? If it had been the genuine original copy, then surely there needed no second translation, if our present Greek Matthew be an exact rendering. The inference is, that a gospel so different from our Greek Matthew, no matter whether it was named "according to Matthew," or "according to the Hebrews," must have been a spurious and clumsy composition. That it was very different from our Greek Matthew, is not only indicated by Jerome's translation of it, but also by the quotations taken from it, and preserved in the Fathers. The only Aramaic gospel known in those centuries was this Ebionite or Nazarene† forgery, abounding in silly legends and jejune sentimentality, and so far apart from the canonical Matthew that Jerome amused himself by translating it. It appears to us that this was the only Aramaean gospel ever extant—the only one referred to among those ancient writers, and that the treatise was the work of those Jewish sects. They claimed a special interest in Matthew's gospel as

* Einleitung, ii. § 8 4th Edition, 1847.

† The Nazarenes originally were a better class than the Ebionites; the former were orthodox Christians, but zealous "for the law,"—the latter were strictly socinian in creed.

being particularly addressed to themselves, and they seem not only to have translated it into their vernacular tongue, but to have filled the version, if version it might be called, with spurious and puerile interpolations, some gathered from tradition and some created to suit and protect their doctrinal apostasy. These early Jewish factions with proverbial pride, seem to have thought that a gospel adapted to them, should have been composed in Jewish speech, and they quickly acted out their idea. The notion that if one wrote for Jews, he must write in their own language, was a general impression in other countries than Judea, and so the opinion gained currency that as Matthew wrote for Hebrews, therefore he wrote in the Hebrew tongue. The fact originated the fiction, and the fiction assumed probability, nay, in the eyes of many became certainty, when an Aramaic Gospel was brought into actual circulation. This the only Aramaean Gospel that seems ever to have been known, was a treatise unworthy of its title, bearing such a relation to the canonical Matthew as Marcion's inpudent and heretical publication bore to the canonical Luke. So that our opinion is the more confirmed against the theory so firmly held and so learnedly argued by Professor Davidson. Our belief is, that our present Greek Matthew is the one original and genuine treatise of the Evangelist, and that the Aramaic duplicate was only a confused and translated imitation. It is not any dogmatic view of inspiration that has led us to this result, but a calm and candid investigation, whose simple results are briefly given in these preceding paragraphs. We know that we have reason to make such a disclaimer of mere deference to doctrinal theories of inspiration, because those who adopt a different view affirm that the believers in an original Greek Gospel are swayed by polemical prepossessions, and not by the fruits of genuine historical proof.

The Gospel of Mark appears, from the many brief explanations of Jewish phraseology and customs which occur in it, to have been written for foreigners. The old view, and one that has still some currency, viz., that Mark is the abridger or epitomator of Matthew, is palpably without shadow of foundation. Mark's treatise is shorter as a whole, but relatively longer than Matthew's. It does not contain so much matter, but its descriptions of incidents and scenes are proportionately longer and fuller than those of the first Evangelist. For example, the execution of the Baptist, with the account of the scene which led to the tragedy, occupies space in Mark nearly double of that allotted to it in Matthew. In Mark also is recorded more of the works than discourses of Jesus. The Roman mind, for which this Gospel seems to have been designed, was impressed more by deeds than opinions. It had not the Greek sense of beauty; but it could

appreciate a life crowded with acts of goodness,—a career of busy enterprise, and a death of heroism and devotion. This second Gospel has, besides, all the vivid touches and natural sketches of an eye-witness. It embodies not only the descriptions of the Apostle Peter, whose "interpreter" * Mark was, but it would seem that the Evangelist was no personal stranger to many of the recorded incidents. The introduction into the narrative of the "young man" who saw the capture of Jesus, and fled in dismay, lest his own person should be seized, has in itself no assignable end or aim, has neither an essential nor subordinate connexion with the history; and the only probable explanation is, that the panic-stricken spectator was no other than the Evangelist himself.

The Gospel of Luke, basing itself on the authority of Paul, and being at the same time devoid of nationality, was intended to operate in a wide and catholic sphere. With its classical introduction and easy style, its fulness of delineation and symmetry of form, it comes nearer than its predecessors to our notions of a regular biography. It contains several sections and some beautiful parables not to be found in its two predecessors, and this matter, peculiar to itself, has an evident bearing on the relations of the new economy to the Gentile world. Theophilus, to whom the book is dedicated, and for whose instruction it was composed, seems to have been a resident in Italy; for in the "Acts" brief geographical explanations are appended to places mentioned in Judea and the East, but all the towns referred to in Italy are simply written, without any illustrative comment.

Quite different in tone and structure is the fourth Gospel, the production of the beloved disciple. It presupposes the existence of the previous three Gospels, for it has several allusions that cannot be distinctly understood without them. In the three synoptical Gospels Jesus appears, as in ordinary circumstances, a man whose divine glory flashed occasionally through its human disguise; but in the fourth Gospel he is exhibited as on the Mount of Transfiguration, "his countenance as the sun, and his raiment as the light," himself the "brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person." The thoughts of John cluster round the person of the Redeemer,—the eternal and almighty Word, the only-begotten Son. The object of his composition is thus stated by himself:—"These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that, believing, ye might have life through his name." This object is pursued with undeviating uniformity.† It is never lost sight of

* The term ἑρμηνευτὴς or "interpres," as indicating the relation in which Mark stood to Peter, seems to signify that he committed to writing the substance of the Apostle's oral discourses.—*Fritsche, Proleg. in Marcum.*

† Section after section occurs in which the Sonship or the Messiahship of Jesus is

in any section. The glory of the Only-begotten shines in every paragraph. The union of Jesus with the Father, their mutual relations, their indwelling with believers, and the promise of the Spirit, are prominent topics in this rich and radiant treatise. What fulness of meaning! You feel as if you were gazing into the unmeasured depth of the blue sky. It is lowering this Gospel to give it a narrow polemical design, as some critics have done, for it states the truth in such a manner as to come into conflict with every form of error on the person and work of the Messiah. Its subjective aspect is also very remarkable. It is the Gospel of the new life, the "hidden manna" of the spiritual existence. Looking at the blessings of the death of Christ as they exist in themselves and apart from us, we may call them pardon and holiness, but feeling them within us, as John did, we at once term them "life,"—his favourite vocable. That the Evangelist supposes his readers possessed of the three previous gospels is plain from many circumstances, such as the allusion in chapter iii. 24, &c. Much is therefore omitted which occurs in them, and the greater portion of the matter of this last and loveliest biography is supplemental. The composition of such a gospel was surely an appropriate work for him who had lain in his master's bosom and breathed his spirit, and who had, in consequence of a marked similarity of mental and spiritual constitution and susceptibility with his Lord, enjoyed the fruits of a pure and exalted friendship. Yet these characteristics of the fourth gospel—its ardour, pathos, elevation, and subjectivity, are the very reasons for which such men as Baur, Strauss, and Lützelberger, deny its authority and apostolical origin. The wasp collects its poison from the same flowers out of which the bee extracts its honey. On such a point we would far prefer the judgment of a rustic congregation in Scotland, to the united wit and wisdom of those continental destructionists. We have often heard plain men and women rise above their education and rusticity in speaking of the gospel of John, their tones mellowed, their hearts kindled, and their precious thoughts were conveyed in language of surprising elegance and power. Are not these which so speak Galileans? Yes; their "speech bewrayeth" them. They "are drunk with new wine"—the sneering critic might exclaim;—No, but the promise of Joel has rested on them. Sympathy with the Gospel of John is not the result of learned acumen. Books cannot give it—erudition cannot implant it—classical culture cannot command it—and theological training cannot be

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introduced, as the belief of his friends or followers, or as his own avowal. Such is the testimony of the Baptist, of Philip, of Nathanael, the woman of Samaria, Simon Peter, and the blind man, &c.

identified with it. It is not born of earth; "babes" have it, while, alas! "the wise and prudent" are strangers to it. Dr. Davidson's remarks on the authenticity of the fourth gospel are beyond value for their clearness and power, and we may remark generally that the correspondent portions of his "Introduction," such as his defence of the commencing sections of Matthew, and the last chapter of John, are among the most interesting portions of the first volume.

That so large a portion of the New Testament should consist of epistolary correspondence is a striking phenomenon; still it was natural and necessary in the circumstances. The early churches often needed counsel, warning, and instruction. They had no written oracles to appeal to, and therefore the Apostles, as the living depositaries of inspired truth, were obliged to communicate with them in the form of "doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness." These letters are, therefore, the fervent outpouring of pastoral zeal and attachment. They are not abstract impersonal treatises—mere systems of theology. Like other letters they have their peculiar charm. They are written without reserve and in unaffected simplicity. Sentiments come warm from the heart without the shaping, pruning, and punctilious arrangement of a formal discourse. There is such a fresh and familiar transcription of feeling, so frequent an introduction of colloquial idioms, and so much of conversational frankness and vivacity, that the reader associates the image of the writer with every paragraph, and his ear seems to catch and recognise the very tones of living address. These impressions must have been often deepened by the thought that the letter came from "such an one as" Paul, always a sufferer, and often a prisoner. If he could not speak he wrote; if he could not see them in person, he despatched to them those silent messengers of love.

We have alluded to Paul as the principal letter-writer in the New Testament. When that change which passed over him with the shock of a spiritual earthquake, had subsided into resolute attachment to the new religion, what ardour and heroism were seen to be united in him—what a rare combination of intellect and heart, of enthusiasm and perseverance! Still with him there was no stoical abnegation of humanity—while he lived for the world he lived in the world. He shrunk from the scourge, and declared himself a citizen of Rome, and the shuddering expectation of a Roman dungeon suggested the warmth and comfort of a "cloak." The culture of the schools was in him "baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Words are often unable to convey his thoughts; they reel and stagger beneath the weight and power of his conceptions. And whether we turn to

his alarmed appeal to the people of Lycaonia, where he was taken for the god of eloquence, to his Oration before the critics and judges of the Areopagus, or to his pleading at the bar of Felix and Agrippa—or whether we survey his letter to the Church in Rome in its fulness, profundity, and compacted system—or his Epistle to Corinth, so varied and magnificent in argument, so earnest and so persuasive in remonstrance and vindication—or the missive sent to Galatia, so vivid and startling in its surprise, indignation, and sorrow—or that to Ephesus, so opulent in thought, and exalted in sentiment, as if to compensate for the costly books of magic which had been given to the flames—or that to Philippi, so warm and exuberant in its congratulations to the first European city where the Gospel had been proclaimed —or that to Colosse, exposing the insidious assaults of a specious philosophy, which corrupted the purity and marred the simplicity of the Gospel—or his twin communications to Thessalonica, calm, affectionate, and consolatory—or those to Timothy and Titus, replete with the sage and cordial advices of paternal kindness, and long and varied experience—or the brief note to Philemon concerning a dishonest and fugitive slave, who had been unexpectedly brought to "the knowledge of the truth," —or, the epistolary tractate addressed to the Hebrews, with its powerful demonstration of the superior glory and the unchanging permanence and spirituality of the New Dispensation —to whichever of these compositions we turn, we are struck with the same lofty genius and fervid eloquence, the same elevated and self-denying temperament, the same throbbings of a noble and yearning heart, the same masses of thought, luminous and many-tinted, like the cloud which glows under the reflected splendours of the setting sun, the same vigorous mental grasp which, amidst numerous digressions, is ever tracing truths up to first principles—all these the results of a master mind into which nature and grace had poured in royal profusion their rarest and richest endowments.

Similar in character are the other and catholic epistles of the New Testament—the epistle of James, so severe, lofty, and individualizing in its tone, so like the personal teaching of Jesus, as seen in the Sermon on the Mount—the two epistles of Peter, the very image of himself in warm impulse and aspiration, and so full of Jewish allusion and associations, quite in keeping with the spirit of Him who was "the Apostle of the Circumcision," —the three Epistles of John, so redolent of love, "the bond of perfectness," and ever recurring to the necessity of a holy life as the true accompaniment and realisation of an orthodox creed; and lastly, the brief chapter of Jude, a volcanic denunciation of Antinomian licentiousness and fruitless formalism. Many ques-

tions with regard to these writings fall to be discussed in a book of "Introduction,"—questions essential to the proof of their genuineness and the interpretation of their contents. Among such questions are the following,—the time, place, origin, and circumstances of their composition, the purpose their author had in view, and the character, history, and condition of the people to whom they were addressed. These topics are well and profoundly discussed in the second and third volumes of Dr. Davidson's work. We might instance as excellent specimens of critical argument, the proof that the Epistle to the Ephesians was not an encyclical letter, as Usher and others have supposed —the laboured reply to Schleiermacher's assault on the pastoral epistles, and the triumphant vindication, first, of the Pauline authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and secondly, of the canonicity and genuineness of the Apocalypse. We think, at the same time, that Dr. Davidson, like Olshausen, speaks too doubtingly of the Second Epistle of Peter, even though it was placed of old among the *ἀντιλεγομενα*, and we cannot feel the force of the reasoning by which he denies to Jude the rank and prerogative of an apostle. As to the first point, we hold with Hug, Guerike, and Thiersch, that the evidence is clearly on the side of a Petrine origin, and as to the second, we own that we cannot find conclusive argument in minor and hypothetical statements against the apostleship of Jude, "brother of James." The last question has no doubt several difficulties from which it is not easily disentangled.

We might now have adduced a few specimens to verify and illustrate our remarks. In simplicity of narrative what can vie with the account of our Lord's birth, life, death, and resurrection? As, when we gaze into a mirror we are not conscious of the reflecting surface that intervenes, so we feel in reading the gospels as if neither words nor language came between us and the scenes described. The personality of the evangelists themselves is concealed from our view in the shades of that glory which covers their pages. They never attempt to eulogize the Christ—no sentiment of admiration escapes them. They paint without labour a perfection which never had abode on earth but once, and that perfection is not dimly sketched in some abstract and shadowy ideal, but is embodied in the actual man of Nazareth. They exhibit the perfect man, living, acting, speaking, loving, sorrowing, praying, suffering, and dying. What gleams of beauty, what strokes of nature, what touches of pathos in those parables! And these miracles are told without an exclamation of surprise, so familiar were the annalists with them. Sometimes they call them "wonders" or "signs," but

the wonder-worker names them simply "works,"*—to him they were without effort. And in the Epistles what specimens have we not of almost every form of composition,—description, narrative, argument, oratory—bold invective and sudden apostrophe—antithesis and climax—the brief words of anger—the sad regrets of disappointed hope—the soft breathings of affection—the vehement outburst of self-vindication—the long and effective argument, often ending in an anthem—logic swelling into lyrics—the terse deliverance of ethical maxims, and the cordial greeting and kind remembrance of former friends. No wonder that Longinus adds Paul of Tarsus to a list of names, "which were the crown of all eloquence and Grecian genius." There are some passages in the Epistles to the Corinthians which have all the vehement and thrilling penetration of Demosthenes, and other sections in the same books, which, in elevation, imagery, and music, have no parallel, even in the Platonic dialogues.

We will not venture, in our limited space, upon the debated ground of the Apocalypse; not that we have not our own opinion pretty well fixed in opposition to extreme "praeterist," "futurist," and "continuist" interpreters. At all events, the great truth of this prose-poem is, that Christianity shall triumph over every antagonist, and gain, in spite of all opposition, an ultimate, glorious, and lasting victory. It is, in short, a pictorial sermon upon a very old text,—the seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent. This truth is presented in the changing lights and aspects of a gorgeous panorama, and clothed in the drapery of the old Hebrew oracles. The imagery of Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, is reproduced in new combinations, to symbolize and picture out the history, malignity, overthrow, and downfal of the enemies of the truth. Amidst the numerous expositions of this solemn and stirring prophecy, how few of them rest on a scientific basis, or take a comprehensive, consistent, and self-adjusting view of the vision as an organic whole. How many interpreters merely throw the shadow of their own times on the bright scenes and hieroglyphs of the mystic scroll. We cannot, however, refrain from saying, that much interesting matter will be found on this subject in Dr. Davidson's third volume, 120 pages of which are occupied with Apocalyptic discussions. The reader will find also no little information in the works of Luecke and Hengstenberg on this portion of Scripture. We only add, that Dr. Davidson's theory of the contents and structure of the Apocalypse, is more vulnerable on some points than he seems to imagine, and that he might perhaps have pro-

* John xiv. 11.

nounced upon other hypotheses with less dogmatic and resolute depreciation.

Our sketch of the Literature of the New Testament has necessarily omitted many points, which, in other circumstances, might have been discussed. Works like those of Dr. Davidson open up a wide field for inspection and review. It would have occupied too much space to have entered into the question of the dates of the different books, and at what probable periods they were collected so as to form the Canon. Nor could we glance at the resemblances or contrasts with one another which the various treatises occasionally present—the similarity of Jude to Second Peter being so marked, and the supposed antithesis of James to Paul being so notorious, and yet so easily harmonized. We think it might be made exceedingly probable, that so far from James having had the Pauline doctrine of justification by faith alone in his mind, he wrote his epistle at a date considerably earlier than that of the Epistle to Rome, or to the Churches in Galatia.

Every thing about Scripture as well as in it commends it to our intelligence and faith. Our hope and prayer is, that we may always have among us enlightenment without sceptical levity, learning without erudite perversion, and thorough research without its self-created difficulties and consequent aberrations. The Literature of the New Testament will then be subservient to its theology—the bright setting of the brighter jewel. If the life of Him depicted in these gospels were felt in vigorous pulsation among our Churches, and if they walked under the influence of the faith enforced—the truth illustrated, and the immortality portrayed in these Epistles, then would be the world's jubilee—"days of heaven upon earth."

ART. VI.—1. *Arctic Searching Expedition: a Journal of a Boat Voyage through Rupert's Land and the Arctic Sea, in search of the Discovery Ships under command of Sir John Franklin. With an Appendix on the Physical Geography of North America.* By SIR JOHN RICHARDSON, C.B., F.R.S., Inspector of Naval Hospitals and Fleets. 2 vols., with Plates and Charts, pp. 840. London, 1851.

2. *Voyage of the Prince Albert in search of Sir John Franklin; a Narrative of Every-day Life in the Arctic Seas.* By W. PARKER SNOW. London, 1851. Pp. 416.

3. *A Narrative of Arctic Discovery, from the earliest period to the present time, with the details of the measures adopted by Her Majesty's Government for the relief of the Expedition under Sir John Franklin.* By JOHN J. SHILLINGLAW. London, 1850. 8vo. Pp. 348.

4. *Sir John Franklin and the Arctic Regions, &c.* By P. L. SIMMONDS. London, 1851. Pp. 376.

5. *An Arctic Voyage to Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound in search of Friends with Sir John Franklin.* By ROBERT ANSTRUTHER GOODSIR, late President of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh. London, 1850. Pp. 152.

6. *A Series of Ten Coloured Views taken during the Arctic Expedition of Her Majesty's ships Enterprise and Investigator, under the command of* CAPT. SIR JAMES C. ROSS, Kt., F.R.S., *in search of Capt. Sir John Franklin, Kt., K.C.H., drawn by* LIEUT. W. H. BROWNE, R.N., late of H.M.S. Enterprise, *with a Summary of the Arctic Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin.* London, 1850.

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8. *Observations on a Work entitled "Voyages, &c., within the Arctic Regions:* by SIR JOHN BARROW, Bart., ætat. 82." *Being a Refutation of the Numerous Misrepresentations contained in that volume.* By SIR JOHN ROSS, C.B., &c., Capt., R.N. 1846.

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10. *Log-Book of the Felix Discovery Vessel, commanded by* REAR-ADMIRAL SIR JOHN ROSS, C.B., in MSS.

11. *Report of the Committee of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, to inquire into, and report on, the recent Arctic Expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin.* London, 1851. Fol. Pp. 200.

12. *Additional Papers relative to the Arctic Expedition, under the orders of Capt. Austin and Mr. William Penny.* London, 1851. Pp. 370.
13. *Arctic Expedition; a Lecture delivered at the London Institution, Feb. 6, 1850.* By CHARLES RICHARD WELD, Assistant Secretary to the Royal Society. London, 1850. Pp. 48.
14. *Arctic Miscellanies, a Souvenir of the late Polar Search.* By the Officers and Seamen of the Expedition. 1 vol., with numerous Illustrations. London, 1851. Pp. 348.

SIX years and seven months have elapsed since Sir John Franklin and his devoted band quitted their native shore to explore the almost forbidden regions of the Arctic Zone, and if an ever watchful Providence has preserved them from its dangers, the days of another long year must be numbered before they can be embraced by their friends and welcomed by their country. But whether they return, or not return—whether they remain in their prison of ice, from which there is no escape, or have perished amid the storms and rigours of a polar winter—whether they have reached a more genial climate where the remnant of life can be spent without pain, or are doomed to drag out a weary existence under the united pressure of hunger and cold—ever looking for deliverance and never finding it—whatever be their condition, their adventures, chronicled, as they may yet be, by themselves, or painted by others in the lights and shadows of fancy, will ever be a subject of romantic interest, and their fate a source of unmingled joy or of deep lamentation.

Nor will it be in England alone that this interest will be felt, and this sympathy awakened. Nations whom political differences have estranged, and parties who, on every other subject are at variance, have, with united hearts, striven to discover the adventurous exiles, and as hope languished and despair succeeded, the general anxiety for their safety and return increased in the same proportion. He who sacrifices his life for his country, has but his countrymen to mourn his loss. He who makes the sacrifice for science and philanthropy is lamented throughout a wider sphere. The tears of the Old World and the New are shed over his tomb, and universal humanity bewails the departed sage. The fate of the Arctic traveller has therefore excited an interest co-extensive with civilisation. Though the territory of ice and snow would have belonged to England, the problem of a north-west passage would have been solved for humanity; and though the glory of the deed would have illustrated but a British name, the mysteries of the polar regions would have been unveiled for the instruction of the world.

Influenced, doubtless by these views, the Government of Eng-

land have nobly discharged their duty in fitting out Expeditions by sea and by land, in search of Sir John Franklin. Private wealth has been liberally embarked in the same enterprise; and the sovereigns of Europe and the States of America have generously contributed their aid. Along every accessible meridian the polar regions have been approached, and though but slight traces of the wanderers have rewarded the labours of the past, we yet look forward, in the brightness of hope, to their discovery and their return. But whatever be the result of these noble efforts, the history of the Searching Expeditions will form one of the most affecting chapters in the annals of our race, and will stand in bright contrast with the chapter of war and of conquest. The poet will appropriate its romantic details, and the epic which emblazons the deeds of the pilgrim traveller lost and found, will be read with tears of joy when the tragedy of bloodshed has ceased to excite and to interest us. The white sail, which carries the bread and wine of the State to the shipwrecked crew, will be followed by the blessing of the good and the wise, while the red flag of the war-ship, on its way to destroy, will be pursued by the curses of every country but its own.

Before we proceed to give our readers an account of the different Expeditions which have been sent out in search of Sir John Franklin, we must remind them of the steps which had been previously taken, during the present century, to explore the regions which surround the pole. After the voyage of Capt. Phipps, who, in 1773, approached within 9° 12′ of the North Pole,* the question of a north-west passage had ceased to interest the public, and it was not till the year 1817 that Capt. Scoresby, jun., (now the Rev. Dr. Scoresby), in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, again attracted to it the attention which it deserved. This excellent and accomplished individual, to whom science owes many obligations, had observed, while navigating the Greenland seas in 1817, that about 18,000 square miles of the ice that covered them had disappeared within the two preceding years. The ice which had thus broken loose from the Greenland coast, floated round Iceland, filling the bays and creeks of the island, and drifting southward in icebergs and large floes till they reached the shores of Labrador and Newfoundland, and even found their way into the Atlantic. This letter was communicated by Sir Joseph Banks to his friends; and Sir John Barrow, whose name has been so honourably associated with Arctic discovery, took such an interest in the suggestion of Captain Scoresby, that he induced the Government to fit out an

* In 1806 Capt. Scoresby, sen., reached the latitude of 81° 30′ within 8° 30′ of the Pole.

Expedition for the purpose of exploring Baffin's Bay, and inquiring into the probability of a north-west passage. The ships appropriated to this service were the Isabella, of 385 tons, commanded by Captain Ross, to whose care the Expedition was entrusted, and the Alexander, of 252 tons, commanded by Lieutenant W. E. Parry. The ships left the Thames on the 18th April 1818, and proceeding between the ice and the western shore of Greenland, they reached Waygat Straits, where they were detained, along with forty whalers, till the loosened ice set them free on the 20th of June. On the 17th of July the two ships were nearly crushed to atoms by the ice-floes which closed in upon them; and during a gale of wind which sprung up in the first week in August, they fell foul of each other, breaking their ice-anchors and cables, and crushing a boat in pieces; and when the fall of the masts was every minute expected, the sudden separation of the two ice-fields relieved them from their perilous position. On the 8th of August, when the gale had abated, Captain Ross observed an island, apparently uninhabited, though marked with small heaps of stones, which the Esquimaux raise over the dead. The inhabitants, however, appeared on the following day in their dog-drawn sledges, and the description of these "Arctic Highlanders" forms an interesting chapter in Captain Ross's volume.

In rounding the northern summit of Baffin's Bay, and sailing along the upper part of its western coast, Captain Ross passed Smith's Sound, Jones's Sound, and Lancaster Sound, which were discovered by Baffin, and through the last of which Captain Parry subsequently found a passage to the great Northern Ocean. Captain Ross gave the names of his ships, Isabella and Alexander, to the two capes which form the entrance to Smith's Sound, and he considered "the bottom of the Sound to be about eighteen leagues distant, but its entrance was completely blocked up with ice." In passing Jones's Sound, on the shore of which Baffin had sent his boat, Captain Ross only remarks that it "answers the description given by Baffin, who discovered it." When the Expedition reached Lancaster Sound on the 30th August, "much interest," as Captain Ross states, "was excited on board by the appearance of this strait; the *general opinion however was, that it was only an inlet.* Captain Sabine, who produced Baffin's account, was of opinion that we were off Lancaster Sound, and that there were no hopes of a passage until we should arrive at Cumberland Strait;" to use his own words, there was "no indication of a passage—no appearance of a canoe—no drift-wood, and no swell from the north-west." Captain Ross likewise states, that the land was seen at the bottom of the inlet by *the officers of the watch*, and

that he himself distinctly saw a high ridge of mountains, which he named after Mr. Croker, the Secretary to the Admiralty.

Although Captain Ross thus passed Lancaster Sound with the conviction that it was a mere inlet of the sea, yet it appears that Lieutenant Parry and others had entertained a different opinion, and that, from the nature of the swell, they "felt a hope that it might be caused by this inlet being a passage into a sea to the westward of it." This difference of opinion respecting the nature of Lancaster Sound gave rise to an angry discussion, in which Captain Ross was unjustly charged with an unreasonable desire to return to his family, at a time when he might have achieved the great object of his Expedition. Those who know this gallant officer, or who are acquainted with the noble and disinterested part which he has performed in the subsequent history of Arctic research, will have some difficulty in believing that a love of home had allured him from his duty, and that he had allowed his imagination to upheave a range of mountains as an excuse for his return. But whatever was the judgment of his rivals or his enemies, the Admiralty approved of his conduct by giving him promotion immediately on his return; "while no other officer was promoted, not even Parry, who commanded the second ship, and who was not only suffered to remain a Lieutenant, but was sent out the following year with two ships under his command on a similar expedition, still as Lieutenant."*

That Captain Ross formed an erroneous judgment on the subject of Lancaster Sound, and that the mountains which he believed he saw had no existence, is now placed beyond a doubt; but since that time similar mistakes have given rise to similar controversies; and while these mistakes, committed by navigators of the highest name, will defend the reputation of Captain Ross from the ungenerous allegations of his enemies, they will protect future commanders against the treatment he has experienced. Every traveller, whether by land or sea, is aware of the extreme difficulty of distinguishing mountains from clouds in particular conditions of the atmosphere, and we believe that there is not an officer in Her Majesty's Navy who has not experienced the same illusion. When Lieutenant Wilkes, the distinguished commander of the United States Exploring Expedition, was surveying what he calls the *Antarctic Continent*, he repeatedly approached the icy barrier which defends it, and he and all his officers distinctly saw the mountains which composed it. Nay, "*to remove all possibility of doubt, and to prove conclusively that there was no deception in the case, views of the*

* We quote the words of Sir John Barrow, (p. 53,) who would seem at this time to have had no influence at the Admiralty, though his friend Lord Melville was then at its head.

same land were taken from the vessels in three different positions, with the bearings of its peaks and promontories, by whose intersections their position is nearly as well established as the peaks of any of the islands we surveyed from the sea."* After this distinct description of the Antarctic Continent, our readers will scarcely believe that Sir James Ross actually sailed over the mountains on the western side of this Antarctic Continent, just as Captain Parry sailed over the Croker range in Lancaster Sound.†

In the same year in which Capt. Ross circumnavigated Baffin's Bay, a voyage of discovery towards the North Pole was performed by Capt. Buchan and Lieut. Franklin in the Dorothea and Trent. They were instructed to make the best of their way into the Spitzbergen seas, to endeavour to pass to the northward between Spitzbergen and Greenland, and use their best endeavours to reach the North Pole. Although this Expedition was

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* Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition from 1838-1842, vol. ii. pp. 282-3. See our notice of this work, vol. viii. 215, 216.

† We cannot close this discussion without noticing, in terms of reprobation, the second chapter of Sir John Barrow's latest work, in which, throughout thirty-eight pages, he maintains an incessant attack upon Sir John Ross and the narrative of his first voyage. Even in the pages of a Review, where the critic claims the widest license, we have never read such a tissue of unjust and ungenerous criticism. Twenty-eight years had elapsed since the angry discussion on Lancaster Sound had ceased; and though the Board of Admiralty, of which Mr. Barrow was one of the secretaries, acquitted Captain Ross of every charge, we should not have greatly blamed any expression of triumph on the part of his opponent, when Captain Parry had proved that Captain Ross had been mistaken. But it is painful to perceive that such bitterness of feeling should have continued for so long a period, and should have been publicly expressed against a man who had, during that interval, acquired such high distinction as an Arctic discoverer, and in the very field from which his antagonist had gleaned his reputation. Unable, apparently, to induce Captain Sabine to give a direct contradiction to Captain Ross's account of their conversation in Lancaster Sound, in which he gives Captain Sabine's words under inverted commas, Sir John Barrow refers to it in the following note :—" Without giving *a direct* contradiction to Commander Ross's statement regarding Captain Sabine's opinion of Lancaster Sound, it was thought better to leave that to Captain Sabine himself, to deal with it as he might think proper." It is not likely, after twenty-eight years' silence, that Captain Sabine should follow the advice. Captain Ross had called Lancaster Sound a dangerous inlet, which it might be one year and not another; and in contradicting this opinion of its danger, Sir John Barrow thus alludes to that noble and heart-rending episode in Captain Ross's life, when, after four and a half years' imprisonment, he and his crew, without food and clothing, were rescued by the Isabella :—" Nay, Ross himself had the courage—can it be called—' moral courage ?' to revisit some years afterwards this horrible spot in a miserable kind of ship, (the Victory,) fitted out at the expense of a private individual, (Sir Felix Booth,) *for some purpose or other*, which ship, however, he left frozen up at the bottom of Regent's Inlet, and with great fatigue and difficulty succeeded in getting back to Lancaster Sound, and had the good luck to be picked up in this '*dangerous inlet*' by a whaler—the very identical Isabella which he once commanded."—*Voyage, &c.*, pp. 46, 47. In thus recording our opinion of this chapter, we grieve to add that the writer of it was an amiable individual in the eighty-second year of his age, and his victim about to enter upon his seventieth year.

not attended with success, many interesting facts were discovered connected with the physical geography and natural history of these northern regions. On the temperate shores of Spitzbergen they observed multitudes of animals of various kinds. The little auks (alca alle) appeared in flocks of nearly a mile in length, and so close together, that thirty often fell by a single shot. Capt. Buchan computed that the number of these birds which were on the wing at one time could not be less than four millions. In Magdalena Bay, the place of rendezvous, the most magnificent avalanches were witnessed; and also four glaciers, the smallest of which is 200 feet above the sea, and occupies the slope of a mountain. It is called the Hanging Iceberg, and looks as if the slightest impulse would precipitate it into the sea. A gun fired in the vicinity of this iceberg never fails to bring down one of these masses. On one occasion, when a gun was fired at the distance of half a mile, an immense fragment fell into the sea, when a wave rolled to the shore with such velocity as to wash a boat with its crew upon the beach to a distance of ninety-six feet. On another occasion, Mr. Beechy and Lieut. Franklin observed a portion of a berg tumble into the sea from a height of 200 feet, and produce such a wave as obliged the Dorothea, then careening at the distance of four miles, to aright by the release of its tackles. The weight of this iceberg, which stood sixty feet out of the water, and consequently 480 feet under it, was computed at 421,660 tons. While coasting along the eastern shore of Greenland, a violent gale compelled the Dorothea and the Trent to escape shipwreck by dashing into the "unbroken line of furious breakers, in which immense pieces of ice were heaving and subsiding with the waves, and dashing together with a violence which nothing apparently but a solid body could withstand, occasioning such a noise that the orders were scarcely heard by the crew." "The terrific grandeur of the effect produced by the collision of the ice and the tempestuous ocean" was indescribable. "Each person instinctively secured his own hold, and, with his eyes fixed upon the mast, awaited in breathless anxiety the moment of concussion. It soon arrived—the brig cutting her way through the light ice came in violent contact with the main body. In an instant we all lost our footing, the masts bent with the impetus of the crashing timbers from below, and bespoke a pressure calculated to awaken our serious apprehension. . . . The motion of the brig was so great, that the ship's bell, which in the severest gale of wind had never struck of itself, now tolled so continuously that it was ordered to be muffled." On the abatement of the gale, the ships got into open sea and arrived in the Thames on the 22d October, 1818.

The next Arctic Expedition under Lieut. Parry and Lieut.

Liddon, in the Hecla and Griper, the one a boat of 375 tons, and the other a gun brig of 180, left the Thames on the 8th of May 1819, provisioned for two years. In this successful voyage Capt. Parry discovered that Lancaster Sound communicated with the western ocean. Passing on through what he calls Barrow's Strait, his progress westward was stopped by detached floes of ice, and he was therefore induced to stand southward and examine an inlet about thirty miles across, which he named the Prince Regent's inlet, and which he traced southward to the distance of 120 miles, giving the name of Cape Kater to its extreme point on the east. Returning to Prince Leopold's Island, where he had been stopped in his progress to the west, he found an open sea, and discovered on the north a noble looking strait more than eight miles wide, to which he gave the name of Wellington Channel, an opening through which important discoveries still remain to be made. Pursuing a westward course, Capt. Parry discovered Cornwallis, Griffith, Lowther, Bathurst, and Byam Martin Islands, on the last of which the remains of Esquimaux habitations were found. On the 4th of September he crossed the meridian of 110° W. long. in the lat. of 74° 44′ 20″, which entitled the crew to the reward of £5000, which the Board of Longitude, by an Act since repealed, had offered to the navigator who should penetrate so far to the westward.

After discovering Melville Island, the Hecla and Griper were hauled into Winter Harbour, on the south side of the island, where the bold and successful navigators remained for eight or nine months without the light of the sun, and under all the hardships of a climate where the thermometer had sunk to 55° below zero. Our limits will not permit us to describe the admirable arrangements by which Captain Parry provided amusement and occupations for his crew during their long imprisonment. It is enough to say that they were attended with the most complete success, and reflected the highest credit upon his taste and judgment. When the ice began to disappear, the Expedition pursued a westward course till it reached the meridian of 113° 48′ 29″, after coming within sight of Bankes' land, the farthest point to the west which has yet been discovered; but the state of the ice prohibited its farther advance, and about the middle of August it set sail for England, and reached Peterhead on the 30th October 1820.

Passing over the voyage of Captain Clavering and Captain Sabine, who were sent out in H.M.S. Griper, to measure the length of the pendulum in northern latitudes, we come to the second voyage of Captain Parry, in the years 1821, 1822, and 1823. The Expedition, consisting of the Fury and the Hecla, Capt. Lyon, sailed on the 8th May 1821, and on the 2d July

reached Resolution Island, at the entrance of Hudson's Straits. At the Savage Islands the ships were visited by many families of Esquimaux, remarkable for their filth and their immoralities; and after reaching Southampton Island, Captain Parry proceeded along the Frozen Strait to examine Repulse Bay, in which there was scarcely a piece of ice to be seen. Continuing to survey the coast till the young ice began to form, he was obliged to take up his winter quarters in a small island off the mouth of Lyon's Inlet, where the Expedition remained till the 8th July, when they were obliged to saw a passage through the ice. Finding it impossible to advance against one unbroken floe of ice, Captain Parry resolved to make a land journey, and by this means he was enabled to reach the *Strait of the Fury and Hecla.* The summer being thus fruitlessly spent, he was again driven into winter quarters, which he obtained at Igloolik, after cutting a canal 4343 feet long, through ice upwards of a foot in thickness. From this prison he was released on the 8th August, and finding that no benefit would be derived from the labours of another year, he turned his ships homeward, and arrived at Lerwick on the 10th October 1823.

With the view of finding a passage into the Polar Sea from the bottom of Prince Regent's Inlet, Captain Parry set out on his third voyage on the 19th May 1824, in the Hecla and in the Fury, commanded by Captain Hoppner. Having been detained in crossing Baffin's Bay, they were obliged to go into winter quarters at Port Bowen on the east side of Prince Regent's Inlet. Warping out of Port Bowen on 20th July they proceeded southward as far as long. 91° 50′ and lat. 72° 42′, where the Fury was forced on shore, and so much damaged that it was necessary to abandon her with her stores. Her officers and men having been transferred to the Hecla, the Expedition returned home, and reached Sheerness on the 20th October 1825.

Omitting Captain Lyon's unsuccessful endeavour to reach Repulse Bay in 1821, and Captain Parry's fourth voyage in which he reached the 83d degree of latitude, after making a fruitless attempt to reach the North Pole in boats, we come to another class of expeditions to reach the Polar Sea by land. These attempts were made in three successive journeys. The first in the years 1819, 20, 21, and 22, by Captain Franklin and Dr. Richardson, who travelled through North America to the Polar Sea and along the coast from Copper Mine River to Point Turnagain; the second by the same parties in the years 1825, 1826, and 1827, to the Mackenzie River, and from thence westward to the Return Cliff, and eastward to the Copper Mine River; the third in 1833, 34, 35, by Captain Back, who travelled through

North America, and sailed down a river, now Back's River, never before navigated, to its estuary in the Polar Sea.

The first of these journeys was one of the most interesting and eventful that was ever performed by British travellers. Besides Captain Franklin and Dr. Richardson, the party consisted of Mr. (now Sir) George Back, Mr. Robert Hood, and John Hepburn, an English seaman. The dangers to which they were exposed, and the sufferings which they endured from cold and hunger, and other incidents even more exciting than these, give the most intense interest to Captain Franklin's narrative After completing their voyage along the coast of the Polar Sea on the 26th of August, during which they had traversed 650 geographical miles, Captain Franklin resolved to proceed by Hood's River as far as it was navigable, and then to cross the barren grounds to Fort Enterprise. Their provisions were greatly reduced: Ten bags of pemmican had become mouldy and the beef uneatable, and on the 28th July they had provisions only for eight days. On the 3d of September a violent snow-storm obliged them to encamp, and at this juncture the last piece of pemmican and a little arrow-root were distributed for supper. The storm continued to rage for several days, and having nothing to eat, and no means of making a fire, they remained whole days in bed. With the thermometer at 20°, without fire, and with garments stiffened by frost, our travellers weak with fasting, were wholly unfit to proceed over ground covered with ice and snow. On making the attempt Franklin was seized with a fainting fit from exhaustion, and sudden exposure to the wind; but upon eating a morsel of soup he recovered. The *rock-tripe*, the *tripe de roche*, a lichen which grows upon the rocks, kept the party from starvation, though it only allays the pangs of hunger, and was nauseous to all and noxious to some. For some days they subsisted on singed hide and tripe de roche, and previous to setting out, the whole party ate the remains of their old shoes and whatever scraps of leather they possessed, in order to strengthen their stomachs for the fatigues of the day. The carcases of five small deer revived their drooping spirits after eight days' famine; but as this supply afforded them only two substantial meals, Captain Back, the most active and vigorous of the party, was sent forward to Fort Enterprise along with some of the hunters to give notice of the approach of the rest. Two of the party now unable to proceed were left behind, and "in this hopeless condition, with certain starvation staring them in the face," Dr. Richardson nobly resolved to make a last effort for the supply of the party. It had become absolutely necessary to cross the river as the nearest road to Fort Enterprise; but every attempt to carry their raft of green wood

across the stream proved fruitless. In this emergency Dr. Richardson volunteered to swim across, carrying with him round his middle, a line by which the raft could be hauled over. In this state he plunged into the stream, but just before he reached the opposite bank his arms grew benumbed with cold, and lost their moving power. Turning on his back, he had nearly reached the shore, when his legs became powerless and he sunk beneath the current. By hauling upon the line he was again brought to the surface, and gradually drawn ashore in a lifeless state. Though reduced to skin and bone, and scarcely able to speak, he contrived to give some slight directions respecting the mode of treating him, and he thus gradually regained his usual strength, having lost, however, all sensation in his left side. Bones made friable by burning, and the putrid marrow of the back-bone of a deer which was so acrid as to excoriate the lips, was their next variety of food, and being thus reduced to the last degree of starvation, several of the men were unable to proceed. Dr. Richardson, Mr. Hood, and John Hepburn, remained to take care of them, and Captain Franklin, with eight persons, left them on the 7th October for Fort Enterprise, a distance of 24 miles. Two of this party were unable to proceed; other two were seized with dizziness and great debility, and these returned to Dr. Richardson's encampment where fire and rock-tripe were still to be obtained. One of them, Michel the Iroquois, alone arrived, but the other three were no more heard of. When the remnant reached Fort Enterprise, after supping upon tea and their shoes, they found the Fort desolate, without food, without provisions, and without the trace of a living animal. The bones and skins of several deer which they had formerly thrown away became now valuable food. Franklin tried to go to Fort Providence, but he fell between two rocks and was obliged to return to his companions, three of whom were unable to quit their beds, and continued to shed tears during the whole day.

After spending eighteen days in this wretched state, the party, seated round their evening fire, were startled by the sudden entrance of Dr. Richardson and Mr. Hepburn, each carrying his bundle. The absence of Hood, and Michel, and Perrault, and Fontano, excited their alarm. The two last had not been heard of, but Hood and Michel were dead.

The history of their death is a tragedy of the deepest interest, and we cannot withhold it from our readers. Michel the Iroquois had become an object of suspicion. He had evinced an obstinate and refractory spirit, and circumstances occurred which rendered it probable that he had murdered both Belanger and Perrault. His manner and conduct, to the rest of the party, had undergone a marked change. He refused to hunt and to

cut or carry wood for the fires. "There are no animals," he replied, when implored by Mr. Hood to give his assistance, "you had better kill and eat me." Soon after Dr. Richardson had read the morning service on Sunday, he went out of the tent and heard the report of a gun. Hepburn, who had been cutting down a tree at a short distance, called upon him in a voice of great alarm to come directly. Upon entering the tent he found Hood lying lifeless at the fireside, a ball having apparently entered the forehead. He was at first horror-struck at the idea that his friend, under the pressure of cold and hunger, had fallen by his own hand; but upon discovering that the ball had entered the back part of the head, and that the muzzle of the gun had been applied so close as to set fire to the nightcap behind, he had no doubt that Michel had done the deed. Though he was not charged with it, he repeatedly protested that he was incapable of committing such an act, and was anxious to learn if he was suspected of it. The victim of this savage deed was a young officer of distinguished and varied talents. He had borne his unparalleled bodily sufferings with patience and fortitude, and had calmly contemplated the termination of his life, by the peaceful surrender of it on a bed of sickness. Bickersteth's *Scripture Help* was lying open beside the body, as if it had fallen from his hand, when the assassin's blow had closed his eyes while resting on the sacred page. His body was interred amid a clump of willows, and returning to the fire Dr. Richardson read the funeral service in addition to the evening prayer.

Dreading, as they had reason to do, the vengeance of the savage murderer, it became necessary to keep a strict watch over his proceedings. He muttered threats against Hepburn, and, as if he wished to find an apology for new acts of violence, he alleged that the white people had killed and eaten his uncle and two of his relatives. It had now become quite evident that his intention was to kill Dr. Richardson and Mr. Hepburn, and they came to the conclusion that their only safety was in his death. Hepburn offered to be the instrument of it: but Dr. Richardson, convinced of the necessity of this dreadful deed, determined to take the whole responsibility upon himself, and he immediately, upon the approach of the Iroquois, shot him through the head with a pistol.

On the ninth day after this tragical event, viz. on the 1st of November, Peltier and Samandré died of exhaustion from hunger and fatigue, and had not a supply of provisions arrived from Mr. Back, on the 7th November, the whole party must have perished in a few days. Franklin, Richardson, and Hepburn, eagerly devoured "the dried deer's meat, fat and tongues," and though aware of the danger of yielding to their appetite under their peculiar con-

dition, they could not restrain themselves, and suffered so dreadfully from indigestion that they had no rest the whole night.

Mr. Back had been sent by Captain Franklin, on the 4th October 1821, to Fort Enterprise to obtain provisions. His companions were St. Germain, Belanger, and Beauparlant. They pursued their route, sinking up to the thighs in deep snow, encamping amid willows, and dining on the 4th day upon "an old pair of leather trowsers and some swamp tea." Though two slept together they trembled with cold in their beds. On the 6th Belanger fell two times through the ice, and was pulled out by their worsted belts fastened together. On the 7th they were so weak that they were blown over by the wind and drift; and, unable to proceed, they encamped in a clump of pines, where they had nothing to allay the cravings of hunger but a gun cover and a pair of old shoes. The exhausted travellers at last reached Fort Enterprise, but what was their surprise when they found it utterly desolate, without the Indians to help them, without food to keep them alive, and without the means of succouring the starving friends whom they had left. "For the moment, however, hunger prevailed, and each began to gnaw the scraps of putrid and frozen meat that were lying about, without waiting to prepare them. A fire was then made, and the neck and bones of a deer found in the house were boiled and devoured." They continued to subsist on burned bones made palatable with a little salt, and scraps of old deer-skins and swamp tea. Beauparlant, with his head and limbs enormously swelled, died on the 17th October. Mr. Back was left alone with Belanger and St. Germain, and they continued to suffer from hunger, cold, and fatigue. On the 3d November, however, Akaitcho with his Indians arrived. Sledges laden with meat were despatched to Captain Franklin, and Mr. Back had the satisfaction of learning on the 9th that his supply of food had reached and saved his companions at Fort Enterprise. On the 10th they proceeded on their journey, and arrived at Fort Providence on the 21st of November.

Having joined Mr. Back at Moosedeer Island, the survivors of the party arrived in safety at Fort Chipewyan, where they paid off the Indians and Canadians that accompanied them. They reached Norway House on the 4th, and York Factory on the 14th July 1822, having been absent above three years, and journeyed by water and by land upwards of 5550 miles.

After encountering such dangers, and suffering such privations, greater by far than those which war demands from its victims, it will scarcely be believed that time could cast them into oblivion, and that the very men—not one, but all of them—should, before three years had elapsed, not only brave, but even court the same dangerous service. The soldier who returns

maimed and wounded from his campaigns, must again start at the call of duty, when his country is in danger: If he lives by war he must share its hazards: If he dies in battle it is but the death he coveted. It is different, however, with the intellectual hero, whose every hour is one of mental and bodily exhaustion, and who, under the bivouack of the midnight lamp, devours in thought the atoms of his brain, and works with a more fatal energy than the muscular hero who brandishes the cutlass or points the spear. But more fatal still, and more glorious too, are the achievements of those illustrious men who conjoin mental with bodily toil, and who, in the path of Arctic research and physical discovery, have abandoned the luxuries of home, the endearments of domestic life, and the society of rank, and wealth, and talent, which they enlightened and adorned. Among such men posterity will rank Franklin and Richardson, and Back, and the two Rosses; and while the men of the world will trace their history and mourn their loss, from whatever calamity that loss may arise, the Christian will admire their fervent piety, and patient resignation under suffering; while the bigot may learn, if he can learn, that there may be a Church amid the snow, and a service among the rocks, and that that spot is consecrated for His service wherever God shall place a human soul loving and fearing him, and recognising in the wilds around the greatness and glory of their Maker.

Towards the close of 1824 Captain Franklin became anxious to complete the exploration of the northern coast of America, and explained to the Government the plan of a second expedition for that purpose. In offering to execute the plan he was aware of the humane repugnance of the Government to expose their servants to the sufferings which he had endured, but he succeeded in shewing them "that in the proposed course similar dangers were not to be apprehended, while the objects to be attained were at once important to the naval character, scientific reputation, and commercial interests of Great Britain." Dr. Richardson and Lieutenant Back volunteered to accompany Captain Franklin, and, joined by Lieutenant Kendal, and by Mr. Drummond as botanist, they embarked at Liverpool for New York on the 16th February 1825, and arrived at Fort Chipewyan on the 15th July. After assembling on the Great Bear Lake River, which flows out of the western side of that lake into the Mackenzie River, they were instructed to descend the latter to the sea, and on their arrival at its mouth to divide themselves into two parties. The first of these parties, under Captain Franklin, was directed to proceed westerly, towards Icy Cape, on the entrance of Behring's Straits, where the Blossom, under Captain Beechey, was to meet them. The other party, under Dr. Richardson, was instructed to leave the mouth of Mackenzie

River, and to proceed easterly along the coast, till they reached the mouth of Copper Mine River.

With six men, and Augustus, the Esquimaux interpreter, Captain Franklin embarked on the 8th of August in the Lion. On the banks of the Mackenzie River they found much wood-coal, which was on fire as they passed, as Mackenzie had observed in his voyage. There occurred also layers of unctuous mud, similar to that which is found on the banks of the Orinoco, and which the Indians eat as food in seasons of scarcity, and at other times chew as a luxury. Its taste was milky, and its flavour not disagreeable, and Captain Franklin found it useful for whitening the walls of their dwelling. Near the entrance of the Bear Lake River they saw a remarkable limestone mountain, with various insulated peaks, and from whose lower cliffs there oozed out a dark bituminous liquid, which discoloured the rock. After a friendly visit from a well-dressed, good-looking, and good-natured tribe of Indians, who conversed and danced with Augustus, the party reached Whale Island, and though the water was still fresh, as Mackenzie found it, they were satisfied, as he was, that they had reached the sea.

Upon arriving at Garry Island, an incident personal to Capt. Franklin occurred, which if it excited at that period of his career but little interest, cannot now be recorded with indifference. When he was about to leave England, Mrs. Franklin, to whom he had been married only two years before, was at the point of death. During the struggle, on his part, between duty and affection, she heroically urged him as he valued her peace of mind and his own glory, to depart on the appointed day. She felt that her days were numbered, and that to close her eyes was the only act of tenderness which he could perform. The gallant sailor yielded to the stern command, and his wife died the very day after he had left her. She had made and presented to him, as a parting gift, a silk union flag, under the express injunction that it should not be unfurled till the Expedition reached the sea; and it was upon Garry Island that this tender obligation was to be discharged. Upon hoisting the silk union flag over the tent, which the men had in his absence pitched upon the beach, he could scarcely suppress his emotion as it expanded to the breeze; but feeling that he had no right, by the indulgence of his own sorrows, to cloud the animated countenances of his companions, he joined with the best grace he could command in the general excitement, and endeavoured to return with corresponding cheerfulness their warm congratulations, on having thus planted the British flag on this remote island of the Polar Sea.

On the 18th August, Capt. Franklin embarked with the view of going over to the western shore, and of reaching, if possible,

the foot of the Rocky Mountains, but a gale, followed by violent squalls, induced him to re-enter the river, and to rejoin Dr. Richardson at Fort Franklin, which he reached on the 5th September. In this solitude they remained during a winter of between eight and nine months, which was spent in the usual manner, in hunting and fishing, in making scientific observations, and in arranging the objects of natural history collected by Dr. Richardson.

Our indefatigable travellers again embarked on the Mackenzie River on the 24th June, and on the 7th July they reached its mouth. Upon an island on the east side of the bay into which the river opened, they descried a crowd of tents with numbers of Esquimaux strolling among them. About 100 boats and nearly 300 men rapidly approached the boats of the Expedition, which had grounded about a mile from the beach. The sight of presents and the hopes of a lucrative trade, held out to them by Augustus, threw them into paroxysms of joy; but during the crowding of the boats, an accident occurred which threatened the most alarming results. The owner of a canoe which had been overset by one of the Lion's oars was plunged into the water and in danger of being drowned; but though he was extricated from danger, taken into the boat, and wrapped up in Augustus's great-coat, he became exceedingly angry, though he soon recovered his temper when he saw around him many bales and articles which he coveted. The fellow asked for every thing he saw, and got angry when they were refused. In the mean time the people tried to get into the boats, and actually dragged the Reliance, which was afloat, to the shore. One of the Lion's men perceived that the native who had been upset had a pistol under his shirt which he had stolen from Lieut. Back, and when the thief saw that it had been noticed, he leapt from the boat, carrying with him Augustus's great-coat in which he had been wrapped. Two of the most powerful men now jumped into the Lion, and seizing Capt. Franklin by the wrists forced him to sit between them, and as he shook them loose two or three times, a third Esquimaux caught his arm whenever he attempted to lift his gun or draw his dagger. The three men, however, soon left him and joined the rest in a regular pillage of the Reliance, drawing their knives and stripping themselves to the waist. After a furious combat in which the Europeans dealt heavy blows with the butt ends of their musket, while the savages cut the clothes of their opponents with their knives, and tried to seize the daggers and short belts of the men, it became necessary to take stronger measures with them. When three of them were trying to disarm Capt. Franklin, Lieut. Back sent a young chief to his aid, who drove his antagonists from the boat; but

as this did not succeed, Lieut. Back directed his men to level their muskets at the assailants, when the whole of them fled and hid themselves behind the drift timber and canoes on the beach.

When the boats had again stranded, several of the natives invited Augustus to a conference on shore. The bold interpreter had the courage to give them a lecture on their misconduct, and as if they had repented of what they had done, they offered to restore the articles which they stole, and actually brought back the camp-kettle and the tent which they had taken away. It appeared, however, from subsequent transactions, that no confidence could be placed in them, and that they had organized a plan for massacring the Europeans, and seizing upon their property.

Pursuing their voyage to the west, our travellers reached within one-third of a degree of the 150th parallel of west longitude, and having encountered long continued gales and dense fogs, they set out on their return on the 18th August, and reached Fort Franklin on the 21st of September, having travelled a distance of 2048 statute miles, 610 of which were through regions not previously discovered. Dr. Richardson had returned from his eastern journey on the 1st of September, having, according to his instructions, traced the coast between the Mackenzie and the Copper Mine Rivers. The Expedition was obliged to spend a great part of another winter at Fort Franklin, from which its different chiefs set off in different directions,—Dr. Richardson in December to join Mr. Drummond in collecting plants on the Saskatchawan River, and Capt. Franklin and Commander Back on the 20th February to return to England.

After Captain Franklin's return in September 1827, nearly two years elapsed before any new attempts were made to prosecute the great discoveries that had already been made in the Arctic regions; but this interval was followed by one of the noblest and most successful Expeditions that has ever visited these inhospitable climes. Although many important discoveries had been made by *nine* preceding Expeditions, yet the leading object which they had in view had not been attained, and Government was no longer willing to devote the public money to the enterprises of science, or to the objects of commercial speculation. Their former zeal for Arctic discovery was apparently turned into hostility; for they not only resolved to repeal the North-West Passage Act, by which a reward of £20,000 was offered for its discovery, but they abolished the Board of Longitude, which had taken such an active part in the promotion of Arctic research. Mr. Barrow's influence over the Admiralty seems to have been now utterly extinguished; and in these acts of the British Government, unworthy of the British name, the lovers of

science mourned over their last hope of developing the mysteries of the Polar Zone. The power of man, however, cannot arrest knowledge in its march. The indifference, and even the hostility of one mind, will chafe the insensibility, or rouse the energy of another; and the liberality of private wealth has often been called forth by the parsimony of the nation. The withdrawal of the prize of £20,000 induced an individual to embark as large a sum in the promotion of Arctic discovery. No sooner had Captain Franklin returned from his second journey in 1827, than Captain John Ross offered to the Duke of Wellington to take the charge of a new Expedition to the Northern Seas. His Grace declined the offer, but, "nothing daunted," the gallant Captain submitted his plans to Mr. Felix Booth, an opulent merchant, with whose munificence he had occasion to be acquainted. As the Act, however, offering the reward of £20,000 was still in force, Mr. Booth declined to undertake an enterprise which might be denounced as a commercial speculation. Captain Ross, therefore, again submitted to the authorities an improved plan of exploring the Arctic regions, which, as might have been foreseen, was unceremoniously rejected; and as if to crush for ever all such expeditions, the North-West Passage Act was repealed. By this measure Mr. Booth's scruples were removed; and when no other motive could be imputed to him "than the advancement of the honour of his country, the interests of science, and the gratification of the feelings of a friend," he embarked with zeal and ardour in the scheme of Captain Ross. To the £17,000, or £18,000, advanced by Mr. Booth in the equipment of the Expedition, Captain Ross added £5000; and on the 23d May 1829, accompanied by his nephew, Mr. James Clark Ross, as second in command, he set sail in the Victory, a small steam-packet of 150 tons, destined to make the most important discoveries that have ever been made, and to endure the greatest hardships that have ever been endured, in the regions of ice and snow.

After examining Prince Regent's Inlet, Captain Ross visited the wreck of the Fury, and obtained possession of the valuable provisions and stores which Captain Parry had left with his ill-fated vessel. Thus enriched, he pursued his discoveries along a new line of coast, exposed to all the dangers which disturb the navigation of an icy sea. Having advanced 300 miles farther than any other Expedition, he was stopped by the ice on the 30th September 1829, and found excellent winter-quarters in Felix Harbour. A visit from a party of Esquimaux ushered in the year 1830, and afforded both amusement to the ship's company, and geographical information to Captain Ross. They furnished fresh provisions and articles of dress, and they accompanied Commander Ross in the four highly-interesting journeys

in which he made important additions to our geographical knowledge, and planted the British flag on the Magnetic Pole of the Earth. Relieved from their winter quarters, the Victory put to sea on the 17th September; but they were once more frozen in on the 23d, and cutting their way through ice, they reached Sheriff Harbour, as their winter residence for 1830-1, in the month of October. The Victory was again under sail on the 29th of August; but after advancing only four miles, she was frozen up in Victoria Harbour, to spend the winter of 1831-2. The severity of that winter was unusual. During 136 days the thermometer stood below zero. The health of the crew was affected; the Esquimaux no longer cheered and helped them; and the only hope which they could cherish was to abandon the ship and travel homewards in sledges and boats to Baffin's Bay, in the hope of finding some English whaler to conduct them to their native land. This perilous enterprise commenced on the 23d of April. The snow huts in which they slept were so small that it was impossible to change their position. The cold was 47° below zero. Their frozen meat required a saw to cut it. Their snow huts were often blown up with drift, and the snow storms frequently imprisoned them for whole days in their icy dungeons. Returning to the ship after carrying forward their provisions, they prepared the three boats of the Fury for their voyage to Baffin's Bay, each boat carrying seven men and an officer. Cheered by the first steps of their advance along the coast, they cherished the hope of effecting a passage across Prince Regent's Inlet, but the ice obstructed their march. The cold increased in severity, and the snow storms and freezing winds of September crushed the last of their hopes; and, resigned to the inexorable decision of the elements, our gallant adventurers returned to Fury Beach or Somerset House on the 23d of October, to spend the dreary winter of 1832-3, with less comfort than the three preceding ones, and with more solicitude about the future. Though provisions were still abundant, the health and spirits of the crew began to fail: The carpenter died:—Captain Ross's old wounds became troublesome: —Mr. Thom, the purser, was ill, and two of the seamen far gone in the scurvy. On the 8th June they left their winter-quarters, encumbered with three sick men and several that could scarcely walk. They were detained in Batty Bay till the 15th of August, and on the 17th, after advancing seventy-two miles, they took shelter from a gale twelve miles west of Cape York. On the 19th they were only eighty miles from Possession Bay; and being detained by a gale from the 20th to the 25th, they rowed across Navy Board Inlet, where they found a harbour.

At four in the morning, when all were asleep, the look-out

man, David Wood, reported a sail in the offing. The boats were launched and signals made, yet the ship kept its southward course. Another sail was reported at ten o'clock, but she was fast leaving them, when a calm allowed the boats to gain so rapidly upon the ship, that at eleven she hove to, and lowered a boat, which rowed to their own. It was the boat of the *Isabella* of Hull, Captain Humphreys, which Captain Ross had once commanded! The mate in command would not believe that he was Captain Ross, who, as he maintained, had been dead two years. His identity, however, was soon proved, and the forlorn crew of the Victory was received on board by Captain Humphreys with a hearty seaman's welcome. We wonder that the artist's pencil has not delineated this interesting scene. Dressed in the rags of wild beasts, and starved to the very bone, the gaunt and grim looks of the unshaven crew formed a strange contrast with the well-dressed and well-fed men around them. The contrast, however, was but for a moment. The processes of washing, dressing, shaving, and eating, were all intermingled, amid interminable questions, on the one hand, respecting the adventures and fate of the Victory, and, on the other, respecting the politics and news of England—the interesting events of four long years.

Thus rescued from a snowy grave, Captain Ross reached London on the 19th October,—laid at the foot of the King the British flag that had waved over the magnetic pole, and received £5000 from the House of Commons, and the Order of the Bath and knighthood from a grateful sovereign. Foreign nations added fresh honours to his name, and posterity will retain in its undying memory the deeds of the hero whose wreath of glory no blood has stained, and whose badges of honour have not been steeped in the widow's and the orphan's tears.*

The long detention of Captain Ross in the Arctic regions had naturally led to the belief that he had perished. Captain Back, who was then in Italy, having learned from England that apprehensions were entertained of the safety of his friends, the two Rosses, hastened home in order to offer his services on an Ex-

* In giving an account of this Expedition, certainly the most interesting on record, Sir John Barrow refuses it the usual title of *An Arctic Voyage*, and places it alone under the head of *Miscellaneous*. He "dispenses with any further notice" of Captain Ross's Narrative than by giving the title of it, "with the multifarious personal distinctions, &c.," chiefly because "it was a private speculation, not authorized by any branch of the Government." So careful, indeed, is Sir John not to countenance the work, that he tries to collect its substance from the "Report of a Committee of the House of Commons which preceded its publication," and from this Report he culls a variety of passages, which he assails with the most virulent invective, and the most unmanly and unchristian abuse. If Sir John has a friend interested in his reputation, we would advise him to reprint his book, omitting every passage in which the name of Captain Ross occurs. In the pamphlet No. 8 of our list of books, Sir John Ross has made an able and triumphant reply to this attack.

pedition in search of them. His offer was accepted, and leaving Liverpool, with Mr. King as surgeon and naturalist, on the 17th February 1833, he reached in good time the eastern shore of the Great Slave Lake. Setting out to discover the source of the river which was to convey him to the sea, he was obliged to cross lakes, rapids, rivers, and frightful cataracts, till he reached a lofty hill, from which he saw beneath him the splendid lake, which he called Lake Aylmer, and out of which, he was informed, one of the branches of the desired river issued. He immediately approached the main stream, but as August had nearly expired, he returned to Fort Reliance, from Slave Lake, as his winter quarters. Here famine and cold again assailed him. The Indians were starving. Nine had fallen victims, and others were on the eve of perishing, when their old chief Akaitcho came to their relief. Captain Back's party were put upon greatly reduced rations, but they were supported by the hope of beginning their intended journey. When engaged in preparing for it, a messenger arrived with a packet containing the welcome intelligence of the safety of Captain Ross. On the 7th June our traveller left Fort Reliance, and succeeded in descending Back's River, (the Thlew-ee-choh,) which, after a violent and tortuous course of 530 geographical miles, through a bare and iron-ribbed country, with no fewer than eighty-three falls, cascades, and rapids, pours its waters into the Polar Sea in latitude 67° 11′ north, and longitude 94° 30′ west. Captain Back intended to complete the survey of Franklin beyond Port Turnagain, but the want of food and fuel compelled him to return, and he reached Liverpool on the 8th September 1835, after an absence of two years and seven months.

Our limits will not allow us to do more than notice Captain Back's expedition in 1836-7, to promote geographical discovery in the neighbourhood of Repulse Bay. He left Chatham in the Terror with 73 men on the 14th June 1836. On the 5th of September they were firmly fixed in the ice, and on the 13th they were near the Cape Comfort of Baffin. About the end of November they were compelled to take up their winter quarters for nine months at least *on a floating floe of ice*, the ship being actually cradled in the ice for four successive months, and dragged about utterly helpless, always in motion; and constantly threatened to be crushed to atoms, when every soul on board must have perished. On the 11th of July the Terror burst from its icy bonds, and was gently sliding down to the water. She remained, however, on her beam ends till the 14th, when she suddenly righted, to the inexpressible joy of the crew. The whole of this voyage was of such an extraordinary character that history has recorded nothing parallel to it. The Terror, however,

crazy, broken, and leaky, was brought safely back to Lough Swilly, and Captain Back on his return received the honour of knighthood from his Majesty.

The terrible disasters which marked the expedition of Sir George Back again damped the ardour for Arctic research. For nearly eight years the north-west passage seems to have vanished from the day-dreams of Sir John Barrow, and this intrepid advocate for its existence has at last asserted that the present expedition of Sir John Franklin is likely to be the last. Among the motives by which it seems to have been prompted, and we have no doubt it took the lead, was the fear that two foreign powers who had fleets in the Pacific, might covet the moral triumph of accomplishing what we had begun, and of finding through the Polar Seas the shortest passage for their homeward bound ships then in the Pacific. But whatever were the motives of Government, it was a noble enterprise, and will ever be regarded in all its parts as an honour to the British name.

The expedition under Sir John Franklin consisted of the Erebus, and the Terror commanded by Captain Croizier. These vessels had returned from the Antarctic Expedition of Sir James Ross; and the Terror was the same vessel which we have just brought back from Repulse Bay with Captain Back. The crews of the two ships were 138 in number, and the expedition sailed from Sheerness with three years' provisions, on the 26th of May 1845, accompanied by the transport Baretto Junior, containing extra stores to be discharged in Davis' Straits. The expedition arrived at the Whale Fish Islands on the 4th of July, and it was seen on the 26th July by the whaler, Prince of Wales, in latitude 74° 48′ north, and longitude 66° 13′ west, moored to an iceberg, and waiting for an opening in the great body of ice which occupies the middle of Baffin's Bay. On the 22d of July Mr. Robert Martin, of the whale ship Enterprise, was along-side of the Erebus and Terror in latitude 75° 10′ north, and longitude 66° west. Sir John Franklin told him that he had provisions for *five* years, that if necessary he could make them last *seven*, and that he had got several casks of birds salted. Mr. Martin also states that on the 26th or 28th two parties of Sir John's officers dined with him, and told him that they expected to be out four or five, or perhaps six years. On the following day, the 27th or 28th, he received a verbal invitation to dine with Sir John, but, the wind having shifted, he was obliged to decline the invitation, and proceed on his voyage. He, however, saw the ships for two days more, that is, till the 29th or 31st. Since that time no intelligence whatever has been received from the expedition, though six years and eight months have elapsed since its departure.

Until the autumn of 1847 no anxiety was felt for the safety of the expedition, but when that year closed without any intelligence from it, the public mind became highly excited, and the Government was roused to organize a searching expedition for the purpose of discovering and relieving it. It now became a matter of deep consideration how such a search could be most effectually made, and the opinions of the most competent individuals were taken and laid before the Admiralty. Following, as he would doubtless do, his official instructions, it is not difficult to trace his probable course. He was directed to proceed with all despatch to Lancaster Sound, and after passing through it, to push on to the westward in the latitude of 74° north, without loss of time, or *stopping to examine any openings to the northward* till he reached Cape Walker in 98° of west longitude. He was then to use every effort to penetrate to the *southward* and *westward* of that Cape; and to pursue as direct a course to Behring's Straits as circumstances would permit him. He was warned too, not to pass by the wester extremity of Melville Island, until he had ascertained that a barrier of ice or some other obstacle closed the *southward* and *westward* route. It was therefore the opinion of Sir James Clark Ross, and also of Dr. Richardson, that the expedition had been involved in the ice, or shut up in some harbour on the coast of North America, south or south-west of Melville Island, or as Sir James Ross states in latitude 73° north, and longitude 105° west. The searching expedition was therefore fitted out, for a simultaneous search, in three divisions, proceeding from three different quarters. The Herald, under Captain Kellet, and the Plover under Captain Moore, left England in January 1848 for Behring's Straits. Sir John Richardson was directed to explore the coast of the Arctic Seas, between the Mackenzie and the Copper Mine Rivers, and the shores of Victoria and Wollaston Lands, opposite to Cape Krusenstern; and Sir James Clark Ross was sent through Lancaster Sound, to search both shores of that extensive inlet, and Barrow's Strait, and then to proceed to the westward.

During the year 1848, the Herald, Captain Kellet, and the Plover, Captain Moore, never reached their destination, the Plover from her bad sailing, and the Herald from causes with which we are not acquainted. In 1849, however, Captain Kellett in the Herald, after examining Wainwright's Inlet, despatched Lieutenant Pullen to the Mackenzie River, and on standing along the margin of the ice, he discovered a group of islands on the coast of Asia, in lat. 71° 20′ N., and 175° 16′ W., with extensive and very high lands to the north of them. Captain Moore in the Plover failed in all his attempts to penetrate to the eastward, and was obliged to winter in Norton

Sound. Captain Pullen, with Mr. Hooper as mate, and twelve men, performed the coasting voyage to the Mackenzie River in two 27 foot whale boats. He was conducted past Point Barrow by the pinnace of the Hecla, and the Royal Steam Yacht Club schooner, the Nancy Dawson, owned and commanded by Mr. Shedden, a mate of the Royal Navy. This adventurous and generous individual came to prosecute the search for Sir John Franklin at his own expense, and though far gone with consumption, he gave most efficient assistance to Captain Pullen. He was anxious to have left provisions at Refuge Inlet, where he had waited a month for this purpose; but he could not do it without the knowledge of the natives. He succeeded, however, in depositing a large cask of flour and one of preserved meats on another small inlet at lat. 71° 7'. His kindness to the crew in the boats was most generous, supplying them with everything which his vessel could afford, and following them with considerable risk. About two months afterwards, he reached Mazatlan, where he fell a victim to his great exertions in the cause of humanity. It is an important result of this adventurous voyage in open boats from Wainwright's Inlet to the Mackenzie River, that no traces of the missing Expedition were found between these two points of the American coast; and that the Esquimaux, with whom Captain Pullen communicated, had neither seen the ships nor their crew.*

But though the Expedition to Behring's Straits failed to effect the object it had in view, its labours have been far from fruitless. On the 15th August 1849, Captain Kellett had attained the longitude of 170° 10' W., and on the 16th he discovered an almost inacessible island of granite rising 1400 feet above the sea, with a range of high land behind it which was seen by every one of the crew. They were anxious to hoist the union jack upon the island, but constant snow-storms compelled them to leave it and clear the ice-pack. Captain Moore, whose track lay farther eastward, saw elevated peaks to the north of him, and Baron Von Wrangell had before observed high land from Yakan. Combining these facts, Captain W. H. Smyth, the distinguished President of the Royal Geographical Society,† is of opinion that this land is that called Tikigen, inhabited by a race called Kraihai, with a coast line trending nearly parallel to that of Northern Siberia, which was discovered in 1762 by Serjeant Andreyev, in his Expedition of discovery to the Icy Sea; and he therefore considers it "far from improbable that a continuous

* The testimony of the natives cannot be trusted. Captain Kellett says that the coast "is alive" with stories concerning the missing crews, and that "the Esquimaux are ever ready to exercise their ingenuity by inventing a story."

† Address at the anniversary meeting 21st May 1850.—Pp. 29, 30.

coast line may extend from the vicinity of New Siberia in the west to the vicinity of Bank's Land in the east." "In the event," he continues, "of such an hypothesis proving correct, it will be obvious that should Franklin have succeeded in penetrating through, and to the west of, Wellington Channel, the interposition of this track would preclude all possibility of his bringing his ships again so far south as to reach Behring's Straits, unless the course were greatly prolonged westwards, or the Wellington Channel again traversed."

The Expeditions under Sir John Richardson and Mr. Rae have also returned without any intelligence respecting the missing vessels, though with much interesting information respecting the regions they visited. As Sir John's course lay through a country which he had previously travelled over and described, he was naturally led to make the personal narrative as brief as possible. After descending the Mackenzie River, they entered its estuary on the third August 1848, and sailing along the coast they reached Cape Krusenstern on the 29th of August. Passing Basil Hall's Bay on the 31st, they reached Cape Hearne. In poling them along and dragging them over the floes of ice, the boats were much shattered, and finding that they could not advance further in the present condition of the ice, without pulling the boats to pieces, and running the risk of losing all their stores and provision, they encamped about eight miles from Cape Kendall which bore south-west. Upon viewing the sea from the high ground, and ascertaining that no traces of open water were visible in any direction, Sir John, after consulting with Mr. Rae, resolved to leave the boats at this place, though still at some distance from the Copper Mine River, and commence their overland march. On the 1st and 2d September they were occupied in preparing the packages for the march, consisting of thirteen days' provision of pemmican, and all their necessary implements and objects of natural history. These loads were divided among the men, Mr. Rae voluntarily resolving to transport a package nearly equal to the men's in weight, while Sir John distrusting his own powers of march, restricted himself to a fowling-piece, ammunition, a few books, and other things thrust into his pocket.

Having read prayers, they set out on Sunday the 3d September, and after encountering snow-storms and dense fogs, and marching in frozen clothes, wetted in crossing the streams, they reached their winter quarters in Fort Confidence on the 15th September. On the 17th, being Sunday, Sir John read prayers to a congregation of forty-two persons, and returned thanks to the Almighty for their safe return. The long winter at Fort Confidence was spent in great comfort, and being almost

hourly occupied in meteorological and magnetical observations, Sir John and Mr. Rae had no leisure for ennui. On the 7th May they commenced their journey southward, and arrived at Fort Franklin on the 13th of the same month. Discovering the Bear Lake River, Sir John reached Fort Resolution on the 11th July, Norway House on the 13th of August, and landed at Liverpool on the 6th November 1849, "after an absence of nineteen months, twelve of which had been passed in incessant travelling." The personal narrative of this distinguished traveller occupies the first ten chapters of his first volume, and the 15th and 16th of the second. The two remaining chapters of the first volume, and the 13th and 14th in the second, contain interesting ethnological notices, with coloured drawings of the four aboriginal nations seen by the Expedition, namely, the Eskimaux, the Kutchin or Loucheux of Sir N. Mackenzie, (a tribe not previously described in English, though known by name,) the Tinne or Chepewyans, and the Eythinyuwuk or Crees and Chippeways. The principal part, however, of the work is devoted to the physical geography of North America. The narrative chapters abound in new and valuable facts respecting the geology, natural history, and physical geography of the regions through which the author passed; and in an Appendix of nearly 300 pages, he has treated, in five sections of the physical geography of the country, its climatology, the geographical distribution of plants north of the 49th parallel of latitude, the insects and the language of the country. Although Sir John Richardson did not accomplish the main object of his journey, we trust that the country will appreciate the value of his scientific labours, and mark with their highest approbation that continued devotion to the interests of humanity and knowledge which led him at the age of sixty-one, to leave a wife to whom he was newly married, and a family that was dear to him, and to expose himself a second time to the privations and dangers of an Arctic journey. Already honoured, and already rewarded with a lucrative Government appointment, he had no motive to impel him but that of affection for his friend, and no object to secure but the advancement of knowledge.

Previous to leaving Fort Confidence, Sir John Richardson, in virtue of the authority given him, drew up instructions for the Expedition of Mr. Rae, which set out on the 7th June 1849, and consisted of a boat's crew of six persons, viz. two Orkney men, two Cree Indians, an Eskimaux, and a Canadian. Its object was to examine the adjoining shores of Wollaston and Victoria Lands, which the state of the ice in Dolphin and Union Straits rendered inaccessible in 1848, and should it reach Banks' Land, to erect signal columns, and deposit memoranda on con-

spicuous headlands for the guidance of the co-operating Expedition under Sir James Ross. Mr. Rae succeeded in reaching Cape Krusenstern on the 30th July. Here they met a party of Eskimaux, who had been in company with the natives of Wollaston Land during the winter, but none of them had seen Europeans, or ships, or boats. On the 19th of August, when there was the appearance of open water seaward, they pushed through a closely packed stream of ice, narrowly escaping more than once being *squeezed*, and were able to use their oars. Though they had pulled more than seven miles, they were still three miles from Douglas Island when they reached a stream of ice so rough and so closely packed that they could neither pass over nor through it. A thick fog came on, and the ebb-tide carrying them fast to the south-east, they were compelled to return to the main shore on the 20th; and as the fine weather had broken up, Mr. Rae was obliged to abandon all farther hope of crossing to Wollaston Land. They commenced their homeward journey on the 26th August, and reached Fort Simpson on the 26th September. Unfortunate, and to a certain extent unsuccessful as these three Expeditions have been, under Sir J. Richardson, Capt. Pullen, and Mr. Rae, it seems almost certain that the missing Expedition had not touched upon any part of the American coast between Behring's Straits and Cape Krusenstern, with the exception of the Wollaston and Victoria Islands which remain to be examined.

The third branch of the Searching Expedition under Sir James Ross consisted of the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, two magnificent ships built for the occasion, the one of 470 tons and seventy men, and the other of 420 tons and seventy men. Each ship was provided with a launch fitted with a steam-engine and screw, capable of propelling it five knots an hour. Provisioned for three years, the ships sailed on the 12th May 1848. Having reached in safety the Danish settlement of Upernavick on the west coast of Greenland, they quitted it on the 13th July on their way northward to Melville Bay, where a barrier of ice prevented them from crossing Baffin's Bay. After much anxiety a heavy breeze from the N.E. on the 20th August enabled them to bore through a pack of ice, and make the land S. of Pond's Bay. From this point they rigorously examined the coast to the north, and also the north shore of Barrow's Strait, making nightly signals, erecting beacons and flagstaffs, and depositing cylinders with information for the guidance of Sir John Franklin, directing him to make for Port Leopold, where a depot of provisions was to be found, and where the Investigator was to be left during the winter. Sir James therefore pushed on to Port Leopold, which he reached on the 11th September, notwithstanding

the dense pack of ice which stretched from Cornwallis Island to Leopold Island. Owing to the very remarkable quantity of ice which occupied Barrow's Strait at this period of the season, no attempt was made to proceed farther west, and both ships having entered Port Leopold, the mouth of the harbour was that very night sealed up by the advance of the main pack to the land.

Thus secure in excellent winter quarters at the junction of the four great channels of Barrow's Strait, Lancaster Sound, Prince Regent Inlet, and Wellington Channel, it was hardly possible that any party after abandoning their ships could pass along the shores of any of these inlets, without indications of the proximity of the Expedition. Among the various means of conveying this information, was the employment of the white foxes that had been caught in traps set for the purpose. As these animals when in search of food traverse extensive tracts of country, Sir James "caused copper collars, upon which a notice of the position of the ships and depots of provisions was engraved, to be clenched round their necks, and then set them at liberty again, with the hope that some of these messengers might be the means of conveying intelligence to the crews of the Erebus and Terror." In April, and the early part of May, Sir James himself, with a party from his own ship, and Lieut. Barnard with a party from the Investigator, made several short preliminary journeys, carrying out on sledges small depots of bread, meat, fuel and skins, fifteen miles westward, as far as Cape Rennel, while Lieutenants Robinson and Brown did the same southward, as far as Elwin Bay. Although most of the party suffered severely from being blinded by snow drifts, they were yet ready for a longer and more serious journey.

With forty days' provisions, and with tents, blankets, &c., lashed upon two sledges, Sir James Ross and Lieutenant M'Clintock, and twelve men, set out on the 15th May to explore on foot the west coast of North Somerset Captain Bird, with a large fatigue party of thirty men, accompanied them only for the first five days, as his presence with the ship would be more beneficial to the service. Passing along the northern shore of North Somerset as far as Cape Bunny, they observed that the whole space between it and Cape Walker to the West, and Wellington Channel to the North, was occupied with very heavy hummocky ice, while to the South it appeared more favourable for travelling. They therefore traced all the indentations of the coast till the 5th June, when the consumption of half their provisions, and the reduction of the strength of the party, compelled them to return. During the day's rest, which was necessary for the lame and the feeble, two of whom were obliged to be carried on sledges, while three others had scarcely strength to walk, Sir

James, with two men, proceeded to the extreme South point in sight, about nine miles from the encampment. This point is situated in lat. 72° 38′, and long. 95° 40′ W., where a very narrow isthmus separates Brentford Bay of the Western Sea from Cresswell Bay of Prince Regent's Inlet. As the magnetic pole discovered by Sir James in 1832 was then situated in 70° 5′ 17″ of North lat., and 96°.46′ 45″ West long., he was now within 2° of its former position. A visit to this pole, which Sir James anxiously desired, would have enabled him to determine the velocity of its motion. During this journey every person but Lieutenant M'Clintock was on the sick list, and many of them were frost-bitten: even Captain Bird's party was knocked up before it returned. Before the two parties separated they were charged by an enormous bear, which walked boldly up to them, and was only checked in its advance by an *attempt* to fire at him. All the guns missed fire but Lieutenant M'Clintock's. The ball struck the bear, but the animal merely scratched his head with his paw, stopped within fifteen yards of his enemies, and then turning his back upon them, walked off with a contemptuous air.

Sir James Ross returned to the ship on the 23d June by the same way he went, and with only one day's provisions left. During his absence Captain Bird had despatched three different exploring parties, commanded by Lieutenants Robinson, Barnard, and Brown. Lieutenant Robinson, with eight men, examined the western shore of Prince Regent's Inlet. At Fury Point they found the provisions of the Fury in a high state of preservation, and Sir John Ross's Somerset House standing in good order. In a tent erected inside of it, and cheered with fires, it was necessary to leave two of the men who were too much fatigued to go any farther. Lieutenant Robinson pushed on to Creswell Bay, about twenty-five miles distant, with the remainder, and deposited in a cairn its usual contents. Returning to the wreck of the Fury he packed up his moveables, and reached the Investigator after an absence of three weeks, and with only one day's provisions. The party under Lieutenant Barnard, consisting of himself, Dr. Anderson, and four men, proceeded to the north shore of Barrow's Straits, as far as Cape Hood, where they fixed a beacon and deposited notices. They failed, however, in their attempt to advance farther to the West. A fatigue party under Mr. Creswell accompanied Mr. Barnard to Leopold Island, where they bivouacked for the night.* This party witnessed a very natural, and at the same time an easy

* This account of the labours of these four parties is taken from interpolations made by some of the officers, in the official account of the Expedition republished in the United Service Gazette.

mode of descent from a height of 700 feet. A bear squatted himself down on his hams, slid from top to bottom at railway speed, steadying himself with great judgment by his paws in his rapid descent. The third exploring party consisted of Lieutenant Brown and four men, with a fatigue party composed of Mr. Court and four seamen, who accompanied them about 100 miles, crossed Prince Regent's Inlet to a place called the Peak, a remarkably peaked hill, upon which they erected a conspicuous cairn, and made the usual deposits.

About the middle of August the ice began to waste away along the shores, but it was not till the 26th of that month that the Expedition succeeded in getting clear of the harbour, after having cut a canal through the ice rather more than two miles in length. Before quitting Port Leopold, Sir James had a house built with their spare spars, and covered it with their housing cloths. He left in it twelve months' provisions, and other necessaries, together with the Investigator's steam engine and launch, which, having been lengthened seven feet for the purpose, is capable of carrying the whole of Sir John Franklin's party to the whale ships, or themselves, should any calamity befall them in their progress westward.

Thus liberated from the ice, Sir James Ross proceeded towards the south shore of Barrow's Strait, in order to explore Wellington Channel, and extend, if possible, his researches to Melville Island; but when they were within twelve miles of the shore, they encountered the fixed land ice; and a strong wind arising on the 1st September, the ship was closely beset in the loose packs, sustaining severe pressure for two or three days. At this time the temperature fell to zero, the whole body of ice was frozen into a solid mass; their rudder could not be unshipped for some days, and when it was done, it was so twisted and damaged, and the ship so much strained, as to increase the leakage from three inches in a fortnight to fourteen inches daily. Here the Expedition seemed to be fixed for the winter. A west wind, however, drove the whole body of the ice eastward, at the rate of nine miles a day, and, thus completely fixed in the centre of a field of ice fifty miles in circumference, they were carried along the southern shore of Lancaster Sound, the ships, which were about a mile distant, keeping up their communication solely by signals. After being thus driven about 240 miles, the great field of ice, as if by some unseen power, was rent into innumerable fragments, and their release almost miraculously effected. On the 25th September, after having crashed through the ice for thirty-six hours, the ships got clear of the pack, exchanged cheers of congratulation on their narrow escape, turned their prows towards England, and after passing gigantic icebergs, from 100 to

300 feet high, and from a quarter to half a mile in length, which often threatened them with destruction, they arrived in England in the beginning of November 1850.

On the 26th May 1849, the North Star, of 500 tons, James Saunders master and commander, left the Thames with orders and supplies to Sir James Ross, and also to deposit provisions at various points on the south side of Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait, but particularly at Whaler Point, at the entrance of Port Leopold. In the beginning of July the ice across Melville Bay was perfectly impassable, and in consequence of this delay Mr. Saunders was making his way up the east side of Baffin's Bay, while Sir James Ross, on his return, was engaged in the ice on its west side. Unable to cross to Lancaster Sound, the North Star drifted with the ice the whole of September, and on the 30th of that month she was providentially driven into Wolstenholme Sound, where there was a pool of open water. There, in North Star Bay, she wintered in lat. 76° 33′ N., and long. 68° 56′ W.,—the most northerly position in which any vessel had ever before been imprisoned. During *ten* long months she remained in this intensely cold region, when the thermometer in February, the coldest month, was *twice* down to 63½° and to 64½° below zero; and it was not till the 1st August, 1850, that she was taken out of the cove and able to cross Baffin's Bay. On the 8th of the same month she examined Possession Bay, and being prevented by the heavy land floes of old ice from depositing provisions at the proper point, she left her cargo in Navy Board Inlet, and Wollaston Island, and returned to England on the 30th September, 1850.

In the year 1849, when the most sanguine of Sir John Franklin's friends began to despair, the desire of discovering or relieving him increased in a high degree. Lady Franklin had, in 1848, offered a reward of £2000, and in 1849 one of £3000, to those who might afford effective relief to the missing Expedition. On the 23d March, 1849, her Majesty's Government offered £20,000 for the same object; but as most of the whalers had sailed before that time, they could not, without authority, have departed from the usual fishing-ground. Private individuals opened their hearts and their purses in the same noble cause, and a generous sympathy for the Arctic heroes was practically felt in the two great Empires of the Western and the Eastern World.

When Sir James Ross returned to England, the Admiralty resolved to send out new Searching Expeditions, and the Enterprise and Investigator, under Capt. Collinson and Capt. Maclure, were commissioned to proceed to Behring's Straits, to proceed to the western extremity of Melville Island, to winter there, and to search for the lost ships in the spring of 1851. These two

vessels separated in the Pacific, and the Investigator, though an inferior sailer, succeeded, by the choice of the best route, in reaching Behring's Straits and passing Point Barrow, fifteen days before the Enterprise. The Investigator was last seen on the 5th August, 1851, by the Plover, in lat. 70° 44′ N., and 159° 52′ W., standing to the north under a press of sail. The Enterprise, which reached the ice only on the 16th August, in lat. 72° 40′ N., and long. 159° 30′ W., was not able to penetrate it, and finding that it could not make Cape Bathurst, a distance of 570 miles, during the rest of the season, returned to Hong-Kong to replenish her provisions, in order to make another attempt in the summer of 1851, and to remain in the most eligible position for affording aid to the Investigator. Capt. Maclure, in his last dispatch, speaks in the highest terms of the qualities of his ship, and we look forward with much hope to its service in the Arctic Seas.

While the Enterprise and Investigator were to approach Melville Island from the west, the Resolute, under Capt. Austin, and the Assistance, under Capt. Ommaney, 500 tons each, with a complement of 60 men, together with the Pioneer and Intrepid as steam-tenders to the two vessels, were commissioned to approach the same point from Lancaster Sound. Capt. William Penny, an active and experienced whale fisher, who had visited Lancaster Sound in the Advice whaler in 1849 along with Mr. Goodsir, and who, since the age of 12, had been employed 28 years in the whaling-trade, was also engaged in the search by the Admiralty, who placed under his command the Lady Franklin, of 230 tons, and the brig Sophia as a tender. These ships sailed on the 12th April 1850, nearly a month before Capt. Austin's, carrying a crew of 49 picked men, and provisions for three years. Having been prevented by the ice from approaching within less than 25 miles of Jones' Sound, which he was instructed to examine, he continued his voyage to Lancaster Sound and Wellington Channel. Previous to the 23d August, Capt. Penny landed at Beechy Island, and *discovered three graves and other satisfactory evidence that Sir John Franklin and his party had wintered there.* Soon after this, Mr. Snow of the Prince Albert, a ship despatched by Lady Franklin under the orders of Capt. Forsyth, R.N., went on shore at Point Riley to examine a flagpost erected by Capt. Ommaney, and found there a note stating that he had landed on the Cape on the 23d August with the officers of the Assistance and Intrepid, and had found *traces of an encampment, and collected the remains of materials which evidently proved that some party belonging to her Majesty's ships had been detained there. Traces of the same party had been found on Beechy Island.* Capt. Austin, after seeing these articles, was of opinion that "the bay between Cape Riley and Beechy Island

had been the winter quarters of the Expedition under Sir John Franklin in 1845-6, and that there was circumstantial evidence to prove that its departure was somewhat sudden." Capt. Ommaney, in his replies to the Arctic Committee (Nov. 12, 1851),* says that the graves were those of *three young men*, from which he infers that the crew were not in perfect health, adding the supposition that *the preserved meats were of an inferior quality*.† The bower-rope and other articles were carefully examined by Sir J. Richardson and Sir E. Parry. The rope had been made at Chatham *subsequent to* 1841. A fragment of canvas had the Queen's broad arrow painted upon it, and the five rings of stones observed by Mr. Snow, had been used for the erection of as many tents, and the slabs in the centre of each were probably stands for magnetic instruments. As there were no traces of smoke or remains of burnt wood, these tents are supposed to have been erected, one for each ship, for making the monthly term magnetical observations, which would take place on the 29th August, 1845—the fifth tent being for the protection of the observers.

At this interesting period, August 1850, a squadron of no fewer than *ten* searching vessels was assembled in Lancaster Sound—the Resolute and Pioneer, the Assistance and Intrepid, the Advance and Rescue from the United States, the Felix under Admiral Sir John Ross, the Lady Franklin, the Prince Albert, and the North Star, and though none of them accomplished the main object they had in view, they have ascertained that the missing Expedition has neither been lost nor now exists, in the extensive shores which they searched, and while they have added greatly to our geographical knowledge of the Arctic regions, they have made most important magnetical and meteorological observations, which cannot fail to throw much light on the climatology of the globe.

It is no easy task, within the narrow limits of an article of this kind, to give anything like a satisfactory notice of the proceedings of these various ships in the seasons of 1850 and 1851; and if our readers find it less interesting than they expected, they must ascribe it to the brevity of the narrative, and not to the interest of the subject. We left the Expedition under Captain Austin at Beechy Island, in Barrow's Strait, contemplating the interesting relics of the missing Expedition. After searching the neighbourhood of Beechy Island, and the east coast of Wellington

* Report of the Arctic Committee, 1851, p. 171. Snow's *Journal*, &c., pp. 312-321.

† The recent discovery that certain contractors had, on an extensive scale, supplied the Navy with preserved meats in a putrid state, and had even filled the tin cans with the vilest garbage, renders this supposition a highly probable one, and gives rise to conjectures of the most distressing kind.

Straits as far as Cape Bowden, beyond the 75th parallel of latitude, the Resolute and Pioneer were enabled, by a movement of the ice, to reach the western shore on the 5th September. After various attempts during the rest of the month to get farther west, Captain Austin's two ships, with their tenders, fixed their winter quarters at the south-west end of Cornwallis Island, under the shelter of Griffith's Island; while Captains Penny and Stewart in the Lady Franklin and Sophia, wintered in Assistance Harbour.

We have already had occasion to mention an Expedition under Rear-Admiral Sir John Ross. When this distinguished commander, on his return from Stockholm, saw Sir John Franklin in 1845, he told him that if he did not return in 1847, he would volunteer to go in search of him. In fulfilment of this promise, Sir John went to the Admiralty in 1847 with the plan of his expedition; but the secretary, after taking it in to the Board, returned with the message, that as they had already consulted Barrow, Parry, and others, they would not trouble him on the subject, and he was accordingly excluded from all their committees of consultation. In April 1850, when the public mind was so highly excited on the subject of the missing Expedition, Sir John Ross, at the advanced age of 73, again volunteered his services; and, by the liberality of the Hudson's Bay Company, who contributed £500, and other subscriptions, he was enabled to equip the Felix schooner, of 120 tons, for the arduous service he had undertaken. He took with him his own yacht the Mary, as a tender; and he was accompanied by his friend Capt. C. Gervans Phillips, R.N., and Mr. Abernethy, who had been his ice-master in his great expedition. With a picked crew, his vessel sailed from Loch Ryan on the 23d May, and reached Holsteinberg on the 23d June. Sir John landed on the 24th, under a salute of nine guns; and, having engaged Adam Beck as an interpreter who understood the Esquimaux language, he set sail on the 30th June. He reached the Whale-fish Islands on the 5th July, where he took in water and coal; and passing northward through Waygat Straits, and in company with the Prince Albert, he overtook, on the 10th August, the four ships under Captain Austin.

On the 13th August, both Sir John Ross and Capt. Ommaney observed off Cape York three Esquimaux upon the ice, and having communicated with them through the medium of Adam Beck, and John Smith, steward of the Prince Albert, who knew something of the Esquimaux language, they obtained the following startling intelligence:—"That in the winter of 1846, when the snow was falling, two ships were crushed by the ice, a good way off in the direction of Cape Dudley Digges, and were afterwards burned by a fierce and numerous tribe of natives; that the ships

were not whalers, and that epaulettes were worn by some of the white men; that a part of the crew were drowned; that the remainder were some time in huts or tents apart from the natives; that they had guns but no balls, and that being in a weak and exhausted condition, they were subsequently killed by the natives with darts or arrows." Deeply impressed with the importance of this narrative, Captain Austin resolved to inquire into its credibility, and obtained from the Lady Franklin the regular Danish interpreter, Peterson, whom she had on board. This interpreter gave a totally different translation of the Esquimaux statement, calling Adam Beck a liar, and intimidating him into silence; but no sooner was Beck left alone, than he *re-affirmed his version of the story, and stoutly maintained its accuracy.* Neither Sir John Ross nor Captain Austin believed in Beck's story after Peterson's contradiction of it, and the Arctic Committee also discredit it; but after Beck had voluntarily made a deposition* before a Greenland magistrate, affirming it in all its particulars, Sir John gave it implicit credit; especially after the Danish resident at Godhaven had declared his belief of it, on the ground that Beck had been brought up as a Christian by the Moravians, and that he had never known a person so brought up tell a lie.†

On the 16th and 17th of August, the Felix in tow of the Assistance and Intrepid crossed Baffin's Bay, and on the 22d they were off Admiralty Inlet. Crossing over Barrow's Strait, Sir John Ross went to Barlow Inlet, on the west side of Wellington Sound; and, after rounding Cape Hotham, he went into winter quarters in Assistance Bay, on the south side of Cornwallis Isle, along with Captain Penny's ship on the 13th September. Sir John took with him *four* carrier pigeons belonging to a lady residing in Ayrshire, with the intention of liberating two of them when he went into winter quarters, and other two when he discovered Sir John Franklin. He accordingly despatched one of them in a balloon at 6.30 P.M. on the 3d October, and at 6 o'clock on the 4th‡ he despatched another. Each pigeon was placed in a basket suspended to the balloon, and by the contrivance of a slow match, the pigeon was to be liberated at the end of twenty-four hours. One pigeon made its appearance in the dove-cot in Ayrshire on the 13th October, which was believed to

* Beck's depositions were sent, by the Hudson's Bay Company, (to whom Sir John Ross gave them), to Copenhagen to be translated, but the translation has not yet been received. It has been confidently stated that Peterson was afraid of having the truth told, and told the Esquimaux boy, that if he said the crew were murdered, he would be killed also.

† Mr. Snow, in his very interesting Voyage of the Prince Albert, has given a minute and full account of the affair of Adam Beck in his 16th and 17th chapters.

‡ Sir John Richardson says the pigeons were despatched on the 6th or 7th. We have given the dates from the log of the Felix.

be one of the pair carried out by Sir John. It therefore performed a journey of about 2400 miles in seven days, or about 343 miles a day. In the beginning of August the Felix escaped from the ice, and arrived in England about the end of September.

Another Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin left England on the 5th June 1850, in the Prince Albert, Captain Forsyth, a clipper vessel of about ninety tons, with a crew of twenty men, and Mr. N. P. Snow acting as clerk. The expense of this expedition was about £4000, of which £2500 was contributed by Lady Franklin. Though she was the last vessel that left England, she was the first to return, and therefore brought home the first intelligence of the traces of the missing Expedition that had been discovered on Beechy Island. Captain Forsyth, in the Prince Albert, proceeded up Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait, and went farther into Prince Regent's Inlet than Sir James Ross had done in 1849. He searched even Fury Beach, but being unable to land, he returned and entered Wellington Channel, examining the coast as far as Point Innis. Failing to discover any traces of the missing vessels, he resolved to return to England, and having examined several portions of the coast, he arrived at Aberdeen on the 22d October.

In 1849, on the 6th of April, Lady Franklin made an affecting appeal to the President of the United States, imploring him to assist in the discovery of the missing Expedition. Mr. Clayton, in the President's name, entered very warmly into her views, but the season was too far advanced to do anything at that time. Lady Franklin made a second appeal to the President, when she learned that Mr. Henry Grinnel, a wealthy merchant of New York, had fitted out, at an expense of £5000 or £6000, two brigantines for the purpose of discovering the missing vessels. He offered them for this purpose to the American Government, who accepted them as a part of the navy of the United States, and equipped them for the Expedition. These two vessels, the Advance of 144 tons, and the Rescue of 91, were placed under the command of Lieut. De Haven, who had accompanied Captain Wilkes in his Exploring Expedition. They left New York on the 24th May, 1850, provisioned for three years, and on the 7th July they were so beset in the pack ice as to make only 21 miles in 21 days. Passing Cape Melville a strong easterly breeze carried them across Baffin's Bay to Admiralty Inlet, where they fell in with Sir John Ross and Capt. Penny. Their resolution was to push on to Melville Island and Bankes' Land, and to winter wherever they might chance to be, in the pack or out of the pack. Mr. Snow, who followed in their wake with what he calls "our own little barkey," while they were dashing recklessly on through the streams of heavy ice, run-

ning off from Leopold Island, speaks of the Advance as most extraordinarily qualified to resist pressure, her bow being one solid mass of timber from the foremast, her deck doubled, filled, and again lined round, while her cabin had, in addition, a sheathing of cork. On the 25th August, after examining the cairn at Cape Riley, the Advance proceeded to Cape Hotham, to meet her consort the Rescue. They were afterwards beset in ice on the 4th September, five miles north of Cape Spencer, and they were last seen by Capt. Austin on the 13th September, standing to the eastward, and probably on their return to America.

We come now to give an account of the very interesting proceedings of Capt. Austin's Expedition in the winter and spring of February 1851. Dr. Scoresby, in the 3d chapter of his admirable and seasonable volume on "The Franklin Expedition," has described the different plans of search which it would be advisable to adopt, and these plans have, so far as it was in their power, been successfully followed by the travelling parties sent out by Capt. Austin. After the ships were well fixed, several parties started on the 2d October to establish depots of provisions for their future use, but from the violence of the weather they succeeded only in placing them on Somerville Island and Cornwallis Island. On the 17th October, when Capt. Penny arrived at the Resolute, the spring operations were agreed upon, Capt. Penny having undertaken the complete search of Wellington Strait. The winter was spent cheerfully and healthfully in every species of exercise, instruction, and amusement, an account of which will be found in the "Arctic Miscellanies,"—a work which will be perused with a high degree of interest by many classes of readers, and which evinces, in a striking manner, the intelligence of British seamen.

The searching parties, divided into *limited* and *extended* parties, were conducted by Captain Ommaney to an advanced position on the Ice off the N.W. of Griffith Island, where tents were pitched, and every thing closely inspected by Captain Austin. There were in all 14 sledges, manned by 106 officers and men, and provisioned, some for 40 and others for 42 days, with an average dragging weight of 205 lbs. per man. On the 15th the men proceeded to the sledges, and having joined in a prayer for protection and guidance, they started on their respective courses. Both the limited and extended parties returned without any traces of the missing expedition; the limited parties, between the 27th April and the 19th May, and the extended ones between the 28th May and the 4th of July. In the former, eighteen men suffered from frostbite, and one of them, George Malcolm, Captain of the hold of the Resolute, a native of Dundee, died at

his post of exhaustion and frostbite. The extended parties returned in safety and good health, after being out respectively 48, 58, 60, 62, and the Melville Island party 80 days, during some portion of which period they were detained in their tents by heavy drift, with the *temperature falling as low as 69° below the freezing point!* It is not easy, without a chart, to describe the extent of discovery which we owe to this Expedition, but some idea of it may be formed from the following Table:—

Along South Shore.

	No. of crew.	Days out	Miles travelled.	Miles of Coast newly discovered.	Old Coast.	Extreme Points reached. N Lat	W Long
Capt. Ommaney,	6	60	480	205		72° 44′	100° 42
Lieut. Osborn,	7	58	506	70	10	72° 18′	103° 25
Lieut. Brown,	6	44	375	150		72° 49′	96° 40

Along North Shore.

Lieut. Aldrich,	7	62	550	70	75
Lieut. M'Clintock,	6	80	760	40	215
A. R. Bradford, Esq.	6	80	669	155	90

In the reserve and hydrographical parties Lieutenant Mecham searched seventy-five miles of old coast on the south shore, and Mr. M'Dougall ninety-five miles of new, and twenty of old coast on the north shore. In Lieutenant M'Clintock's journey of eighty days the thermometer was never lower than 36° below the freezing point. He encountered herds of musk oxen on Melville Island, and could have shot two-thirds of them had he chosen. His party was sometimes detained forty hours by south-east gales, in a space 8 feet 8 inches long, and 6 feet 8 inches broad; and as it was necessary to cook in the tent, the vapour speedily condensed, and *descended in a shower of pure snow*, penetrating and wetting the fur robes and clothing. They found at Bushnan Cove the articles left there by Captain Parry, remarkably unchanged in strength and colouring. Upon the singular sandstone rock at the entrance of the harbour they cut the date 1851, near the inscription recording Sir E. Parry's visit. Beneath the rock a hare had taken up its residence, and was constantly and fearlessly feeding about, within a few yards of their tent.

Captain Penny's Expedition to Wellington Strait set off on the 17th of April, and his different parties had returned on the 25th of June, very important discoveries having been made by Captain Penny himself, by Captain Stewart, and Dr. Sutherland, and by Messrs. Goodsir, Marshall, and Manson, extending the geography of Wellington Strait and Queen's Channel beyond the 77th parallel of latitude, and terminating on the east with Cape Sir John Franklin, and on the west by Cape Lady Franklin.

On the 11th August Captain Austin's ships were relieved from their winter-quarters, and on the 12th unexpectedly reached those of Captain Penny. Having considered the directions and extent of their search, Captain Austin came to the conclusion that Sir John Franklin had not gone to the southward or westward of Wellington Channel; and having received Captain Penny's written opinion, of date 11th August, that Wellington Channel required no further search, as everything had been done which the power of man could accomplish, he resolved to abandon all farther search in these directions, and to return to England, where he arrived on the 1st of October 1851.

Notwithstanding the great harmony which seems to have subsisted among the numerous officers who were entrusted with the charge of the searching Expeditions, an unfortunate dispute has arisen between Captain Penny and Captain Austin respecting the exploration of Wellington Channel. In a letter to the Secretary to the Admiralty, dated September 15th, 1851, Captain Penny states, that having discovered open water leading out of Wellington Channel, he requested Captain Austin to give him the Sophia steamer to go up the channel, and wait to see if the ice would clear away, and that Captain Austin declined the request. Captain Austin, on the other hand, denies that he was ever asked for a steamer, and that Captain Penny ever gave him the slightest reason to hope that either trace or rescue was to be obtained by sending a steamer up Wellington Channel. On the contrary, he produces a letter from Captain Penny in answer to a question from himself, whether Captain Penny was satisfied with his own examination of Wellington Channel? "Your question," replies Captain Penny, "is easily answered. My opinion is, Wellington Channel requires no farther search. All has been done in the power of man to accomplish, and no trace has been found. What else can be done?" With this decisive opinion from the person best fitted to give it, Captain Austin returned to England. Captain Penny, however, reconciles his letter with his previous application for a steamer, by saying, when examined by the Arctic Committee, *that Wellington Channel was searched, but not beyond Wellington Channel*, thus supposing that Captain Austin could understand that the continuation of Wellington Channel to the north-west was not Wellington Channel. In this letter of the 15th September, already referred to, Captain Penny had made the same distinction between the upper and the under channel, by speaking of "the *strait leading north-west* out of Wellington Channel, which I have for the present named Queen Victoria Channel;" but it is worthy of remark, that in a letter written three days pre-

vious to the other, and addressed to the Lords of the Admiralty, he makes no such distinction, calling the upper part by the same name as the lower part. "Your Lordships are aware," he says, "that *I have discovered that the course of Wellington Channel lies north-west a distance of sixty miles beyond the point which I reached.*" Now as he says that he asked for a steamer to go up *the Channel*, and as he declared that *Wellington Channel* required no farther search, how was it possible that Captain Austin could understand that he meant anything but the *whole Channel*, upper as well as lower? But, independently of this, Captain Penny admits that "*there was undoubtedly a barrier of ice at the entrance of Wellington Channel at the time he applied for the steamer*," and we cannot understand how, under such circumstances, Captain Austin could have been justified, either in giving a steamer, or in taking one himself, upon such a hopeless errand, and at such a late season of the year, even if he had understood Captain Penny's distinction between the upper and the under Channel. We therefore concur in the decision of the Arctic Committee, that Captain Austin acted wisely in not making any farther search in Wellington Channel.*

Those who have friends in the missing ships will be glad to hear that, beside the Expedition to Wellington Sound, now fitting out by Government, under Sir Edward Belcher and Captain Kellet, other two, and perhaps a third, from America, at the expense partly of Mr. Grinnel, are about to be employed in the same cause. In conformity with the views of Lady Franklin, at whose risk the journey is undertaken, Lieutenant Pim, R.N., has gone to St. Petersburg, for the purpose of making a land journey from the mouth of the Kolyma river to New Siberia to search for Sir John Franklin. The Russian Government, however, with whom he has been in communication, has pointed out the impracticability of the scheme; but has, at the same time, generously offered to give every assistance in any well organized plan that is likely to be attended with success. The difficulty, almost insuperable, of travelling to the place of his destination, through the immense wilderness of Northern Siberia, among uncivilised tribes, scarcely subject even to Russian authority, does not seem to have been anticipated by Lieutenant Pim or his counsellors. In Admiral Wrangel's journey through the same regions, although only one-third of the length of that proposed by Lieutenant Pim, he was obliged to employ fifty sledges and 600 dogs, with provisions for each sledge of from fifty to seventy salt herrings a day; so that the Expedition of Lieutenant Pim would require what could not be obtained with-

* The official inquiry into this matter occupies a great part of the Blue Book, No. 11 in our list.

out the complete ruin of the natives, who require the use of their dogs, namely, from 1200 to 1500 dogs, and provisions in proportion. The agents of the Russian Government have, at the same time, distinctly stated it as their opinion, that Sir John Franklin has not been shipwrecked in the Icy Sea, north of Siberia, otherwise some information of the event must have been conveyed to the Imperial authorities by the natives.

Another Expedition of a more plausible character, and the result of private liberality and enterprise, is at present fitting out by Captain Beatson, who has long been of opinion that Sir John Franklin has passed to the north of the Parry Islands, and that he has been prevented from getting southward by a chain of islands extending far to the westward, and probably a continuation of the Parry Islands. Captain Beatson, therefore, believes that Sir John Franklin is somewhere to the north of Behring's Straits, and certainly not far to the eastward. Influenced by this opinion, he has purchased a vessel, to be commanded by himself, and which is now preparing for the Expedition. It is a schooner of nearly 200 tons, but capable of carrying a much larger quantity. She is to be fitted up with separate engines of eight horse power each, with three separate boilers. This vessel is to be accompanied by a steam launch of five horse power. The ship is to be provisioned for *five* years, and her crew is to consist of fifteen men and himself. Captain Beatson had intended to take another smaller screw steamer as a tender, and of far greater power, but he has not found himself able to do this. He intends to leave England about the end of February 1852, to proceed directly to the Sandwich Islands, and having taken in coal, to enter Behring's Straits by the middle or end of July. He then makes for the open water seen by Wrangel, and should he not succeed in getting so far along the coast, he proposes to employ the spring (before the breaking up of the ice) in attempting to reach the land seen by Captain Kellet from Herald Island, and thus to perform one part of the scheme proposed by Lieutenant Pim. The Royal Geographical Society, to whom this plan was submitted, by its distinguished president, Sir Roderick Murchison, propose to raise subscriptions in aid of Captain Beatson, and we are sure that the money of the rich and the prayers of the poor will be liberally devoted to such a noble and generous enterprise.

With the copious and valuable materials now before us, we may come to some reasonable conclusion respecting the course followed by Sir John Franklin, and the probability of his being discovered, if he and his party are still alive. We believe, and it is the belief of almost all the distinguished naval officers, that Sir John Franklin did not follow a western course past Melville Island, or a south-western one by any of the inlets that lead to the

American shore. This opinion is confirmed by the extensive and unavailing search which has been made in these directions. The existence of his first winter quarters in 1845-6, at Beechy Island, at the eastern entrance to Wellington Channel, renders it highly probable that his course was along that Channel; and if it was, that he would either emerge into the polar basin, if one does exist, or would push his way westward to Behring's Straits, or eastward round Greenland, if it is an island, and does not reach the pole. The new Expedition that is now fitting out by Government, under Sir Edward Belcher and Captain Kellett, will certainly have for its main object the examination of Wellington and Queen Victoria Channels; and as it is the opinion of Captain Penny and all his officers that the missing Expedition took that route, it becomes an interesting inquiry to ascertain what is the degree of probability that it may still be discovered, and that the gallant crews of the Erebus and Terror are yet alive. If the ships have been frozen up in perpetual ice, and their crews prevented from returning from want of food, or the means of transport, there can be little doubt that travelling parties at least, from the new Expedition, may trace them either to their prisons or to their graves; but if they have escaped from the Wellington Channel into a polar basin or into other channels to the east or to the west, the Expedition will probably return without accomplishing its object, while our hopes of the safety of the missing ships will be greatly increased.

The grand problem for our solution, then, is the existence of a polar basin or of an open sea extending to the pole. Captain Ommaney has declared "that he has no faith in the theory of a polar basin," and placing against this the opposite naval opinion of Captain Osborne, that he had observed various facts which "go far to prove the existence of a northern basin or polar sea," we enter upon the discussion of the subject as a great and scientific question which science alone is capable of solving. We have more than once had occasion to state to our readers the undoubted fact that the pole is not the coldest part of the globe, and that there are two poles of maximum cold, one in the new world, somewhere near Melville Island, and another on the opposite meridian in the old world. It is demonstrable, from the observations of Captain Scoresby and others, that the mean temperature of the North Pole does not exceed 10° * of Fahrenheit, whereas the mean temperature of Melville Island is, according to Sir Edward Parry, 1° or 2° below zero,† or 11° or 12° below that of the pole. But as the temperature of 10°, though derived from a formula expressing accurately the

* See *Edinburgh Transactions*, vol. ix. pp. 206, 207.
† See this Journal, vol. iv. p. 235.

diminution of temperature from the equator to the polar regions, may be considered only as a probable assumption, we shall arrive at the same conclusion by taking the results of actual observation. Captain Scoresby found, from many years' observation, that the mean temperature in latitude 78° in the Spitzbergen seas was 17° Fahrenheit, whereas Captain Parry found the mean temperature in latitude 74½° at Melville Island, to be 1° or 2°—where we should have expected it to have been above 17°." If this then be the law of temperature in different meridians, Sir John Franklin, in ascending Wellington Channel, would necessarily pass into a warmer climate, where an arctic winter would lose much of its horrors, and where a more genial temperature would foster animal life, and supply him, not only with materials for food, but even with the elements of luxury. Though barriers of ice or other causes may prevent him from retracing his steps by Wellington Channel, or by any other southward course, he may be carrying on his explorations in new regions contiguous to the place of his entrance into the polar sea, or even extending them, if his vessels are preserved, into new regions far to the east or west of the meridian in which he entered it.

Such are the hopes which we fondly cherish, that our distinguished exile and his gallant crew are still preserved to their friends and their country. Yet it is but a hope—a faint hope, too, to which we cling with failing grasp, and with bitter tears. Time has worn it to a shadow—evanescent to the eye of Reason, yet looming brightly on the horizon of Fancy. Still we must not despair. When Hope quits the earth, she often alights again embalmed and invigorated amid the prayers of the faithful. In the chronicles of the ocean, when the wrecked mariner has been cast among its raging billows, an unseen hand has often guided him to a happy shore; and in the annals of mortal suffering, when hearts have sunk and hands have failed, a meteor ray has often flashed upon the soul, and an arm of strength been commissioned to deliver. In asking, then, with the poet,—where are the friends whom we mourn? Let us accept of the consolation which he offers, when it shall appear that God has not aided the efforts of the resolute:—

"Where is he?—where? silence and darkness dwell
About him; as a soul cut off from men:
Shall we behold him yet a citizen
Of mortal life? Will he return to tell
(Prisoner from Winter's very citadel
Broken forth) what he before has told, again,
How to the hearts and hands of resolute men,
God aiding, *nothing* is impossible?

Alas! the enclosure of the stony wave
Is strong, and dark the depths of polar night;
Yet One there is Omnipotent to save.
And this we know, if comfort still we crave,
Into that dark he took with him a light—
*The lamp that can illuminate the grave.**

In the application of the public money to Expeditions of Discovery, or, indeed, to any object above vulgar apprehension, the counsellors of the State are exposed to the double taunts of ignorance and faction. In authorizing the recent Searching Expeditions, however, they yielded to the united voice of science and humanity, and neither the bitterness of party, nor the illiberality of the utilitarian school has ventured to impugn the wisdom and generosity of their conduct. The time, doubtless, is not far distant when the call of humanity must subside, and when science must stand alone at the bar of the Treasury, to plead the cause of Arctic Discovery. It is painful to think that a Government could exist in England with whom such a cause should require an advocate; and more painful still that those who rule the destinies of a great maritime nation should grudge the miserable pittance which the State owes to advancing knowledge and civilisation. If God has given man the earth as a freehold, and dominion over its life and its luxuries, it is doubtless the duty of His viceroy to explore his domains, to draw the tribute which they offer, and to send back blessings in return. If human reason has been commissioned to explore the planetary and sidereal regions, it is doubly bound to search the planet which is its home—to develop the laws of its structure, and to unfold the mysteries of its birth. "Could the body of the whole earth," says Addison,† "or indeed the whole universe be thus ‡ submitted to the examination of our senses, were it not too big and disproportioned to our inquiries, too unwieldy for the management of the eye and hand, there is no question but it would appear to us as curious and well contrived a frame as that of the human body. We should see the same concatenation and subserviency—the same necessity and usefulness—the same beauty and harmony *in all and every of its parts as that we discover in the body of every single animal.*" Since the expression of this noble thought, which its author considers as new,§ nearly a century and a half has been devoted to the study of the rocks, the

* The POLES, a poem in 20 stanzas, in "Hours and Days." By THOMAS BURBIDGE. London, 1851.

† Spectator, No. 543. ‡ Like the human body to anatomical observation.

§ "I have been particular," says Addison at the end of his paper, "on the thought which runs through this speculation, because I have not seen it enlarged upon by others."

air, and the ocean—the osteology, the lungs, and the circulation of the giant earth. We have surveyed the integuments of its equatorial, and its tropical, and its temperate regions. We have studied its internal commotions, its respiratory organs of gas and of fire—its voice of thunder and of tempest—its daily and its yearly movements,—but we are still ignorant of the structure of its brain, and of the organs of sensation which it animates. It is beneath its cap of snow and its crown of ice that we have yet to discover the poles of its magnetic force, the haunts of its cold, and the focus of its auroral beams. There, too, we may find new types of the human kind, and new forms of animal and vegetable life, thriving in summers without darkness, and in winters without light. Let Expedition, then, follow Expedition till we have surveyed "the whole body of the earth." It is man's duty to complete the survey of the planet which he owns. Reason demands it of him as a tribute to the All-wise; and Revelation calls upon him to discover the secrets of His wisdom, and make known the marvels of His power.

> Work Science, work, plumb ocean, scale the sky!
> And beyond earth look on for praise on high.
>
> BURBIDGE.

SINCE the preceding Article was printed, we have received farther information respecting the Searching Expeditions, which cannot fail to interest our readers. The ships of the American expedition, when on its return in 1850, drifted into Wellington Channel, and being there involved in the drift ice, were again carried out of it into Lancaster Sound, and along the west side of Baffin's Bay, nearly to Hudson's Straits. They never got clear of the ice during the whole winter, and were frequently on the point of destruction, *the crews having several times left the ships, and returned to them again when the crisis was over.* From this floating prison of ice the ships were disengaged in spring, and after a fruitless attempt in summer to resume their search in Lancaster Sound, they returned to the United States.

In the spring of 1851, Mr. Rae succeeded in crossing the ice, from the mouth of the Copper Mine River to Victoria Land. Having examined the shores of Wollaston Land, he proved its connexion with Victoria Land, and he traced it westerly and

northwards to *within 220 miles of the north coast of Banks's Land.* He intended to resume his search in summer if the ice broke up sufficiently to permit him to cross in his boats. He is now on his journey home, and in two months hence we may expect to learn what he has accomplished.

It appears by a letter from Captain Moore of the Plover,* that the pack ice in Behring's Straits has this year extended 160 miles farther south than in either of the two previous summers. His own progress was stopped by it in lat. 70° 34′, and long. 169° west; and he fears that the *Enterprise* will be unable this year to make any progress eastward.

A new plan of search, on scientific grounds, has been just proposed† by Mr. A. Petermann, who thinks *that the wide opening between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla most probably offers the easiest and most advantageous entrance into the open navigable Polar Sea, and perhaps the best route for the search after Sir John Franklin.* This proposal proceeds upon the supposition generally received, that Sir John has emerged from Wellington Channel into the Polar Sea. Adopting this supposition, we consider the proposal liable to grave objections of a scientific character. The best meridian by which we can approach the Pole is doubtless *that by which it has been most nearly approached,* and that is by the meridian between Greenland and Spitzbergen. Along this meridian Captain Parry, on the 23d July 1823, approached within *seven degrees and a quarter of it,* while Phipps had come within 9° 12′, and Scoresby within 8° 30′ of it. This meridian, too, is the warmest on the globe, and that in which each isothermal line recedes farthest from the Equator. Mr. Petermann supports his views, as we do ours, (see page 486,) by the fact of the existence of a pole of maximum cold about Melville Island, though he has not mentioned by whom that pole was discovered. The following opinion of Sir John Barrow will have some weight with those who have not looked at the question in its scientific bearings:—

"The theory of Mayer, which Leslie has adopted, and on which has been constructed a formula for ascertaining the mean temperature of the globe, has now been found to assign a much less degree of cold to high latitudes than actually exists. It makes, for instance, that of the North Pole 32°, and of the parallel in which Captain Parry passed the winter 36°, being therefore erroneous by fully as many degrees. Sir David Brewster came to a conclusion much nearer the truth. The ingenious Humboldt, in his memoir on Isothermal Lines, had shown that, in high latitudes, the difference of temperature in the same parallels of the old and new world is very considerable, not less

* *Times*, Jan. 17, 1852. † *Athenæum*, Jan. 17, 1852.

than 13° of Fahrenheit in the parallel of 50°, and 17° in that of 60° higher in Europe than in America. He has also shewn that the isothermal lines decline under the eastern meridians of Asia. It had, indeed, long been known, that during the season of the fisheries the temperature of the Spitzbergen Seas, in the latitude of 80°, is higher than that of 70° in Baffin's Bay. On these grounds, and from comparing the thermometric curve of 17° in 78° of latitude on the meridian of Spitzbergen, with that of 65° on the meridian of Melville Island, Sir David Brewster, in a paper of great interest and ingenuity, observes, unless we suppose that the climate of these regions is subject to no law, we are forced to conclude that the Pole of the Globe is not the coldest point of the *Arctic* Hemisphere, and that there are *two points of greatest cold* not many degrees from the Pole, and in meridians nearly at right angles to that which passes through the West of Europe.

"The exact position of these Poles is not ascertained; but Sir David Brewster thinks they are situated in about 80° N. latitude, and 95° E., and 100° W. longitudes, or the one 5° to the north of Graham Moore's Bay, and the other 1° to the north of the Bay of Taimura near the north-east cape."*

* *Quarterly Review*, 1821, vol. xxv. pp. 197-8. Dr. Scoresby has taken the same view of the subject in the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*.—Art. Polar Regions, vol. xviii. p. 15.

ART. VII.—*Memoir of Edward Copleston, D.D., Bishop of Llandaff, with Selections from his Diary and Correspondence.* By WILLIAM JAMES COPLESTON, M.A., Rector of Cromhall, Gloucestershire, and late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London, 1851.

ASSOCIATED as is the name of Copleston with the revival of learning at Oxford, and with the progress of that academical reform which dates from the beginning of the present century, the announcement of the publication of his biography is at once invested with peculiar interest. We forget and forgive the zeal with which an overstrained loyalty to his *alma mater* betrayed him long since into the palliation of those defects which he, at the same time, strove so manfully to remove, and regard him rather as one of those faithful and diligent pioneers, who, hoping against hope, and struggling against difficulties, cleared the thickets, and removed the obstructions which time, and neglect, and prejudice, and ignorance, had accumulated in that ancient seat of learning. Of his contemporaries, Whately, Senior, Macbride, and others, still survive, to enter into the rich fruit of those labours, in the burden of which they bore a part; but Eveleigh, Cyril Jackson, John Duncan, Arnold, and other noble spirits of the first half of the nineteenth century, now live only in institutions into which they breathed a new energy, in the intellectual life, which still has to buffet with impediments to its free development in the old English universities,—and in the recollection of the few like-minded contemporaries, to whom their memory is sweet. No wonder, then, that we opened, with lively anticipations, a memoir of one of these leading spirits, and that the promise of "extracts from the diary and correspondence" of the late distinguished Provost of Oriel College, beguiled us into an expectation, less of a mere biographical outline of the professed subject of the memoir, than of an insight into the private thoughts and feelings of those other eminent men, mostly now gathered to their fathers, whose names we have been wont to connect with that of Copleston. Possibly, in this calculation, we were not uninfluenced by what is recorded of Pope, that his example, and perhaps assistance, produced the letters of Gay, and Bolingbroke, and Swift; and we thus relied on the promised "correspondence" as likely to afford us that kind of autobiography of Copleston and his contemporaries, which individuals gradually and insensibly compose in the course of their letters, and which have this advantage over professed "memoirs," that they exhibit the sentiments and feel-

ings of the writers, contrasted with, and of course connected by, those of their friends and intimates.

With these feelings we turned to the Memoir of one whose name thirty years ago was so deeply connected with the minute details of academical work in Oxford, who was head of Oriel College when it was styled by Sir James Mackintosh "the school of speculative philosophy in England," and who was himself the associate of some of the most remarkable writers and leaders of opinion whom England has known in this century. We confess that we have laid down the book with feelings of disappointment. But our sense of the interest of the subject urges us to a brief review of a work which, on account of its name, naturally enough falls within the scope of our critical labours, even although we find it necessary to indicate deficiencies, rather than to express satisfaction with the information which is here conveyed to us.

To be candid, we think we discern throughout its pages something like a systematic reserve, arising possibly out of absence of sympathy with the ecclesiastical and political sentiments of the Bishop, and a disposition to exhibit him only in such a light as accords with the predilection of the writer. We have the portraiture of an ideal character, and that somewhat commonplace, created by the selection of parts of an historical one, and the alteration of the proportions which existed between those parts in the original subject. We may truly say that we have but the *disjecta membra* of one who was certainly, in his day, the "grande decus columenque rerum Oxoniensium;" and did we not rely on some private sources of information, we doubt whether we could succeed in constructing out of the imperfect remains, scattered about at random, any very distinct image. In tracing the narrative, therefore, we shall hope to render good service by indicating some of the particulars in which we believe that the biographer has sinned against his subject, the chasms which appear to us to require to be filled up, and the inaccuracies, which seem to impose on some survivor of the Bishop's acquaintance the task of giving to the world a more ample and correct biography.

The Memoir commences with the birth of Edward Copleston, son of the clergyman of Offwell, Devon, in 1776. His father was descended, through a junior branch, from the ancient stock of Copleston of Copleston, in the same county, settled in Dorsetshire; and it was a favourite occupation of the subject of this biography, in his *horæ subsecivæ*, to trace out the links which connected him with the family whose name he bore. Amongst its members was another Provost, who presided over King's College, Cambridge, at the period of the Restoration, and of whom a *memento*, in the form of a silver-gilt cup, presented to him as Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, is, we are told, still preserved in the

family. Of the early boyhood of Edward, no record seems to have been preserved, and we are brought, *per saltum*, to the period of his election to a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in his sixteenth year; while, as early as 1793, we find him reciting his poem, "*Marius in tugurio Ruinarum Carthaginiënsium*," in the Sheldonian Theatre, on occasion of the installation of the Duke of Portland as Chancellor of the University.

The circumstances of his election to a fellowship of Oriel College in 1795, are spoken of as remarkable; for "whereas, in ordinary cases, the candidates present themselves and solicit permission to be admitted to the lists, here, in this case, after examination of a number of competitors, among whom young Copleston was not included, the provost and fellows of Oriel College, it is said, sent for him to C. C. C., and invited him to be chosen into their Society." This is scarcely accurate, or consistent with the terms of an extract from Archdeacon Williams's obituary notice, where the latter states, that "as he left the scene of election, one of them (the fellows) bade him recollect that he owed his preferment to *free competition* and merit alone." The real facts were as follows: There was a vacancy in one of those few fellowships at Oriel which are in the first instance limited to particular counties, in case any well-qualified candidate (*idoneus*) from those counties presents himself. Of this qualification the Statutes constitute the existing electors the judges. Now it has been, and still at the time we are writing is, usual in most societies at Oxford to *lower* the standard of qualification to the attainments of the county candidates; and to this abuse of endowments is to be traced, to a great extent, that decline of learning which, towards the middle of the last century, had reached its climax. To an abandonment of the practice, on the other hand, may be attributed the lead which the society of Oriel College took, and possessed for a considerable period, and which it still partially retains. It was to a rejection of the county candidates, in application of this principle, after examination, as unfit, that the future provost and bishop owed his election; not that he was invited to be chosen, strictly speaking, but to present himself as a candidate for examination. By noon, however, on the same day, he was elected.

Academical honours now descended thick upon him. In 1796 he obtained the English essay prize on the subject of agriculture, for which he received the thanks of the Agricultural Society, communicated through Sir John Sinclair. He was subsequently appointed to the responsible office of College tutor.

We could have wished for fuller notices than the present Memoir contains of this period of the bishop's life, for according to the concurrent testimony of his friends and pupils, it was as a

College tutor that his influence was most extensively felt, and the somewhat commonplace and tedious details of his declining years, which clog the Memoir, very inadequately compensate us for the absence of information at the more important periods of his life which preceded. The omission is the more inexcusable, as it has given an opportunity for a recent criticism which is undeserved, and which can only be justified on the supposition that all that was to be known of Dr. Copleston was contained in the Memoir given by his relation. Yet a close inspection of the meagre "correspondence," which he has here and there interspersed, might have suggested inquiries such as would have led the writer to vindicate the subject of the Memoir from the remark, that he had not imparted anything like "a tone to the age by his labours." The criticism which we refer to is in terms confined to "literary" labours indeed, but obviously tends to exclude Bishop Copleston from the list of those benefactors to their generation who have given an impulse to thought, and guided the intellectual tastes of their contemporaries.

This we believe to be untrue. Were the remark confined even to his work as an author, he can hardly be said to have lavished the stores of long study and severe thought on subjects too ephemeral to command the attention of succeeding generations, much less has he many competitors in the pregnant thought, compact reasoning, and felicitous illustration with which he arouses the minds of those with whom he lived and for whom he wrote. But it is still less true when applied to his labours in that not less effective sphere of influence, of which the results endure long beyond the memory of their prime movers. "College tuition," writes a well informed correspondent and contemporary of Dr. Copleston, "was after all his *forte;* his clearness in explaining, his patience with humble efforts, his power of calling forth whatever a man had in him, to the surprise of all parties—in all this he was the best tutor in Oxford, far the best in his day, never exceeded since. His mind during that portion of his life was in its full vigour; the exercise of his faculties was more variable later in life."

The letter of an old Orielite, Mr. Hughes, also bears strong testimony to the Bishop's powers of conveying information and disciplining the intellect, and describes the "manly and practical habit of mind which pervaded his lectures," with much enthusiasm. To him, in common with his successor in the tutorship, Mr. Davison, (author of those able treatises on Prophecy and on Sacrifice which bear his name,) Mr. Hughes attributes the most extensive influence, both on the minds of the Oriel student, and the tone of the common room at Oriel, which he describes as at the time uniting their society with that of

Whately, Arnold, and other congenial spirits, and rivalling the conversational reputation of Trinity College in the sister University.

With these facts before us, which we have been at some pains to collect, we are disappointed at the absence from this volume of any epistolary or conversational intercourse with either Davison or Arnold, and of any traces of the degree of sympathy or coincidence of opinion between them, on points of educational, social, or political interest, although this may conceivably be partly owing to the absence of any considerable degree of intimacy between them and the provost. With respect to the third name in Mr. Hughes's letter, we have heard it remarked that no stranger could learn from the Memoir alone what warm and close intimacy, extending through half a century, had existed between the Archbishop of Dublin and Dr. Copleston, or that during a large portion of that time the most unrestrained intercourse had been carried on, in relation to nearly all the great subjects, literary, ecclesiastical, and political, which have agitated various sections of society during the period.

The Archbishop, from his college intimacy with Dr. Copleston, might have been able to furnish something of interest as regards the influence exerted by the latter on the minds of his college pupils and contemporaries in lectures or conversation. In a letter given (p. 103) Dr. Whately confesses his obligation to send a copy of every production of his pen, as to a "kind of lord of the soil," in acknowledgment that from the Bishop he derived the main principles on which he had acted and speculated through life!*

Might not Davison and Arnold have derived similar inspiration from Copleston in their best days, of which such imperfect records are given in this volume? We have at heart our suspicions that the *genuine* features, which under extensively diversified combinations of character and temperament, belong to what has been styled "The Oriel School," (and we include in it, with Whately, Davison, and Arnold, the names of Hampden, Hawkins, Newman, Hinds, Powell, Pusey and others,) are attributable in no small degree to the guidance of their Provost, and

* Scarcely less decisive is the language of the Prefatory Dedication of the Archbishop's "Elements of Logic," addressed to Dr. Copleston, when Dean of Chester, in which he speaks of the latter, "not merely as having originally imparted to him the principles of the science (of Logic), but also as having contributed remarks, explanations, and illustrations, relative to the most important points, to so great an amount, that he could hardly consider himself as more than half the author of such portions of the Treatise, as were not borrowed from former publications." Surely, if the language of this preface is not to be taken as mere compliment, the impulse given to logical studies, both throughout Europe and in the New World by the Archbishop's celebrated Work, as it is here generously shared with, is at least partly attributable to his Provost.

the enthusiasm by which he unconsciously kindled the taste for common studies, which have led to such varied and even opposite results.*

Mention is made of the Bishop's first introduction (in 1799) to his pupil and friend in after life, Lord Dudley and Ward, and there is a reference also to a volume of correspondence between him and Bishop, published by the latter after the former's decease. No use apparently is made of these by the biographer. It is also stated that a second volume was intended, and is even now "waiting to see the light." The biographer should have at least informed his readers that Dr. Copleston's intention to give to the world a second volume, was frustrated by an injunction, obtained from the Lord Chancellor by Bishop Philpotts and Lord Lyndhurst, who, for some reason which, like the correspondence itself, is shrouded in secrecy, objected to trust Dr. Copleston with publishing his friend's reminiscences.

We must pause for a little to consider Dr. Copleston's connexion with that important event in the history of University Reform—the passing of the examination statute at Oxford in 1800. Of the precise share which the Bishop had in procuring its adoption, we are nowhere distinctly informed in the Memoir itself, but in the obituary notice by Archdeacon Williams of Llandaff, which we have already quoted, we find the following:—

"To him mainly we owe the introduction of a real and searching examination, instead of that which has become a mockery and a delusion—to him, the emulation excited by honourable distinction, which has bent many a spirit to intellectual and ennobling pursuits, for this, his College, his University, the realm of England, owes much to Edward Copleston. He *planned and matured* that course and system which has formed and fashioned for usefulness her rising youth." (P. 222.)

Archdeacon Williams, whom we think we recollect at Oriel about twenty years after the transactions here noticed, may perhaps be pardoned any inaccuracy in recording them, and we readily condone the exaggeration of an *éloge funèbre*, but as matter of biography and of history, we must say that such a statement is hardly fair to the memory of Provost Eveleigh, and makes us regret the want of an Antony Wood, to note down from year to year, the sayings and doings of the leading actors

* Strictly speaking, this influence, if we are right in attributing as much to Dr. Copleston, was exercised *indirectly*, since few of those we have named stood actually in the relation to him of pupils. Davison and Arnold were undoubtedly never literally *taught* by him, the one having been elected from Christ Church, the second from Corpus. Hampden and Powell were originally of Oriel, but not while Copleston was tutor. Hinds, the present liberal and distinguished Bishop of Norwich, was a private pupil of Whately's, and a kind of grandson of Copleston.

on that not altogether unimportant stage—the University. More just is the remark of Mr. Hughes, that Copleston's practical "wisdom had won an influence for him beyond the walls of his college, in which he was known to enjoy the intimate confidence of the excellent Provost [Eveleigh] *one of the most strenuous originators* of the present system of classes and honours." We are assured that Dr. Copleston has been often heard to speak of the long and difficult struggle, protracted to *more than twenty years*, after which at length the statute was carried, and this renders it obvious that the "planning" the system is referable to a date, when the subject of the "Memoir" was not more than six years of age.* The correction which, on the authority of one of the Bishop's contemporaries, we are enabled to make, is of some weight in reply to an inference of the biographer that "there was, fifty years ago, existing, in the Universities, a power capable of overcoming that *vis inertiæ* which attaches more or less to all-long-settled institutions—capable also of effecting against that force very decided and fundamental changes." Was it not "then seen," he proceeds to ask, "that the leading of a few powerful minds sufficed, without any impulse from without, to bring about a revolution in academic life, not less distasteful to a great number, in its beginning, than salutary in its results?"

We unhesitatingly say, in reply to such an appeal, that the history of the passing of the statute, which came into operation in 1802, is not encouraging; and if it is intended, as it seems to be, for an argument against present interference *ab extra*, with a view to academical changes, the precise facts of the case lead inevitably to the opposite conclusion. Such, in all probability, *was* the conclusion at which the Bishop's own mind had arrived. "I am not able," remarks his biographer, "to refer to any written sentiments of Dr. Copleston upon the subject of a Commission of Inquiry into the state of our Universities, nor would I venture to ascribe to him any precise opinion as to the expediency or propriety of such interference. But it would be wrong to withhold here what will be in the recollection of many of Dr. Copleston's friends—namely, that he would sometimes express strongly and freely his regrets, that some of our collegiate societies had not done more towards meeting the educational demands of the age."—(P. 8.)

Now, on this subject, there *are* extant some "written sentiments," which, occurring as they do in a work (The Replies to the Edinburgh Review), which most will admit to be a somewhat chivalrous defence of *alma mater*, are on that very account the

* In point of fact, Provost Eveleigh of Oriel, Parsons, Master of Balliol, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, and Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ-Church, were the three most influential promoters of the scheme.

more emphatic as an expression of opinions, which he is understood to have entertained on the subject later in life. . . In these "Replies" he apologizes for, rather than justifies, the inaction of the University of Oxford, by the fact, that it has no existence (practically) except as a "congeries of foundations, each of which has its own peculiar statutes, regulating its own internal affairs, but confining its benefits by a great variety of limitations," so that many qualifications for fellowships, &c., are enjoined, "quite foreign to intellectual talents and learning." Such was the plea of Copleston, the advocate and controversialist of thirty years since—a plea obviously put forth with more of rhetorical tact than force of conviction. In the same "Replies," he even admits it to be at least open to discussion whether the amelioration of a system is or is not a greater good than the maintenance of founders' wills, and lays it down as absolutely unquestionable that the Legislature *should* interfere with such wills, when they contain provisions *injurious* to the public, adding, that to the voice of the public we ought [as a university] always "to answer with respect, and to render an account, if called upon, of our proceedings."—(Appendix, p. 343.)

We commend this last statement to the special consideration of those who at Oxford are now resisting public opinion, as it is expressed in the recent exercise of the royal prerogative, and to refer them to the fact that, with respect to close foundations, the champion of Oxford as it was, would only stipulate for the preservation of the interests of the present holders of Fellowships, while he abandons the defence of the foundations themselves as actually obstructive of, and tending to paralyze exertion. [Appendix, p. 341.] But on this subject of University Reform, we need not anticipate the evidence of the forthcoming Report of the Commission of Inquiry.*

We pass over the brief notices given in the "Memoir" of the Bishop's "Prælectiones," as Professor of Poetical Criticism, the last of which he delivered in 1812. They are marked by much elegant Latinity, and shew considerable classical learning and

* While speaking of the Bishop's replies to the Edinburgh Review, we would take the opportunity of setting the author of the "Memoir" right with respect to another controversial piece of Dr. Copleston. "The sly pungency of a *jeu d'esprit* from his pen," remarks Mr. Hughes, "published about the same time, under the title of, *Hints to a Young Reviewer*, was also considered to have found a joint in the armour of the *Edinburgh Review*, a journal at that time standing alone in its own peculiar department, and assuming a tone of domination in English literature only to be paralleled by the more modern assumptions of Cardinal Wiseman, as the director of English religion."—(P. 28.) It will scarcely be believed that the said *jeu d'esprit* had no reference whatever to the Edinburgh Review, but to an article in the British Critic on the poems of Mant! It is to be hoped that such mistakes as these will not find their way into any credited collection of "the Curiosities of Literature."

refined taste. What follows is of some historical interest. In the narrative of the academical events of 1809, to which we allude, too little stress indeed is laid on the circumstance of the Bishop being at that time, and long after, a strenuous advocate of Catholic emancipation. How strenuous, we should hardly have collected from the "Memoir," which, moreover, altogether omits to inform us that, at this period, the Bishop published a pamphlet (which the biographer leaves out of the list of his works) in answer to Mr. Croker, of New College, Oxford, in which he strongly urges the removal of Catholic disabilities.

In describing the contest for the University Chancellorship in this year, when the honour of succeeding the Duke of Portland was contested by Lords Grenville and Eldon, and the Duke of Beaufort, the author of the "Memoir" observes,—

"The recent agitation of the 'Catholic' question had created great excitement, and raised a strong feeling in the University against Lord Grenville, as an avowed friend to 'emancipation.' It should be remembered, too, that Lord Grenville was at this time deprived of Court favour, and excluded from the Cabinet, so that the chances were apparently much against him. Nevertheless, Mr. Copleston espoused with generous enterprise the cause of that candidate, of whose moral and intellectual qualifications he was best assured."

And he adds that,—

"Notwithstanding all the weight of official influence, and all the strength of old Tory prejudices arrayed against them, *he and his friends* succeeded in placing Lord Grenville in the vacant chair."—P. 25.

This gives an incorrect impression. In the first place, it was well known that the Prince of Wales warmly espoused Lord Grenville's cause, and that his friend Mr. Tyrwhit was sent down to watch the progress of the election, which was carried on through the night, without intermission, lawyers having expressed a doubt of the legality of adjourning Convocation. Without disparagement, therefore, to the subject of the "Memoir," we must observe that in the passage we have quoted, too much is said of the impartiality and disinterestedness of the Bishop; and, on the other hand, too little of the impulse given to his exertions by the strength of his convictions in favour of emancipation. Besides, the result, though doubtless aided by the energy and perseverance of Lord Grenville's friends, (Dr. Copleston among them,) was greatly to be attributed to the supporters of the Duke of Beaufort, who kept open the poll, though his Grace was lowest on it; and not a little to a prevailing persuasion that Lord Grenville's success at Oxford would make him Prime Minister.

An extract from the "Diary of the Bishop," a few years be-

fore, illustrates the great versatility of Copleston's mental powers, as enabling him successfully to engage in subjects so different and uncongenial as poetical criticism and financial calculation. He notes the fact of his having been continued in the bursarship of his College (Oriel) during six years, and having obtained the consent of the fellows to a plan for improving the revenues, by borrowing fines, instead of taking them from lessees, on renewals, and increasing the reserved rents instead. Whence he succeeded in trebling the rents of the College, liquidating its debts, and procuring better tenants for the estates. He was at this very time engaged, as Professor of Poetical Criticism, in the composition of his *Prælectiones*, in the work of a college tutor, and soon after, in controversial defence of the Oxford system of study, against an attack, which, whether at the time exaggerated or not, will now be admitted on all hands to have resulted in a beneficial ventilation of the subject of university reform. Pamphlets on finance, much quoted at the time by practical men, both in and out of the House of Commons, coincident in view with the theories of Huskisson and Ricardo, also came from his pen.

The subsequent events of the Bishop's life, as a fellow of a college, were, principally, his resignation of his tutorship in 1810, the termination of the decade of his Prælectorship of Poetry in 1812, and (if there is no error in the statement) his refusal of the headship of Magdalen Hall in 1813. In 1814 he was elected Provost of Oriel, on the unanimous requisition of his society, the names of Davison, Whately, Keble, and Hawkins appearing among the requisitionists. Shortly after, he received the distinguished honour of a Doctor's degree by diploma, on the proposal of Dr. Hughes, Principal of Jesus College.*

In 1821, we find him publishing the "*Inquiry into the Doctrines of Necessity and Predestination*," a work which, at the time of its appearance, attracted considerable notice, and which may be described as an attempt to trace the difficulties which are imputed to the Calvinistic scheme chiefly to the equivocal use of words; and here again we involuntarily recur to the influence of Dr. Copleston's peculiar cast of mind on the speculations of more than one theologian of eminence of the present day, and on the prevailing distaste discernible for logomachies. In a letter to Archbishop Whately, written three years afterwards, there is given, (p. 100,) a favourable judgment of Davison's work on Prophecy, of which the seventh discourse pleased the

* Curiously enough, the Bishop, in a letter published in the Memoirs, and addressed to his old college friend, Darnell, attributes this act of respect to the President of his former college, Corpus. But our information is express to the fact, that the proposal came from the Principal of Jesus.

Bishop less than the rest of its contents, chiefly, as it would seem, on the ground of its rejection of the solution, which, after Archbishop King, he had proposed of the difficulty concerning prescience.

Before we quit the subject, we must notice a pleasing correspondence between Sir D. K. Sandford, the late eminent Professor of Greek at Glasgow, and two years previous, an unsuccessful aspirant to a vacant fellowship at Oriel, and the Provost, which arose out of the Professor's perusal of this work.

"*College of Glasgow, December* 22, 1823.

"SIR,—Though I have too much reason to fear that a letter with my signature may not be acceptable to you, I cannot refrain from giving the simple expression of my gratitude for a very essential service you have rendered me. My mind, (as I suppose, at some season or other, must be the case with all serious thinkers on religious subjects,) had been much agitated by the mysterious questions of predestination and election. Till lately, I confess with shame, I had not read your book on this topic. Its recent perusal has put an end to my doubts and hesitations—I hope for ever. The very work which, when unknown to me, I dared to mention in a slighting manner, has thus, under Providence, been the happy instrument of removing all my hesitations, and yielding peace to my disquieted thoughts. You will, perhaps, receive with indifference this tardy atonement for former petulance and error. But great will be my satisfaction if to the other members of the University, with whom my sincere confession of a heavy fault has reconciled me, I shall be enabled to add the name of Dr. Copleston.—I am, with much respect, your most obedient humble servant, D. K. SANDFORD."

"*Oriel College, December* 28, 1823.

"DEAR SIR,—It was far from a feeling of indifference with which I read your letter. A testimony so frank and so powerful to the usefulness of a treatise, must naturally give its author sincere pleasure. But besides this, I should be sorry and ashamed to be thought insensible to the kindness of your communication. Whatever pain may have been caused by any former exercise of your pen, be assured that this letter has had all the healing influence you could have intended or desired. In common with your academical friends, I had always admired your talents, and this proof you have given of a generous heart, makes me hope that I may hereafter be included in that number, and that some time or other I may have an opportunity of testifying my esteem in person.—Believe me, dear Sir, your's faithfully and sincerely, E. COPLESTON."

A biography of a distinguished theologian, from which but a faint idea can be gleaned of his opinions on controversial points of theology, or on those great ecclesiastical questions now in a course of solution, is surely a coming short of the subject; and

any sentiment of delicacy in referring to them, though an excellent reason for devolving the task of writing on others, will hardly be accepted as a satisfaction by the possessors of the "Memoir." We think, however, that the avowed approbation of the Archbishop of Dublin's work, entitled "The Kingdom of Christ," contained in a letter of the Bishop's, (p. 195,) justifies us in regarding the friends as agreed on most questions *purely* ecclesiastical; while there are evidences of considerable divergence of opinion on those mixed questions of religion and of politics which each was compelled to examine from a different point, and with different opportunities.

Resuming the thread of the "Memoir," we find Copleston advanced to the Deanery of Chester by Lord Liverpool in 1826, and sixteen months afterwards promoted to the See of Llandaff, by Lord Goderich, then Premier. In his new position we find him speaking (in 1828) unpremeditatedly, as appears from his diary, in defence of the repeal of the Corporation Test Acts. His speech was in reply to the Earl of Eldon, and was his first parliamentary effort. From this period to that of his decease, in October 1849, he appears to have ceased applying his mind with any intensity of exertion to subjects not involved in the discharge of his office. The "Diary and Correspondence," indeed, present occasional proof that the Prelate cherished recollections of the pursuits of the College Fellow, and delighted, from time to time, in that kind of intercourse with the friends of his youth, to which he has applied the Homeric phrase of ὁμηλικη ἐρατεινη—in renewing the ardour of his earlier days, and not unfrequently, by word or by epistle, reviving something of the polemic spirit, as he dealt with subjects of classical or archæological interest; but the records of his Episcopate, creditable as they are to the conscientious character of the Bishop, and to the desire of progress which was visible through his academic life, afford few traits on which we can afford to detain our readers. It is with Copleston, the scholar, the theologian, the philospher, and the academic that we have to deal, and we naturally revert to the place which witnessed and experienced the fruits of the energy of his best years. What were his sentiments on the important movements, religious and educational, which have disturbed the once still waters of Isis, and have attracted the attention of thoughtful minds throughout the civilized world? A crowning defect of the work which we have been reviewing, is its almost total silence as to the degree and kind of interest taken by the Bishop of Llandaff in those stirring transactions which have brought the University, the scene of the triumphs of his youth, and of the honour of his mature age, prominently before the civilized world. If the late appearance of the "Memoir" is to be attributed

to its author being occupied in considering (like Phocion) what he could omit, it is to be regretted that his deliberations should have resulted in the retention of whole pages of a diary, which records with minute and uninteresting exactness his travels from Llansaintfraid to Abergavenny; while no one would guess that the Bishop of Llandaff cast more than passing glances, *much less took a singularly active part,* in watching and counteracting the movements of a religious party, which found its *nucleus* in his own society, and almost under his own presidency. To its leader, John Henry Newman, there are, if we mistake not, but two allusions throughout the "Memoir,"—one in a letter of the Bishop to his nephew, expressive of personal regard towards Newman, but hinting a dissent from his opinions on matters of academical and ecclesiastical concern, and especially from the views asserted by the founder of Tractarianism, (unless to Mr. Rose and Mr. Keble must be assigned that appellation,) in a recent pamphlet on Suffragan Bishops.

Of the Oxford party, generally, he thus writes to Mr. P. Duncan in 1842:—"I am pleased, and I hope you are, with the wise and temperate answer of the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, to the Anti-Tractarian laymen. That folly (he evidently means Tractarianism) is also on the wane, and when mystical divinity has had its run, perhaps the other purposes of life, for which our faculties were given us, will begin to receive due attention at Oxford. For the last two years, I understand Oxford has exhibited a practical example of the Caliph Omar's maxim—"burn the books—if they are in accordance with our faith, they are useless—if against it, they ought to be destroyed." This passage proves, indeed, that the Bishop had miscalculated the effect of the action of the University Convocation two years previous, of which he had been a strong advocate; we refer to the condemnation of the author of "The Ideal Church," Mr. Ward of Balliol College, which had been followed by the secession of Messrs. Oakley, Newman, and others, from the communion of the English Church. To his share in that proceeding, which took place early in 1842, and to his support of the Regius Professor of Divinity, Dr. Hampden, when he attended for the last time in his place in the Convocation House the same year, and recorded his vote for rescinding the politico-ecclesiastical *privilegium* passed against the Queen's Professor in 1836, in opposition to Dr. Philpotts, who appeared in the majority on that occasion, no allusion is made. We were anxious to see what more important acts of the Bishop had drawn off the biographer's attention from these not insignificant events. How does the author chronicle the bishop's life in that year? He omits it entirely from his record! "Finding nothing," he observes, "of particular interest to record for some space, I may at once present the

reader with the following letter," (p. 182,). and so he passes on from 1841 to 1848! What should we think of a life of the Duke of Wellington, which omitted all mention of the lines of Torres Vedras, and the battle of Waterloo? *

We have now said enough to indicate to our readers some grounds for drawing the conclusion that Bishop Copleston's life is replete with incidents and associations, entitling him to the posthumous privilege of a "vates sacer," and that the work before us is by no means calculated to meet the claim. Enough, indeed, is brought before us by his relation to excite curiosity, and stimulate the desire of a more ample "Memoir." The valuable paper of Sir Thomas Phillips appended to the volume, may supply materials for a record of Dr. Copleston's Episcopate, a period of his life marked by much urbanity and benevolence. But it is in his connexion with that University in whose temple of fame he has found a niche, that we desiderate a fuller portrait of the Bishop. A university reformer as he was, at a time when it implied no small share of goodness of heart, forbearance often difficult to one of his keen and susceptible temper, and above all, singleness of purpose, to maintain and improve an advantageous social position at Oxford, with avowed purposes of reform;—a literary man, of whom Sir James Mackintosh spoke "as the only writer of our time who had equally distinguished himself in paths so distant from each other, as classical literature, political economy, and metaphysical philosophy,"—singularly fortunate in the galaxy of eminent men in Church and State, into whose society it was his fate to be thrown, and whose minds he contrived greatly to develop;—of keen and ready wit, the counsellor of economists, and the delight of scholars—the late Provost of Oriel possesses personal claims enhanced by those of literature, and of the great educational questions of the day, on the pen of some survivor, unswayed by any of those incapacitating circumstances, which are admitted to have pressed on the compiler of the present sketchy and imperfect record.†

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* We must not here omit reference to a correspondence which has just appeared, and which is decisive of Bishop Copleston's views on the much-controverted appointment of Dr. Hampden, now Bishop of Hereford, to that See. Writing to the Bishop, who collected signatures to the Episcopal Address to Lord John Russell in opposition to that important nomination, Dr. Copleston denounces the measure as unjust to Dr. Hampden, asserts that at the time of their publication he had read Dr. Hampden's Lectures, thought the Oxford censure of them unmerited, refused to join in the proposed act of hostility, and finally assisted at the consecration of the new Bishop. The latter fact is alone noticed in the Memoirs. (See *Fraser's Magazine* for December.)

† We see it stated that Bishop Copleston's common-place Book was (by his desire) transmitted to his friend the Archbishop of Dublin. No doubt the Archbishop would be rendering good service by giving to the public such portions of it as have not yet appeared. They would probably form an interesting volume.

ART. VIII.—*Wesley and Methodism.* By ISAAC TAYLOR. London, 1851.

THE works by which Mr. Isaac Taylor has gained for himself so high and so pure a reputation, were almost all published before we commenced our critical labours, and in consequence we have not hitherto had an opportunity of expressing the very high estimate we have formed of their excellence and value. The popularity of Mr. Taylor's works, indeed, has not been much aided by the efforts of the periodical press. He can scarcely be said to be identified with any section or party in the religious world. He has animadverted freely upon the views and practices of the different Churches, and of the various ecclesiastical sections in our community. He has thus forfeited to some extent the cordial backing, and the too often indiscriminate commendation, of mere partisans and of their literary organs. But notwithstanding this, he has succeeded in achieving for himself a very high and well-merited reputation, and has long exerted an important influence upon the minds of thinking men, both in Great Britain and in the United States. He is now one of our most voluminous writers, and he has discussed in his various works almost all the topics that occupy the thoughts, and are likely to influence the conduct, of those men amongst us who are fitted to advance the highest interests of the community. We do not, any more than the other literary organs of public opinion, concur in all Mr. Taylor's views; but we have no hesitation in expressing our conviction, that there is no living author who has brought so fine a combination of distinguished talents and extensive acquirements to bear upon the inculcation of important principles—principles which it greatly concerns the Churches of Christ, and all who have any influence in the regulation of ecclesiastical affairs, to understand and to ponder.

His new work, "Wesley and Methodism," is quite worthy of the high reputation he enjoys, and contains much matter well deserving of the deliberate consideration, not only of the Methodist body, but of all the other sections of the Church of Christ. It is marked by great ability, discrimination, and eloquence, and, so far as we can judge, by a great deal of fairness and impartiality. Methodism has never made much progress in Scotland, and its history and results have not perhaps attracted so much attention among us as their importance deserves. We fear that there are not a few even of the ministers in Scotland, who scarcely possess so much acquaintance with Methodism as Mr. Taylor's work assumes, and who, on this account, are but imperfectly qualified to appreciate and relish it. We would

esteem it one beneficial result of its publication, if it should lead many in Scotland to resolve on acquiring a fuller knowledge of one of the most interesting and important religious movements which the history of the Church presents to our contemplation. We have neither leisure nor space at present to discuss the important questions which are raised in Mr. Taylor's work, or suggested by its statements, and we shall attempt only the humbler task of giving our readers a brief summary of what the work contains, accompanied by such observations as may most obviously present themselves to those who occupy a somewhat different *stand-point* from that of either Mr. Taylor or the Methodists.

The general object of Mr. Taylor's work is to present such a view of Methodism, in its history, character, and results, as shall bring out the lessons, both for guidance and warning, which it is fitted to suggest to the Methodists of the present age, and to the other Churches of Christ. The Methodists will probably question the accuracy of some of his representations of their principles and practices, and they will certainly dispute the soundness of some of his leading conclusions; but we think they will scarcely deny that the work is written in a fair and kindly spirit, and gives to Methodism and its founders as large a share of commendation as could reasonably be expected from an independent thinker, who is not himself a member of their body. It is divided into four parts, entitled respectively, "the Founders of Methodism," "the Substance of Methodism," "the Form of (Wesleyan) Methodism," and "the Methodism of the Time coming."

The first of these divisions occupies not much less than one half of the volume, and presents a singularly interesting and discriminating, and often eloquent, view of the character, qualifications, and labours of those who were honoured by God to be the great instruments of the revival of true religion in England in the eighteenth century. The largest space is given of course to John Wesley, but we have very interesting notices also of his brother Charles, of Whitefield, Fletcher, Coke, and Lady Huntingdon. We believe that the sketches which Mr. Taylor has drawn of these worthies are very accurate, and that he has done full justice to every one of them. We must give some extracts concerning John Wesley and Whitefield:—

"Oxford at once brought out the robustness of Wesley's intellectual structure. To speak of that ability which enabled him, with ease, to make himself master of any subject to which he directed his attention, is saying little; for the same may be affirmed of hundreds of men of whom the world hears nothing after they have won for themselves their academic status. Wesley was thus almost intuitively master of all

arts—or of all but the highest, to which the predominance of secondary faculties bars the way. Many facts characteristic of himself, and of the system he gave to the world, are explicable on this ground of that energy of the intuitive reason which precludes the philosophical faculty. Yet this intellectual characteristic in Wesley is not to be spoken of with regret, if we are thinking of the work he was to accomplish; for it is certain that while the power which was his characteristic fits a man to lead and command others, the philosophic faculty, its opposite, shews itself to be a peremptory disqualification in any one who would sway the multitude. The mass of men follow, or think they follow, the well-forged chains of reasoning which logicians deal in; and they delight to find themselves ferried over a stream they could never have forded, and safely landed upon some irrefragable conclusion. The very populace like to be reasoned with, and to be forcibly driven in upon a definite doctrine; but no graces of illustration, no powers of oratory, ever avail to induce the crowd to think, or to tread the bottom of a subject.

"Yet in speaking of Wesley as a master of technical logic, we must screen him at once from the imputation of ever having played the part of a scholastic sophist, or wordy wrangler. The high tone of his mind, and the thorough seriousness which belonged to him, and his reverence for truth, and, afterwards, his religious awe, forbad him to engage as gladiator in any disputation. Such an imputation he resented warmly. Many indeed were the sophisms (logically compacted) which he himself bowed to, but never did he defend one, the fallacy of which he secretly discerned.

"Writers who, of late, have spoken of Wesley's want of the philosophic faculty—a topic easy to enlarge upon and illustrate—have, as if by way of compensation, allowed him the praise of being an accomplished logician. And so perhaps he was, or seemed to be, while dealing, from the moderator's chair, with scholastic sophisms. But it is inaccurate, or unphilosophical to make the logical faculty, that is to say—an expertness in technical reasoning, the intellectual contrary of the philosophic faculty. In that order of mind to which Wesley belonged, it is the irresistible force, or one might say, the galvanic instantaneousness of the intuitions, which forbids and excludes the exercise of the abstractive and analytic power. With him the grasp of what he thought to be a truth, was so sudden, and so spasmodically firm, as ordinarily to preclude two mental processes to which minds of a higher order never fail to submit whatever offers itself for acceptance as a verbal proposition or conclusion,—namely, *first*, a ridding the terms, so far as may be possible, of the ambiguities that infest language; and *secondly*, the looking through the medium—the verbal proposition, into the very midst of the things so presented. Wesley's habits as a logician stood him in some stead as to the first of these processes; but he scarcely seems to have been capable of that equipoise of the mind which the second demands."—Pp. 23-25.

Mr. Wesley took his position upon the field of the world—the friend of man, the enemy of nothing but sin. On this ground he has a claim

to be regarded with reverent affection and admiration, which is as valid as that of any of the worthies to whom a place has been assigned among the benefactors of mankind. The very inconsistencies that mark his progress (when properly considered) do but enhance his demand upon our sympathies. If, indeed, as heartless writers have affirmed, he had been nothing better than an ambitious plotter—the builder of a house in which he should rule and be worshipped—no such inconsistencies would ever have come to the surface, or would for a moment have made him halt on his path. Unquestionably it was from the want of a plot at the beginning, and from the lack of ambition, as he went on, that he found himself compelled to yield, once and again, to the instances of some who seem to have been deficient in neither.

"As a field preacher, the courage, the self-possession, the temper, and the tact (and the same praise is due to his brother) which he displayed, places Wesley in a position inferior to none with whom it would be reasonable to compare him. After setting off from the account his constitutional intrepidity, his moral courage was that which is characteristic of a perfect benevolence, and which, in the height of danger, thinks only of the rescue of its objects. When encountering the ruffianism of mobs and of magistrates, he shewed a firmness as well as a guileless skill, which, if the martyr's praise might admit of such an adjunct, was graced with the dignity and courtesy of the gentleman."—Pp. 49, 50.

"It was under the guidance of the broadest principle, as well as at the impulse of the most expansive charity, that he had gone forth upon the field of the world as an evangelist preaching repentance. On the broadest principle also it was that he laid the foundation of the institution which was destined to conserve the fruits of his preaching; and if, on such a foundation as this, he had raised a superstructure more free than it was from admixtures of perishable matter—if he had somewhat better understood human nature, and had on some points less misunderstood Christianity, this INSTITUTE, which was so ably administered for forty years by himself, could scarcely have failed to secure for itself a paramount position in England, and it might have planted itself territorially upon the ruins of a then dilapidated and almost deserted Church."—P. 75.

"But how then are we fairly to put at rest that disquiet which the spectacle of Wesley's own Wesleyanism generates? To some extent relief may be obtained by looking to the evidence, presenting itself on every side, in proof that this leading spirit—the soul and life of the system—was not so gifted with the reflective faculties as that a comprehensive grasp of human nature could have been possible to him. His earnestness, therefore, and his thorough persuasion of the greatness and the infinite moment of the work he had in hand, and his peremptory mode of thinking, would lead him to drive his theory, with a reckless impetuosity, over the enclosures of human affection. He sees, he hears, he comprehends nothing, exterior to the one object of his errand in a world of ungodly men. Wesleyanism did indeed

effect a recovery from sin and ruin for myriads of human beings, and in its triumphant course of beneficence it 'led captivity captive:' nevertheless, in this riding forth to conquer, there was some destruction made of what is genuine and precious."—P. 81.

"Once and again the writer has professed his entire faith in Wesley's simplicity of purpose, and his freedom from personal vanity or ambition: it was from no such vulgar impulse that he bequeathed '*Wesleyan* Methodism' to his people. But, exempt he was not from the autocratic sentiment, from the Founder's self-esteem, from that—infatuation one must call it—which works as an irrepressible energy in the bosom of every man who is born to invent, to originate, to lead the way, to govern, to FOUND. In the view, or in the feeling of the Inventor or Founder, the product of his mind, the ripened fruit of long and painful cogitation, the scheme, the system, the mechanism, which has filled his thoughts, waking and sleeping, from year to year, has become, as a whole, and in each of its parts, even the smallest, identical with his own personal consciousness: to exscind any part of this whole is the same thing as to amputate a limb, or to pluck out an eye. The vulgar will persist in taking this strong feeling for vanity or arrogance; but it is not so; it is an illusion to which almost the loftiest and the most vigorous minds have been subject."—P. 207.

Whitefield was inferior to Wesley in point of talents, and he founded no scheme or system that survived himself; but the singular beauty of his character, the astonishing extent and variety of his evangelistic labours, his extraordinary powers as a preacher, and the remarkable success with which he was honoured in the conversion of sinners, must ever invest him with a peculiar and surpassing interest. Our readers, we are sure, will be gratified by the perusal of the following extracts concerning him:—

"Whitefield must be allowed to occupy the luminous centre upon the field of Methodism. Besides his personal claim to this distinction, which we think is clear, there is a ground on which those who would award this position rather to Wesley, might be content to relinquish it in his behalf; for, if it be true that *his* ministerial course furnishes peculiar evidence of the reality of the Gospel which he preached, and of the presence of Him who 'worketh all in all,'—if it be true that Wesley's glory was, as one may say, an effulgence of Christianity itself, the same may more emphatically be affirmed as to Whitefield, whose natural endowments were fewer, and whose success as a preacher of the Gospel was not less, perhaps greater.

"Whitefield's natural powers and gifts were indeed extraordinary; nor is it known that the same have been possessed in a higher degree by any one; but then they were of that sort which, if they had been exercised in any secular line, could have won for him nothing more than an ephemeral reputation, and its immediate worldly recompense. His name as an orator might have found a place, casually, on some page of the annals of his time; but no faculty did he possess which

could have given him a permanent renown among the distinguished men of his age, whether in the senate, at the bar, or as a popular leader; much less could he have secured a lasting fame in the walks of literature or science. But Wesley might no doubt have earned a great reputation either in the senate or at the bar.

"The endeavours that have been made to give a sufficient reason for Whitefield's power over the thousands that crowded around him—while the true and the principal reason is rejected, or is put out of view—are quite futile. His natural gifts, although extraordinary, were yet limited in their range, and were employed upon subjects that move the human mind from its very depths, when they move it at all; but they so move it only when an energy works with the word which no orator, however gifted, can command, and which, again and again, the most perfect pulpit oratory has wholly failed to engage on its side.

"If Whitefield had possessed any one of those higher intellectual endowments which might be named as an adequate cause of the unexampled effects produced by his preaching, we of this age should be reading his sermons with delight; but in fact they have sunk out of all recollection—they are never read. Neither the imaginative nor ratiocinative power did he possess in more than an ordinary degree; and as to the fascinations of his voice and manner, a five years' popularity, if resting on *this* basis alone, would have been its utmost term. All instances that might properly be adduced in such a case shew this. But Whitefield, with the Gospel message, and that only, on his lips, drew thousands around him, go where he might; and he did so from the first year of his ministerial career to the very last.

"No preacher, whose history is on record, has trod so wide a field as did Whitefield; or has retrod it so often, or has repeated himself so much; or has carried so far the experiment of exhausting himself, and of spending his popularity, if it could have been spent; but it never was spent. Within the compass of a few weeks he might have been heard addressing the negroes of the Bermuda islands, adapting himself to their infantile understandings, and to their debauched hearts; and then, at Chelsea, with the aristocracy of rank and wit before him, approving himself to listeners such as the Lords Bolingbroke and Chesterfield. Whitefield might as easily have produced a Hamlet or a Paradise Lost, as have excogitated a sermon which, as a composition—a product of thought, would have tempted men like these to hear him a second time; and as to his faculty and graces as a speaker, his elocution and action, a second performance would have contented them. But in fact, Bolingbroke, and many of his class, thought not the hour long, time after time, while with much sameness of *material* and of language, he spoke of eternity and of salvation in Christ.

"The same subjects, in the same phrases, held the ear of men in the same manner from the date of his first sermon in St. Mary de Crypt to that of his last in New England, a period of thirty-four years. The crowds that thronged the churches of Bristol or London, at his first appearance, were constituted, for the most part, of the

constant frequenters of churches and meeting-houses, and they were persons upon whose thickened organs of hearing sermons enough had beat, from Sunday to Sunday, from their youth up. But then from these congregations he passed to Moorfields and Kennington Common, and there found the reckless savages of civilisation: thence he went to Kingswood, where he encountered a ferocity, wild, robust, and unused to simulate civility. From Kingswood one might follow him across the Tweed, and find him preaching the same Gospel in the midst of a people too fully instructed 'in the right ways of the Lord' to have anything to learn, one might suppose, from this raw preacher, who knew nothing of the 'Solemn League and Covenant,' and who had received Episcopal ordination! Yet so it was, that alike noble wits, Kingswood colliers, and seceding congregations, broke down before Whitefield! Floods of tears moistened cheeks, rough and smooth; and sighs, suppressed or loudly uttered, gave evidence that human nature is one and the same when it comes in presence of truths which bear upon the guilty and the immortal, without distinction."—Pp. 97, 98.

"The history of Whitefield's ministry is in a word this—the Gospel he proclaimed drew men around him, in dense masses, at the moment when he commenced his course; and it was the Gospel, not the preacher's harmonious voice, not his 'graceful action,' not his fire as an orator, that gave him power over congregations to the very last. No intellectual faculty of a high order lent him its aid in sustaining this popularity.

"Let those who think they may succeed in such an attempt undertake the task of searching among things real, or among things which it may be possible to imagine, until they find objects (other than those constituting the Christian system) upon the ground of which such a man as Whitefield could have gathered thousands around him—keeping always close to his topic—and could hold them in his hand, time after time, and could do so through a course of four and thirty years.

"If we were to speak of that phase of evangelic doctrine which Whitefield, as distinguished from Wesley or others, adopted, it must not be pretended, in his behalf, that he reached his position by any legitimate process of induction, or that he won it as a theologian. He came into it by a process more emphatically legitimate; that is to say, by the simplicity and amplitude of his perceptions of spiritual objects. He felt, if he could not prove it, that that sovereign grace whence the redemption of the world took its rise, must be the one law of the Christian system, and the only principle of harmony among doctrines, seemingly antithetical; and he held that this law must be applicable, not merely to the Gospel abstractedly, but to each individual instance in which it takes effect upon the human heart. He felt that this one principle, as it was the spring of Christianity itself, must neither be abated, nor be made subordinate to exceptive rules, nor be subjected to cautionary restrictions. It must be held entire, or abandoned wholly. Whatever those misinterpretations were which might be put by others upon that first principle of Christianity—Sovereign

GRACE—Whitefield's childlike structure of mind compelled him to exult in, and to preach it."—Pp. 101, 102.

"Nor, perhaps, could a paragraph be produced from Whitefield's works, indicative of what might be called a philosophic breadth of view in relation to religion; yet practically, all that such a breadth could imply was his own. His ministerial standing-place was always high raised above middle walls of partition; nor could he, in any instance, be induced to render worship to the idols of intolerance and bigotry. As to those partitionments within which soulless religionists are content to be penfolded, he walked over them unconsciously; nor could he be made to understand how 'precious' those things were upon which he thus trampled. 'Gentlemen, I hope you will settle these matters to your own satisfaction,' said he among zealots,—'my business is to preach the Gospel.' But this breadth, this greatness, was not with him the product of philosophy, or the prompting of a powerful intellect; nor was it liberalism, nor was it indifference: it was the greatness of the Gospel, well lodged in a large heart."—P. 105.

"And now is it not time that the world should deal righteously with itself as to its ancient quarrel with one like Whitefield? The world has a long score to settle in this behalf, for it pursued him, from first to last, with a fixed and furious malignity; and even now, where Wesley is spoken of with fairness, and perhaps with commendation, a line of reluctant praise, coupled with some ungracious insinuation, is the best treatment Whitefield can obtain after he has been eighty years in his grave! No one can dare to say that his life was not blameless; and that his intentions were benevolent is manifest. His temper was not arrogant; for meekly he received rebuke, and patiently he endured so many revilings. It was with the courage of a noble nature that he confronted violence; and with the simplicity of a child that he forgave injuries. Yet among those who by their flagitious vices and outrageous crimes have the most deeply sinned against society, it would be difficult to find a wretch upon whose guilty pate has been showered so much rancorous abuse as, year after year, was heaped upon the head of the love-fraught, self-denying, and gentle-natured Whitefield. There is a mystery here which 'philosophy' should do its best to clear up; or, not succeeding in this endeavour, should ingenuously acknowledge that as, on the one hand, it can give no intelligible account of Whitefield's motives, so neither can it show reason for the world's hatred of him."—Pp. 108, 109.

Mr. Taylor's views of the founders of Methodism, considered collectively, are compendiously exhibited in the two following passages, in the substance of which few fair and competent judges will refuse to concur:—

"But with what order of men is it that we have now to do? Let it be confessed that this company does not include one mind of that amplitude and grandeur, the contemplation of which, as a natural object—a sample of humanity—excites a pleasurable awe, and swells the bosom with a vague ambition, or with a noble emulation. Not one

of the founders of Methodism can claim to stand on any such high level; nor was one of them gifted with the philosophic faculty—the abstractive and analytic power. More than one was a shrewd and exact logician, but none a master of the higher reason. Not one was erudite in more than an ordinary degree; not one was an accomplished scholar; yet while several were fairly learned, few were illiterate, and none showed themselves to be imbued with the fanaticism of ignorance.

"Powers of popular oratory were among them such as to set them far out of the reach of rivalry with any of their contemporaries, in the pulpit. Not one was a great writer; but several of them knew how to hold the ear of men with an absolute mastery. As to administrative tact and skill in government, the world has given them (or their chief) more praise than they or he deserved, while baffled in its own perplexed endeavour to solve the problem of Methodism, in ignorance of the main cause of its spread and permanence. Apart from the gratuitous supposition of a profound craft, as the intellectual distinction of Wesley, 'what intelligible account shall we be able to give of Methodism?' No credible account can be given of it by aid of any such supposition, nor until the presence of causes has been recognised, of which the philosophy of such persons knows nothing."—Pp. 16, 17.

"It would not be easy, or not possible, to name any company of Christian preachers, from the apostolic age downward to our own times, whose proclamation of the Gospel has been in a larger proportion of instances effective, or which has been carried over so large a surface, with so much power, or with so uniform a result. No such harvest of souls is recorded to have been gathered by any body of contemporary men, since the first century. An attempt to compute the converts to Methodistic Christianity would be a fruitless, as well as presumptuous undertaking, from which we draw back; but we must not call in question, what is so variously and fully attested, that an unimpeachable Christian profession was the fruit of the Methodistic preaching in instances that must be computed by hundreds of thousands, throughout Great Britain, and in America.

"Until the contrary can be clearly proved, it may be affirmed that no company of men of whose labours and doctrine we have any sufficient notice, has gone forth with a creed more distinctly orthodox, or more exempt from admixture of the doctrinal feculence of an earlier time. None have stood forward more free than these were from petty solicitudes concerning matters of observance, to which, whether they were to be upheld or to be denounced, an exaggerated importance was attributed. None have confined themselves more closely to those principal subjects which bear directly upon the relationship of man to God—as immortal, accountable, guilty, and redeemed. If we are tempted to complain of the unvaried complexion of the Methodistic teaching, it is the uniformity which results from a close adherence to the very rudiments of the Gospel. Uniformity or sameness of aspect, as it may be the colouring of dulness and of death, so may it spring

from simplicity and power; but can it be a question to which of these sources we should attribute that undiversified breadth which is the characteristic of Methodism?

"To dispute the claims of the Methodistic company to be thus regarded, on the ground of any errors of an incidental kind that may have attended their teaching, or of the follies or delinquencies that may be chargeable upon any of them, individually, would be a frivolous as well as an ungenerous mode of proceeding. Need it be said that these Methodists were men 'of like passions with ourselves?' and such, too, were those who, in the Apostolic age, carried the Gospel throughout the Roman world, and beyond it. Taken in the mass, the one company of men was as wise as the other—not wiser—as holy, not more holy. If it be affirmed that the Christian worthies of some remote time were, as a class of men, of a loftier stature in virtue and piety than these with whom we have now to do, let the evidence on which such an assumption could be made to rest be brought forward: this can never be done; and the supposition itself should be rejected as a puerile superstition."—Pp. 130, 132.

Such were the men who founded Methodism, and they were honoured to do a great and important work. Religion was at a very low ebb in England when Wesley and Whitefield began their labours. Their preaching was made instrumental in converting many thousands in all parts of the country, and in training up a large body of men in the midst of us who have given unequivocal evidence of living under the pervading influence of Christian principle. Methodism was carried to the United States, and has become the largest of the religious denominations of that great and growing country, numbering there now 6000 ministers, and above a million and a quarter of church members. The Methodists, too, have been eminently liberal, active, and successful in the work of Missions to the Heathen, and in every quarter of the globe have been honoured to bring many to the knowledge and belief of the truth as it is in Jesus. Such have been the direct results of the labours of the founders of Methodism; while they have also exerted a most important influence, indirectly, in promoting the advancement of true religion, both in the Church of England, and among the English Non-Conformists. The rise of Methodism in England thus forms a most important era in the history of the Church of Christ, and few who are competent to judge of it, will hesitate to adopt the substance of the views which Mr. Taylor has put forth as to its true standing and influence:—

"In attempting to treat a subject such as the one before us, a choice must necessarily be made among the three assumptions following:—

"*1st*, It may be said that Christianity being true in the sense of this or that Church, Methodism ought to be rejected as a spurious

development of it; and that its founders should be solemnly denounced as schismatics and enthusiasts.

"Or, *secondly*, that neither Christianity nor Methodism being true in its own sense; but both true in the much abated sense of the recent spiritualizing philosophy, therefore while both alike may claim some kindly regard, neither of them is entitled to any submission.

"Or, *thirdly*, that Christianity being true, without abatement, in its own sense, Methodism, as a genuine development of its principal elements, must be religiously regarded as such; while yet it may be open to exception on many grounds, as the product of minds more good and fervent than always well-ordered.

"This last supposition is then our ground; and in assuming it, while we use the liberty it allows, we yield without fear to the consequences it draws with it, be they what they may.

"These consequences are momentous; for we cannot allow Methodism to have been a genuine development of the principal elements of Christianity, without admitting it to take a prominent place in that providential system which embraces all time, and which, from age to age, has, with increasing clearness, been unfolding itself, and becoming cognizable by the human mind. So far as Methodism truly held forth Christianity, it was a signal holding of it forth; for a more marked utterance of the Gospel has occurred only once before in the lapse of eighteen centuries; and that, at the REFORMATION, was not less disparaged than this is by a large admixture of the errors and inconsistencies of its movers or adherents.

"Christianity, given to the world at once in the ministry and writings of the Apostles, has, from the first moment to this, held its onward course under a system of administration inscrutable indeed as a whole, or as to its reasons, and yet not entirely occult. On the contrary, at moments, Heaven's economy has seemed to receive a bright beam, as through a dense cloud, making conspicuous, if not the *motives* of the Divine government, yet the fact. The Reformation is held by Protestants to have been such a manifestation of the providence of God in restoring the Gospel, and in proclaiming it anew among the nations; and thus the events of the sixteenth century brought out to view that which is always *real*, whether visible or not—namely, a divine interposition—maintaining truth in the world, and giving it a fresh expansion from time to time. In perfect analogy with the events of the Reformation were those which attended the rise and progress of Methodism.

"What may be the relative value or importance of these two courses of events is not a question we are now concerned with; and it may easily be allowed that the former surpassed the latter in importance; but that the one, as well as the other, was a marked development of the scheme which is moving forward toward the subjugation of the human family to the Gospel, is here confidently maintained."—Pp. 9-11.

Since methodism has been so highly honoured, and has been the means of accomplishing so much good, it becomes important

to inquire what were the peculiar features or elements of the system to which, under God, its efficacy and success are to be ascribed. These subjects Mr. Taylor discusses in the second and third parts of his work. Methodism may be regarded, 1*st*, as a mode of preaching the gospel, or of teaching Christianity; and 2*d*, as a scheme of organization for training men to the successful prosecution of all Christian objects. Its peculiarities, in the first of these aspects, are set forth under the head of "the Substance of Methodism," and in the second, under the head of "the Form of (Wesleyan) Methodism."

"Methodism," as Mr. Taylor says, "was not a new theology or a polemical affirmation of dogmas contravening, or adding to, that system of belief which had been embodied two centuries before, in the articles and confessions of the several Protestant churches." Whitefield was a Calvinist. Wesley was an Arminian, and his followers, comprehending the great majority of those who, down to the present day, have ranked under the name of Methodists, have adhered to his theological system. Mr. Taylor does not enter into any details upon theological subjects, though he indicates plainly enough that he is fully alive to the superficial and inconsistent character of Wesley's theology. In the history of theology as a science, or as a system of doctrines, Methodism does not occupy a place of much importance. The controversies to which in this aspect it gave rise, turned almost wholly upon the questions which had been long discussed between Calvinists and Arminians, and discussed on both sides by far greater men than any whose efforts were called forth upon that occasion. Neither Wesley and Fletcher who defended Arminianism, nor Hill and Toplady who assailed it, were capable of making any valuable additions to what had been produced upon both sides of this controversy by the great divines of the seventeenth century.

In a theological point of view, the only question of much interest raised by the history of Methodism, is this, whether it be possible for a large body of men to maintain for a length of time a profession of Evangelical Arminianism, as distinguished from Calvinism on the one hand, and from Pelagian Arminianism on the other. The Arminianism of Wesley is essentially different in its substance, as well as in its spirit, from that generally professed by the Church of England divines of last century, the divines of the school of Whitby and Tomline. Wesley's theological views coincided in almost every particular with those of Arminius himself. The theological system of these two eminent men comprehended the doctrines which have been usually regarded by Calvinists as taught in Scripture, concerning the entire depravity of man's moral nature, regeneration and sanctifica-

tion by the Holy Ghost, and gratuitous justification by faith alone. But though these doctrines were maintained by Arminius, they were generally rejected by his immediate followers, and they have been commonly denied, or very much explained away, by the Arminians of the Church of England, who have usually embraced the theological system of Episcopius, Curcellaeus, and Limborch. The general idea of Arminianism, as developed in the history of theology, is, that it implies a maintenance of the doctrines of the divinity and atonement of our Saviour, in opposition to the Socinians, and a denial of the peculiar doctrines of Calvinism, in regard to absolute election to eternal life, insuperable grace in conversion, and the certain perseverance of believers. But there is a very marked distinction between two different classes of divines—to whom in common this general description applies, and who may all in consequence be correctly enough called Arminians—according as they adopt Calvinistic or Pelagian views with respect to original sin, regeneration, and justification. This distinction is so important that it ought never to be lost sight of, and it is commonly, and accurately enough for practical purposes, expressed by calling the one class Evangelical, and the other Pelagian Arminians. The doctrines held in common by Calvinists and Evangelical Arminians, with respect to original sin, regeneration, and justification, may be said to constitute, along with those of the divinity and atonement of our Saviour, the fundamental and most essential principles of the scheme of revealed truth. It can scarcely be disputed that these doctrines occupy a higher platform in the Scriptural system of truth, than the peculiarities of Calvinism. But we think it can be proved, that the doctrines by which Evangelical are distinguished from Pelagian Arminians, can be held *consistently* by none but Calvinists, and it is on this ground that we are constrained to regard the theology of Wesley as superficial and inconsistent. The sounder and more Scriptural the views of Arminians are in regard to original sin and regeneration, the more inconsistent does their scheme of doctrine become; and the more easy is it to shew, that if they would fully and consistently follow out their own principles, they must admit all the peculiarities of Calvinism. Arminianism is essentially a system of compromise. Evangelical Arminians ought in consistency to be Calvinists, and Pelagian Arminians ought in consistency to be Socinians. We reckon it a thing greatly to be deplored, that Wesley was led to misapprehend and to reject Calvinism; and we regard it as an unspeakable blessing to the world, that he was led to adopt and to preach the views which have been generally held by Calvinists with respect to original sin and regeneration, and that these views are still faithfully proclaimed by all his followers.

Pelagian Arminians have never been honoured by the head of the Church in promoting the spiritual welfare of their fellow-men, and this reason is obvious, because they reject or disregard the most fundamental doctrines of the scheme of truth which has been revealed to us for our salvation. Even the doctrines of the divinity and atonement of our Saviour, though professedly held by them, are practically disregarded or left out, and exert scarcely an influence upon their ordinary presentation of Christian truth for the personal instruction of men. It is far otherwise with the Anti-Pelagian or Evangelical Arminians of the school of Arminius and Wesley. Not only do they treat the doctrines of the divinity and atonement of Christ as real and vitally important truths, but they proclaim views which are in substantial accordance with the Word of God, with regard to the moral state and condition of man by nature, the ground on which men receive forgiveness and acceptance, and the process and the agency by which they are restored to conformity to the divine image. On all these subjects, and they are the most important which are brought before us in the Sacred Scriptures, Wesley and his followers have always inculcated views which Calvinists admit to be accordant with divine revelation, and it is because they faithfully and earnestly proclaimed these, the most fundamental of all truths, that they have been honoured with such undoubted and extensive usefulness in promoting the spiritual welfare of their fellow-men. Of course, we believe that the extraordinary success of Wesley and his followers was vouchsafed to them, not because of their Arminianism, but in spite of it; but no reasonable and intelligent Calvinist, who is competently acquainted with the practical results of Wesleyan preaching and effort in England, in the United States, and in heathen lands, will have any hesitation in applying to this great movement the general principle indicated in the statement of the Apostle Peter. (Acts xv. 8, 9.) "God which knoweth the hearts bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as unto us; and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith."

We have said that the most interesting question of a theological kind, suggested by Wesleyan Methodism, respects the probable permanence, or lengthened duration, of its peculiar system of doctrine. Evangelical Arminianism we hold to be an inconsistency, and on this general ground we think it improbable that it should be maintained in purity by any church or community for a succession of generations. According as a deep and vivid sense of religion has flourished or decayed among Arminians, their opinions should tend, and in the past history of the Church ordinarily have tended, either towards Calvinism or Pelagianism. The immediate followers and personal associates

of Arminius, sunk greatly below their master, in the scale both of piety and of orthodoxy, and Arminianism has too generally exhibited this tendency. Nothing siniliar to this, however, has yet occurred in the history of Wesleyan Methodism. Wesley's Evangelical Arminianism, as well as his zealous and devoted piety, has continued unchanged among his followers, down to the present day. This is an unusual, if not an unprecedented spectacle in the history of theology, and we cannot but contemplate it with a feeling of deep interest and satisfaction. But we cannot persuade ourselves that this state of things will last. The influences that tend to bring it to a termination, are, we think, too powerful to be permanently counteracted. If deep and vital piety should continue to flourish among the Methodists, as we believe it has hitherto done, they can scarcely fail to approximate to a more consistent view of the scheme of revealed truth, and to abandon their strong prejudices against the peculiarities of Calvinism. If true personal religion should generally decay among them, then they will infallibly, in spite of every precaution, and of all the legal restraints to which their founder by his "Deed of Declaration" has subjected them, sink down into Pelagianism.

But though there was nothing new in the substance of Methodist theology, there was much that was rare and peculiar in the spirit of the men who preached it, and in the special objects to which they applied it. This Mr. Taylor develops under the head of the Substance of Methodism. He illustrates here what he calls the four "Elements of Methodism," viz., 1. The waking up in men's minds of a vivid sense of their relationship individually to God and eternity; 2. Of a consciousness of the relationship of God the father of spirits to the individual spirit; 3. A vivid presentation of a personal redeemer as an all-sufficient Saviour; and 4. Evangelic philanthropy. In the illustration of these four elements of Methodism, there is much that is true and beautiful, and well fitted to be useful to those who are called upon to apply Christian truth for the benefit of others. Some of the statements contained in this part of the work are perhaps rather vague and indefinite, and they have not suggested to us any particular topics for comment or animadversion, but we would strongly recommend it to the careful perusal of all who are engaged in the work of the ministry, or preparing for entering upon its duties.

There was one feature in the preaching and labours of Wesley and his associates, to which Mr. Taylor has not prominently directed attention, but which eminently characterized them, as indeed it has done all successful Ministers of the Gospel; we mean, a deep and constant realization of the great end of preach-

ing and the ministry, producing a real and earnest desire to accomplish this end, and a confident expectation of seeing it effected as the result of their labours. Ministers are exposed to the temptation, and too often yield to it, of coming greatly short in preserving this state of mind and feeling. They frequently fall into the habit of preaching as if it were a mere duty which they must discharge because it is incumbent upon them, with a view chiefly, if not exclusively, to the exoneration of their own conscience, while they have scarcely anything like a real active desire, or confident expectation, that sinners should be converted by the truths which they proclaim, and manifest little anxiety about the visible fruits of their labours. It was not so with Whitefield, Wesley, and their associates. They had devoted themselves wholly and unreservedly to the great work of the conversion of sinners, they made this the real business of their lives, they adopted the means best fitted as means to effect it, they used these means with unwearied activity, and then confidently expected, what they supremely desired, that men through their instrumentality should be turned from darkness to light. This is the spirit by which the preachers of the gospel ought to be ever animated. It eminently distinguished the founders of Methodism, and this was undoubtedly one leading element of their success.

The third part of Mr. Taylor's Work is devoted to an exposition of "the form of Wesleyan Methodism," and this is done under four divisions, in which it is considered, 1. As a scheme of evangelical aggression; 2. As a system of religious discipline and instruction as towards the people; 3. As a hierarchy, or system of spiritual government; and 4. As an establishment, or body corporate related to civil law and equity.

While the preceding part of the work contains much matter admirably fitted to be useful to ministers of the gospel individually, especially with reference to the function of preaching, this part contains much that is fitted to afford valuable instruction to churches or Christian societies, with reference to their constitutional organization, and their arrangements for prosecuting Christian objects. Under the first of these heads, the procedure of the founders of Methodism is set forth chiefly as an example which it would be well for ministers to imitate. Under the second, while there is something brought forward for imitation, there is much also that is fitted to operate as a warning.

The leading topics discussed in this third part, are, itinerancy in the ministry, class meetings, the relation of Wesleyanism to right principles of church organization, and the legal restraints which Wesley imposed permanently upon the society which he founded. These subjects are all treated with great philosophic

discrimination—with much soundness and accuracy of judgment—and, so far as we can judge, with much fairness and impartiality of spirit.

On the important subject of an itinerant as compared with a fixed ministry, Mr. Taylor is of opinion, that an itinerant ministry was a matter of necessity in the circumstances in which Methodism commenced, that it contributed greatly to diffuse and strengthen the Methodistic movement, that it has some advantages as compared with a fixed ministry, that it may almost always be employed with benefit as a supplement to a more permanent arrangement, that when so employed it should be exercised by the most eminent men the body can furnish, but, that in general, in all ordinary circumstances, and with reference to the community at large, the advantages of a fixed ministry, of a body of men who are truly and permanently pastors of flocks, greatly preponderate. The following extract brings out some of Mr. Taylor's leading views on this topic. It is rather long, but the subject of which it treats is very interesting and important, the views it represents are, we think, very wise and judicious, and they are developed with much beauty and eloquence.

" Any one who, endowed with some natural faculty and fluency of utterance, has made the experiment, will have found it far from difficult to acquire the power of continuous and pertinent speaking, upon familiar topics—especially upon religious topics—and so to hold out for a thirty or forty minutes, or more; and if this habit of speaking be well husbanded, and kept always within the safe enclosures of conventional phrases, and of authenticated modes of thinking, this preacher may be always ready to ascend the pulpit—in season and out of season. His sermon, or his set of discourses, is, in fact, the glib run of the mental associations upon worn tracks—this way or that, as the mind may chance to take its start from a given text.

" This sort of mindless facility of speaking proves a sore temptation to many a located minister; and its consequence is to leave many a congregation sitting, from year to year, deep in a quagmire. Better than this, undoubtedly, would be itinerancy,—far better is a frequent shifting of monotonies, than a fixedness of the same. But such an admission will not avail to establish the principle that this shifting system is in itself good; or that it ought to be regarded in any other light than as a necessary expedient, allowed under peculiar circumstances, or, (which would be far better, and *indeed* good,) as a method, or system, supplementary to a located ministry. Thus used, and put in act, as we have already ventured to say, by the most accomplished and highly reputed ministers of a Church—by its chiefs and its doctors, everything that is auspicious might be looked for as its consequence.

" This, however, is *not* the Wesleyan itinerancy,—it is not as thus

equipped that the Founder sent forth his ship upon its transit of the great deep,—his preachers were, all of them, to be itinerants; and as movement was the law of his own existence, bodily and spiritual, so —this manifestly was his feeling—must perpetual movement be the law and the practice of his Institute; but if so, then must we not accept the double conclusion that Wesleyanism is an economy for a time; and that the Christianity it teaches will always be immature and superficial, precisely defined—not merely in a horizontal direction, that is to say, as to its bordering upon other systems—but not less sharply shaped *beneath* and *above*, or toward those heights and depths which it is the part of devout meditation to explore.

"When, as we have now done, the whole amount of its probable, or even possible advantages, are freely allowed as the recommendations of an itinerating ministry, liberty may fairly be taken for placing these advantages in contrast with those of a settled or located ministry. We must not be told, to deter us from attempting such a comparison, that these happy and important results of a fixed pastoral residence are far from being uniformly realized: does an itinerant ministry always, or in a larger proportion of instances, reach its own point of ideal perfection?

"The permanently located Christian minister, if he be not broken down by over much pastoral labour, and if conscientious in the devotion of his whole energies and time to his high calling, will, in the first place, find leisure, more or less, for perpetually extending, and for *retaining* also, his acquisitions as a Biblical expositor, and for availing himself continually of that influx of critical apparatus which, from year to year, is laid at his feet by the unwearied industry of accomplished scholars—German especially. If *this* advantage may now, by some, be set at a low price, the time is coming which will teach the rising ministry a serious lesson, on this ground, and will convince them that any such disparaging opinion of Biblical accomplishments involves nothing less than a fatal inobservance of the present tendencies of opinion.

"Grant it, that signal industry and an unquenchable thirst of knowledge, may enable an *errant* biblical scholar to prosecute his studies; but, man for man, taken alike, has not the resident scholar, with his own treasures—his Lexicons and his Commentaries, and his idolized folios, in their own places, on their own shelves, in his little study—the blessed place of his converse with all minds and with heaven—has not this settled minister and student an advantage which his brother, the like-minded itinerant preacher, will sigh to enjoy?

"Yet this is only the beginning, only the preparation—only the apparatus of a full ministerial acquaintedness with those inexhaustible treasures of thought which invite our advance when the Book of God opens before us the portals of eternity! Even if it might be alleged concerning any passing period of time, that habits of profound meditation are rarely cherished, and that, at any such time, the pulpit does not give evidence leading the reflective hearer to suppose that a soul-deep communion with that which is unseen and eternal has much been

sought after, or has actually been enjoyed by preachers; even should it be so, it will remain certain that a life of intense meditation, grounding itself upon an exact biblical scholarship, and observant always of the *written* revelation, that a life of *heart-thoughtfulness*, a life the product and issues of which will impart force and freshness to public services, and will supply nourishment to hungry souls—such a life of industrious biblical rumination can scarcely be possible, except under the conditions of a tranquil ministerial fixedness. If ever again the habit of counting the days of the week until Sunday comes, is to grow up in congregations, (not a giddy eagerness for the intellectual luxury of a fine sermon,) if sermons are to be remembered beyond the moment when the foot reaches the last step at the church-doors, if it is to be thus with us, preachers must not be those who shall have it to say, at the close of a weary life of labour, that, in the service of the Gospel, they have travelled half a million of miles!

"But the people, if indeed they are to know what that store of blessings is which Christianity holds ready to bestow upon themselves and upon their families, must have near them always, not preachers merely, but pastors; and if the man of incessant journeyings may become a pastor, such as the people need, then also may oaks, in full growth, be had from a nursery ground, and set down before your window. We must have been used to trifle with our own souls, and we must have become regardless of the spiritual welfare of our families, children, and servants, if we have not often desired those influences, for ourselves and for them, which a Christian minister, not a sermon-maker, but a pastor, may shed around him. But shall he do this who has been 'two years on our station,' and who will be gone the next, and who, while he stays, is called upon to despatch countless public services, and to rid himself well of a thousand formalities of office? This will not be: 'Do men gather grapes of thistles?' The vine, laden with ripened clusters, is a plant that loves its own spot, clings to its wonted holdings, sends its fibres throughout its own plot of soil, and may not be torn up, and set elsewhere: the vine draws its sap from the ground it knows, and yields its juices to those who keep it.

"What we are now thinking of, as the fruit, the fruit most of all precious, of the pastoral office, when sustained through a course of years by a resident minister, is not the frequency of domiciliary religious visits in the families of his congregation, nor the pointedness, the fervour, the faithfulness of those instructions which this shepherd of his flock may address to assembled families, or to youths in vestry classes; it is not that species of service which may be acquitted in so many hours of each week, and which may be duly entered in the columns of a register; it is not this, but it is that which, beyond every other means of religious influence, and beyond all other means put together, is felt and known to be effective in diffusing a Christian temper, and in securing Christian conduct, within the circle where it is found. It is the exhibition, from year to year, of fervent consistent piety, in its aspects of wisdom, meekness, self-command, devotedness, in the person of the loved and revered father of his congregation—the man

who is greeted on the threshold of every house by the children, and whose hand is seized as a prize by whoever can first win it—the man who is always first thought of in the hour of domestic dismay or anguish—the man whose saddened countenance, when he must administer rebuke, inflicts a pain upon the guilty, the mere thought of which avails for much in the hour of temptation. It is the pastor, an affection for whom has, in the lapse of years, become the characteristic feature of a neighbourhood, and the bond of love among those who, otherwise, would not have had one feeling in common.

"If it be said, pastors such as this are not found on every side among resident ministers, we grant it; yet some such, in their various degrees of excellence, *are* found, and may always be found within a Church which fixes its ministers in their spheres; but it is not within the range of possibility that Christian eminence *of this species* can be nurtured, or can find its field of exercise under the stern and ungenial conditions of an itinerant ministry.

"May we not safely adopt aphorisms such as these: First, where there is no itinerancy, there will be no aggression on the irreligious masses, no wide spread of the Gospel; and again, this,—where there are no resident pastors, there will be no CHURCH, no deep-seated Christian love, little diffused reverence, little domestic piety, and much more reliance will be placed upon means of excitement than upon means of influence; regulations, established orders, conventional usages, will take their course, but those impulses and motives which supersede law will scarcely be known."—Pp. 239–245.

One important question discussed under this head, and frequently adverted to in the course of the volume, is the probable permanence of the Wesleyan Institute. Mr. Taylor is very decidedly of opinion that Methodism, in the form which Wesley gave it, and which it still bears, is not fitted or destined for permanence. In this conclusion we feel ourselves irresistibly constrained to concur with him; while, at the same time, we can cordially sympathize in the feelings with which he contemplates the prospect of its probable dissolution.

"If, in fact, a free and unprejudiced criticism of the Wesleyan Church system should seem to issue in throwing a shade of doubt upon the perpetuity of the body, in its actual integrity, and present form, the writer must take his place among those who would entertain any such forebodings with extreme reluctance, and would witness the fulfilment of them with a lively and profound regret. One must be strangely insensible toward that which touches the most momentous interests of mankind, and be accustomed to regard the wellbeing of our fellow-men under the very narrowest aspects, not to be dismayed at the thought of the breaking up, the suspension, or the alienation, of those means of good which, up to this time, have been effective to an incalculable extent toward millions of men. How can a Christian-hearted man take his course, on a Sunday morning, through the streets of a manufacturing town, and not fervently desire the undamaged

continuance, and the further extension, of Wesleyan Methodism?"—Pp. 204, 205.

Ever since we became acquainted with the constitution of Wesleyanism, we have been convinced that, notwithstanding all the extraordinary skill with which it was organized, and the great apparent compactness which it has exhibited, it would not last for any great length of time without being remodelled; and we have been much interested in finding some vague notions upon this subject, which had long floated in our minds, brought out by Mr. Taylor with admirable wisdom and eloquence. The main grounds on which we have been shut up to the conclusion that Methodism, in the form which Wesley impressed upon it, will not have a very lengthened existence, are these:—1*st*, The inconsistent character of its theological system, a point on which we have already dwelt at as great length as our limits admit of. 2*d*, The want of a fixed ministry. An itinerant ministry, however well adapted to certain conditions of society, and however valuable as an appendage to a different system, tends powerfully, as we think Mr. Taylor has shewn, to a position of inferiority to a fixed ministry of regular pastors,—inferiority in several respects, fitted to co-operate with other obvious results of itinerancy, in diminishing the influence of the system to which it attaches, and undermining its hold of men's minds in a country such as ours now is. We can scarcely conceive of the possibility of an itinerant ministry keeping possession permanently, or for a succession of many generations, of a large community in a civilized and peaceful country. The principles of human nature seem to preclude this; and we know of nothing, either in the authoritative constitution of the Christian Church, or in the general obligation to promote Christian objects according to circumstances and by all lawful means, that warrants or requires us to aim at resisting and counteracting, in this respect, the tendencies of natural principles and social influences. Wesley, in his Deed of Declaration, has strictly tied down the Conference, to appoint no minister to officiate in any one of the chapels of the connexion for more than three years successively, and this provision seems to have been regarded by some of the ablest of his successors as of very doubtful wisdom, so far as concerns the permanence of the body. This feeling is, we think, intimated, not very obscurely, in the following extract from Watson's Life of Wesley, chap. xii.:—"In this important and wise settlement of the government of the connexion by its founder, there appears but one regulation which seems to controvert the leading maxim which he had always respect, viz., to be guided by circumstances in matters not determined by some great principle. I

allude to the proviso which obliges the Conference not to appoint any preacher to the same chapel for more than three years successively, *thus binding an itinerant ministry upon the societies for ever.* Whether this system of changing ministers be essential to the spiritual interests of the body or not, or whether it might not be usefully modified, will be matters of opinion; but the point ought, perhaps, to have been left more at liberty." (Watson's Works, vol. v. p. 260.)

3*d*, The leading ground on which Mr. Taylor bases his conviction that Wesleyan Methodism, in its present form, will not have a very protracted existence, is embodied in the position, that it is not, in its constitution and arrangements, *a church.* We believe this position to be true in itself, and quite adequate to support the conclusion which Mr. Taylor deduces from it. This position, as maintained by Mr. Taylor and ourselves, is of course essentially different, in the meaning attached to it, in the grounds on which it is based, and in the spirit in which it is advocated, from the common unchurching doctrine of Romanists and High Churchmen. The principle of these men is, that a church consists of, or at least is constituted and characterized by, its office-bearers, and that no society is entitled to the name of a church unless it has a threefold order of office-bearers, bishops, priests, and deacons, all deriving their official authority by an unbroken series of ordinations from the Apostles. With these views we have no sympathy. We believe them to be inconsistent with the doctrines of Scripture, the dictates of common sense, the testimony of history, and the voice of experience. We are persuaded that Wesley and his successors, the Wesleyan ministers of our own day, are just as fully authorized to preach the Word, and to administer the sacraments, as any other ecclesiastical functionaries in Great Britain. We believe that Wesley was as well entitled to make bishops as Luther was, and that the men whom the Methodist and his associates appointed in that character for the United States, were just as good bishops as those whom the Reformer and his friends appointed for Denmark. Mr. Taylor, indeed, in a striking and important passage, adduces the case of Methodism as conclusively fatal to the High Church view of Prelacy and apostolical succession.

"Yet there is one plea on the ground of which, if it be valid, the Methodistic company might be cast down from the place of honour which is now claimed for it. This ground of exception is that occupied by those who, with strictness and consistency, hold the doctrine that, apart from the line of episcopal ordination, unbroken in its descent, there is and can be no Church, no ministry, no sacraments, no salvation. It is much to be desired that those who profess thus to think would take up the case of Methodism, and deal with it thorough-

ly, flinching from no consequences toward which their theory may lead them. The instance is every way well adapted to such a purpose; nor does it offer any colour of evasion, nor admit of any way of escape from the one conclusion which the premises demand, if those premises be valid. The conditions of this very definite case preclude an evasive reply, such as this—'We cannot tell whether Methodism was from Heaven or of men.' Neither Wesley's episcopal ordination, nor Whitefield's, could, on the ground of the 'historic succession,' carry with it a power of ordination; and certainly it could not excuse or palliate their insubordination, as presbyters of the established Church. It is not as if Methodism had sprung up in some remote quarter of Christendom, where it could not have connected itself with the Apostolic line, or where ignorance, on questions of this sort was involuntary. Nor is it as if Methodism had been a revival, taking place within a body which claimed for its ministry a high ecclesiastical ancestry, so that its original irregularity was shrouded by the mists of centuries. Methodism took its rise in the very bosom of the Apostolic succession; and it was carried forward by men who were fully informed as to all subjects bearing upon the course which they pursued. The offence—if an offence—was committed in broad day, by men with their eyes open; and these men had cut themselves off from the benefit of pleading an abstract conscientious opinion, analogous to that of the Presbyterians or Independents: they declared themselves Churchmen and Episcopalians.

"On every side, therefore, this Methodistic problem is clearly defined; and the more we think of it, the more exempt will it seem from ambiguities, or ways of escape. No one who is accustomed to pursue principles with logical severity into their consequences, will deny that the Apostolic-succession theory, such as it has been enunciated and defined of late, must either break itself upon Methodism, or must consign Methodism and its millions of souls to perdition, in as peremptory a manner as that in which the Church of Rome fixes its anathema upon heretical nations.

"No doubt there are more than a few sincere, seriously-minded, and kind-tempered persons, holding this theory, who would find themselves wanting in the nerve and hardihood required of them, on an occasion like this, when challenged, by the clearest rule of consistency, to take their places, as spectators, while men, such as Wesley, Whitefield, Fletcher, with millions of their proselytes and spiritual progeny, are to be sent down alive into the pit! The one precise ground of this auto de fé should not be lost sight of. Let it be stated:—the Methodistic preachers, even if they held some questionable subsidiary notions, yet professed, in the most decisive terms, their adherence to the doctrine of the Three Creeds: therefore they were not heretics. They declared their approval of the Thirty-Nine Articles: they threw themselves upon the Book of Homilies: they frequented the liturgical worship of the Church; they partook of its sacraments; they acknowledged its orders.

"It can never be thought a Christian-like act to consign masses of

men to perdition on the mere charge of enthusiasm, or of some extravagance in behaviour. As to the general good conduct of the Methodistic converts, it is not pretended that it was not fully equal to that of other men—reputed Christians. Nevertheless, there remains this one ground of exception against the Methodistic body, which the Apostolic-succession theory brings forward, and which it must continue to bring forward and insist upon. Whoever, while he holds this theory, flies off from its application in a case so flagrant and so thoroughly unambiguous as this, implicates himself in the sin of schism, and comes within range of that anathema to which he has not the conscience and the courage to respond."—Pp. 132-134.

We have expressed our conviction that the present Wesleyan ministers are as fully authorized to preach the word, and to administer the Sacraments, as any ecclesiastical functionaries in this country. This, however, is ascribing to them merely the power of order (*potestas ordinis*), which does not include the whole of the power or authority usually ascribed to ministers, even in the limited and strictly guarded sense, in which alone true Protestants concede power or authority to ecclesiastical office-bearers. There is, in addition to this, the power of jurisdiction (*potestas jurisdictionis*). This implies the right of exercising a certain limited and ministerial, *i.e.*, not lordly, authority over a certain flock or society of professing Christians. From the way in which Wesleyan ministers are appointed to their stations, *i.e.*, merely by the authority of the Conference, there might be reasonable ground for doubting, whether they legitimately possess a power of jurisdiction over the societies they superintend. The principle on which this doubt might rest is, that there is good ground for maintaining the position, that ecclesiastical office-bearers have no legitimate right to exercise any authority over a particular Christian flock or society, unless that flock or society has consented to the formation of that relation between the parties, on which the right to exercise authority is based. This position has been conceded by some of the most distinguished defenders of the Church of England. Thus Hooker says, (Eccles. Pol., B. VII., Sect. 14), "The power of order I may lawfully receive without asking leave of any multitude, but that power I cannot exercise upon any one certain people utterly against their wills." If this principle be true, as we think it is, it ought to be carried into effect, and the only reasonable and honest provision for carrying it into effect, is to make the consent of the Christian flock or society an indispensable preliminary to a minister exercising any pastoral authority over them. It is true that Wesleyan preachers usually assume the character rather of evangelists or missionaries, than of pastors properly so called. But it is also true, that they are really the bishops or overseers of Christian societies, and that they claim and

exercise over these societies all the legitimate authority of pastors, not only preaching the word and administering the Sacraments, but exercising discipline, or admitting to, and excluding from, the society and its privileges. Hooker's principle, therefore, is applicable to them, and there is nearly as much difficulty in shewing that it does apply to them, as in shewing that it applies to the clergy of the Church of England. The way in which Hooker gets over the difficulty, as applicable to the Church of England, is sufficiently amusing and ridiculous. It is, that the people's "ancient and original interest (in the appointment of their pastors), hath been, by orderly means, derived unto the patron, who chooseth for them." We do not know whether our Wesleyan friends would be disposed to substitute the Conference for the patron, and to allege that the people's "ancient and original interest" in this matter "hath been by orderly means derived unto" that body, "who chooseth for them." But we think a much more plausible defence of the position, both of Anglican and Wesleyan ministers, is to be found in the consideration, that in many cases the people, though their consent was not asked beforehand, as it should have been, have virtually and practically consented afterwards to their exercising pastoral authority. This is, of course, a very defective and unsound state of matters constitutionally. But the consideration we have stated is sufficient, in the case of the Wesleyans generally, and of *some* ministers of the Church of England, to save us from the necessity of denying the validity of their right to exercise pastoral authority over the Christian societies which they superintend.

We may admit, then, that Wesleyan ministers are legally entitled to exercise the power of jurisdiction as well as the power of order, to exercise ecclesiastical discipline, as well as to preach the word and to administer the Sacraments. We admit also, that Wesleyan societies fulfil the scriptural and Protestant definition of "the visible Church of Christ," as given in the 19th Article of the Church of England—viz., "A congregation of faithful men in the which the pure word of God is preached, and the Sacraments be duly administered according to Christ's ordinance;" and that, of course, they are fully entitled to the character, and to all the ordinary rights and privileges, of Churches. As we have no hesitation in making these admissions, it can be only in a very limited and peculiar sense that we adopt Mr. Taylor's position, that Wesleyan Methodism is *not* a Church. He, too, would concur in these admissions, and he denies to them the character of a Church, only in the very limited and peculiar sense that is consistent with them.

In explaining this point, we do not need to refer to the question, which has been so largely discussed between Romanists

and High Church Prelatists, on the one side, and true Protestants on the other, as to what is the proper scriptural definition or description of the Church, for we have already admitted that, tried by this standard, Wesleyan preachers and societies are entitled to all the rights and privileges of Ministers and Churches. We have to refer merely to Wesley's leading object in constructing his Institute, to the position which he wished it to occupy in relation to the Church of England, and to some features of the formal organization which these causes impressed upon it, and which it still retains. It is certain that Wesley originally did not wish or intend his Institute to be a distinct Church, but merely a supplement or appendage to the Church of England, and that he was led on gradually by unforeseen circumstances, especially by his extraordinary success, and the violent opposition he met with from the Church, to modify his plans and arrangements. For a long time, even after the societies under his care had become very numerous, he would not allow his preachers to assemble their people during the ordinary hours of public worship on the Lord's day, and to the last, he refused to give to them a general permission to administer the Sacraments. The people who joined him he wished to remain still members of the Established Church, to attend upon her worship, and to receive sealing ordinances in her communion. This is the position still maintained by that section of his followers who call themselves Primitive Methodists. They continue to avow that they do not constitute a distinct Church, and maintain that they are members of the Church of England. Wesley's great object was "the conversion of the ungodly." His plans and arrangements were directed to the accomplishment of this object, and then to that of affording to those who joined his society, advantages for growing in grace, for adorning their profession, and for promoting the interests of religion, additional to those they might possess as members of the Church of England, and attenders upon her ordinances. He did not intend to form a distinct or separate Church, and, in point of fact, he did not do so. He does not seem to have ever reached any convictions, which appeared to him to make it men's duty to disapprove of the constitution of the Church of England, or to separate from her communion. He does not appear to have ever investigated the question—What is the scriptural constitution and organization of the Church? *with the view and for the purpose* of bringing the conclusions he might be led to form upon this subject, to bear upon the regulation of his own Institute. When the extraordinary success he met with in converting sinners, and in forming them into societies, suggested to him new plans and arrangements, he seems to have considered only, whether they were lawful in themselves and expedient at the time, without trying them

by any higher standard, or contemplating them in connexion with more permanent results. In this sense, Wesleyan Methodism, under its founder, was not a Church, and did not profess to be a Church, but only an Institute, regulated in its arrangements by present and temporary circumstances, and supplementary to the Church of England, for promoting the Christian good of the community.

We have no disposition to object to Wesley's plans and arrangements, on the ground that they are unwarrantable and incompetent, because not expressly sanctioned by Scripture, and all the less would we object to them on this ground, because he did not profess to be organizing a Church, according to the scriptural standard. We have somewhat higher views than Mr. Taylor seems to entertain, of the extent to which the constitution and organization of the Church are determined in Scripture, and made imperative upon Christians. But we have no sympathy with those whom he describes (p. 216) as entertaining "the belief, that no means or devices, intended for securing the maintenance of visible Christianity, or for effecting its spread, can be lawfully employed, other than those which are verbally and specially defined in the Scriptures." We can concur in the ridicule which he pours upon systems professedly based upon this principle, under the designation of "Text-made Churches," and "Churches of Texts," though really we are not aware that this belief has ever been professed to such an extent, or by such persons, as to make it worth while to expose it. The plans and arrangements of Wesley were, in their general character, quite warrantable and competent; and as he did not profess to proclaim or impose them as a part of the scripturally determined constitution of the Church, they ought to be judged of as human expedients, just by their apparent soundness and wisdom, by their fitness to promote, temporarily or permanently, the interests of true religion. Mr. Taylor has applied this test to them, and has shown, we think, in several important instances, that, however naturally they arose out of existing circumstances, however well fitted they might be to exert for a time a wholesome influence, they were not adapted for all times and conditions of society, and were not likely to take a permanent hold of the minds of men. Human wisdom is incompetent to devise permanent arrangements, adapted to all times and circumstances. Divine wisdom alone is adequate to this, and we enjoy the guidance of divine wisdom in this matter, only in so far as the constitution and arrangements of the Church or Christian society have been determined in Scripture, and in so far as we have rightly understood and applied the indications given us there of the way in which the Christian religion is to be promoted. This principle does not preclude

the adoption of many plans and arrangements of a subordinate character, which may seem fitted, at the time and in the circumstances, to operate beneficially. But these, of course, are the results merely of human wisdom, they are likely to partake largely of imperfection, and they are most unlikely to be fitted for permanence. Wesley did not profess to be organizing a Church upon a Scriptural basis. His Institute was the product of his own wisdom and sagacity, and must be subject to the fluctuations and instability of all merely human things. Independently of this general consideration, and independently of the actual over-sights and errors which Mr. Taylor has pointed out in some of Wesley's arrangements, we reckon it a sufficient proof that he had not wisdom and sagacity adequate to devise a permanent Institute, that, while he did not profess to be organizing a Church upon a Scriptural basis and in accordance with Scriptural directions, he adopted such stringent measures for giving it permanence by means of legal provisions, by subjecting the tenure of the whole property of the connexion to the perpetual maintenance of his own opinions and arrangements.

There have indeed been some changes introduced into Wesleyan Methodism since the death of its founder. These changes we believe to have been judicious and necessary. They have broken off the peculiar relation which Methodism occupied during Wesley's life to the Church of England, but they have not given it a full and proper Church organisation. The principal changes which have been introduced are, the general authority given to all Wesleyan preachers to administer the Sacraments, the practical extension of the authority, both in ecclesiastical and in secular matters, which Wesley vested in the "legal hundred," to all the ministers of the connexion, and the admission of laymen to a prominent and influential place, by means of committees, in the management of the financial affairs of the body. These changes were all good and right, and they have tended, we doubt not, to preserve Wesleyanism in vigour and efficiency till the present day. But though Wesleyanism has thus ceased to occupy the position of a mere supplement or appendage to the Church of England, and now supplies to its people all Church ordinances and privileges, it has not yet even professed to adopt a complete Church organisation. The Conference, in introducing these improvements, did not profess, any more than Wesley had done, to be following fully even what they themselves regarded as the intimations of Scripture, as to the way in which a Christian Church ought to be organized and regulated. Wesleyans of course believe that there is nothing in their arrangements which Scripture condemns, and nothing which is not warrantable, right, and useful. But, if we do not

greatly misunderstand the matter, they do not contend that Wesleyanism embodies all the principles and provisions which Scripture sanctions as applicable to a Church. Some leading Wesleyans have always, we believe, been Episcopalians in their theoretical views of Church government, and yet British Methodism has no prelates. They would probably allow the scriptural authority of the office of deacons, but they have no such functionaries. Some of them, we presume, would admit that the Christian people, by themselves or their representatives, had much more prominence and influence in the apostolic and primitive Churches, than they are allowed to have in Methodism. These different considerations seem to shew, that Wesleyanism, even yet, scarcely professes to be a scripturally-organized Church, and if so, it must be, in respect to its organisation, a device of human wisdom, and therefore not destined to perpetuity, not fitted for permanence.

In treating of Wesleyan Methodism "as a hierarchy or scheme of spiritual government," Mr. Taylor brings out some very important views in regard to the fundamental principle of the organisation, which vests the whole real control of the society in the ministers, and excludes the Christian people from any recognised or effective influence in the management of its affairs. We quite agree with him in thinking that such a constitutional arrangement is utterly indefensible in theory, and that, though it may be somewhat modified in practice, it must operate injuriously upon the permanent influence of the body. We believe this to be the most ominous feature in the constitution of Methodism, and we cannot but fear that, unless it be essentially modified, it will bring about its dissolution.

While we concur in the substance of Mr. Taylor's views upon this point as affecting Methodism, and think them deserving of serious consideration, we are somewhat surprised at his attempt to shew that the principles on which he condemns Methodism do not apply to the Church of England. He seems to think that that Church enjoys, in the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown, and in the control which Parliament and public opinion exercise over the regulation of its affairs, a very good substitute for the preserving and strengthening influence, which the position assigned to the Christian people in the Apostolic Church is fitted to exert. This is really too like Hooker's "derivation unto the patron by orderly means" of the people's "ancient and original interest" in the appointment of their pastors. The supremacy of the Crown, and the control of Parliament, cannot be said to form a constituent part of the constitution of the Anglican Establishment as a church; but rather to be accidents superinduced upon it, which the Church has submitted to from

necessity, rather than approved of from choice, and which those of its own members, who have had right notions of the principles by which a Christian church ought to be regulated, have regarded with jealousy and dislike. The proper ecclesiastical constitution of the Church of England as thoroughly excludes the Christian people from their rightful place, and as fully vests all ecclesiastical power in the clergy as Wesley's Deed of Declaration does. No real benefit can accrue to a church, as such, from the unwarrantable introduction of the Crown and the Parliament, as a compensation for the unwarrantable exclusion of the Christian people from the place they are entitled to occupy. These influences may have, in point of fact, contributed to strengthen and preserve the Church of England. But they could strengthen and preserve it, not as a church, but only as a great secular corporation. It is impossible that they can have contributed to strengthen its legitimate influence as a church, upon the understandings, the consciences, and the affections of Christian men.

We have now explained the peculiar and very limited sense in which we concur with Mr. Taylor in believing that Wesleyan Methodism is not a church; and the *only* inference we draw from this position is, that unless it be materially modified in its constitution and arrangements, it is not likely to have a very protracted existence. Indeed, we are of opinion generally, that Wesleyan Methodism bears about it all the marks of having been raised up in Providence to serve most important and useful purposes *for a time*, but that it does not exhibit indications of permanence, and that it carries within it the seeds of dissolution. We have the highest respect for the piety, the wisdom, and the ability of the venerable men who, in our own day, have chiefly regulated the administration of the affairs of Methodism. Their successors will have a difficult and perplexing part to act. We earnestly hope they may be wise men "who know the times, and what Israel ought to do."

The fourth and last part of Mr. Taylor's work is entitled "The Methodism of the time coming," or of the future; and he could not have given a more distinct intimation of the high place he assigns to Methodism as a great religious movement, than by describing under the name of a New Methodism, yet future, the mode of teaching Christianity, which he considers best adapted to maintain the cause of true religion against its now formidable enemies, Romanism or Ritualism, and Pantheism, and to revive and diffuse a deeper interest in divine things. Our space prevents us from considering the interesting subjects which are discussed under this head, or quoting any of the important views which are here enforced. We can only say that it presents some considerations well worthy of being seriously

pondered, concerning the strength and formidableness in the present day, of the two great adversaries of true Christianity, Romanism or Ritualism, and Pantheism, singly and in combination, and concerning the best way of preparing to encounter them. We meet, indeed, occasionally with a certain vagueness of statement which we find it rather difficult to penetrate, especially in regard to the character and amount of the changes which it will be necessary, in the coming generation, to introduce into the mode of representing, expounding, and applying Christian truth. Sometimes Mr. Taylor scouts the presumption and folly of expecting, that the friends of true Christianity are to resist their opponents and to revive and strengthen their cause, by getting up a new mode of explaining and applying Christian truth, more fully adapted than any that has yet been employed, to the tendencies and spirit of the age. And in all that he says to this effect we cordially concur. But sometimes he writes almost as if he thought that some new mode of representing Christianity was necessary and practicable. A deeper study of this part of Mr. Taylor's work might perhaps enable us to perceive the harmony of his statements upon this subject; but the harmonizing principle, if there be one, does not appear upon the surface, and certainly it has not occurred to us.

There is one view set forth by him in unfolding the Methodism of the future, which we believe to be very just and very important. It is in substance this, that the most essential objects to be aimed at in the training and preparing of ministers for the time coming, so far as concerns the furnishing of their understandings, are, that they should be thoroughly established in sound views of the Inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures, and then, should be fully equipped with everything that may be necessary for fitting them to prove against all gainsayers, that the doctrines which they inculcate upon men, are indeed sanctioned by the infallible standard of truth. This view, we think, pre-eminently deserving of the immediate and serious attention of all the Churches of Christ.

We have given, we fear, but a meagre view of the contents of this important and interesting work, and an inadequate impression of its value and excellence. But we have now only space again to commend it earnestly to the perusal and study of our readers.

We are delighted to learn from the preface to this work, that Mr. Taylor is preparing a similar one on the Non-Conformists of the past age. We trust he will ultimately embrace in his plan some of the other leading sections of the ecclesiastical world; for we are satisfied, that there is no living man who is better entitled and qualified to speak with authority and effect to the churches of our day.

ART. IX.—*Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education*—1850-51.

WE intend, in the present Article, to produce a novelty—an argument on the Educational question, without statistics and without an original scheme of National Education. Candid readers will, we doubt not, duly appreciate our consideration; more especially in the former portion of our pledge. We shall abstain from statistics; *first*, because we believe we can serve our present purpose without them; *secondly*, because we know of no statistical foundation which is not far too sandy for our building; and *thirdly*, because, if trustworthy statistics were to be found, they could not be exhibited within the compass, and consistently with the interest, of a short Article: they must either be selected and therefore imperfect and inaccurate, or else so full as to be tedious, so very well worth studying, that no one would have the patience to study them.

We have no great faith in figures, as bearing on the argument for or against a National system of education. By far the soundest are those contained in the Privy Council Minutes. As far as they go, we shall rely on their results, as having been well and impartially sifted. But they are gathered from a comparatively small number of the schools in Great Britain, and each Inspector obviously knows by personal observation little or nothing of the school-constellations which lie beyond the limits of his system, not to say beyond the reach of his own orbit. On the other hand, we do not need them. The broad facts, which are really important, lie on the surface, and literally he who runs may read, if he can but realize the fact that the proper subjects of education are not abstract boys and girls, ranged tabularly by scores and hundreds on paper, but living, playing, fighting, crying, ragged, dirty, godless, boys and girls, swarming unpicturesquely and quite irregularly, in the streets and alleys through which his daily calling may bid him run or walk. Here is an example in point. We read, not long ago, an article—one of many—in the *Leeds Mercury*, in which the editor endeavoured, and as far as we could see with complete success, to prove that in Leeds there were actually under education as large a proportion of the whole population as the most ardent philanthropist could claim;—nay, if memory do not deceive us, the proportion was a very little *exceeded*—there was rather more education in Leeds than philanthropy expected or desired! Statistics were triumphant. We walked, the same day, through some of the lower streets of Leeds. Schools were on every side of us, in full

operation. But, unshamed by arithmetic, children, in every sense uneducated, jostled us at every corner, and all too painfully asserted for themselves that existence as a class, which figures had triumphantly disproved. So it is everywhere. We are surrounded by palpable evidences of the fact that, from whatever cause, vast numbers of our nation are growing up unnurtured and untrained.

We need *more* education: we also need *better* education. For this, as for the former postulate, it is enough for us to appeal to general consent; the consent of those qualified to judge—Aristotle's φρόνιμοι or right-thinking men. Even here in Scotland, there are few such who will deny, even apart from reference to figures, that the old parochial system has not kept pace with the times—that what was good for the dull and docile days of our fathers is altogether insufficient for the restless spirit of our own.

There may, perhaps, be found, lingering in old manor-houses, or in grass-grown villages innocent of railways, some few admirers of the good old days of ignorance, who will admit all that we have assumed, and say, "So much the better, if only men would be content to let the venerable relics of pristine ignorance alone." There were many, in ancient days, who blamed Prometheus for his rash gift of heavenly fire. But with these we have nothing to do. They will not read what we write. The title of our article will be enough to scare them away.

Our ground is thus cleared by the assumption of these three postulates.—There is not enough of education.—There is too much of bad education.—There is great need of good education. In other words, many children are untaught, many more are very badly taught, all ought to be well taught.

There is a temptation to stop and moralize—to consider how it comes to pass that the world should, on this subject, have slept so long, and should at last, in this our day, be so suddenly wide awake. Few years have gone by since a practical zeal in popular education was enough to stamp any man as *eccentric*, an *enthusiast*, a sort of monomaniac. Now, it is in many circles, male and female, the fashion of the day; and, like other good things in fashion, incurs some risks from its very popularity. How comes this?

Again, what will come of all this? The progress of knowledge is hurrying us along a path of transition at a pace too rapid for accurate forecasting of its results. This only is clear, that many of the old bonds of society are relaxed and relaxing: we are quitting our traditionary mooring ground; shall we find, in untried waters, another anchorage as safe?

But we must not be beguiled into metaphysical politics. We are writing for that large class of readers who are not intimately

conversant with the actual state of the practical question, and who have lately found themselves in a manner compelled to form a judgment, with a very misty conception of what has been already done. Such persons form, we believe, even now, the majority of those by whom the question must ultimately be considered. And we have so strong a reliance on the common sense of the British people, that we look forward with no small eagerness to the time when the real state of the case being generally known, the people shall themselves be competent to pass their judgment upon it. Controversy will be cut short, when it is taken out of the hands of mere theorists.

Meanwhile, we are yet far from this auspicious resting-place. Nor do we aspire on this occasion to act as guides towards it. A humbler part will content us for the present—the part of a well-painted finger-post, pointing backward and forward, shewing where we are, whence we have come, which way we should go. Our aim is simply to describe, fully but briefly, the sort of work actually done in the last few years in the field of popular education—to view the contributions already made towards the rough materials of our future edifice.

Most persons are aware that, in the year 1846, important changes took place in the relations of Government to the cause of Popular Education. Up to that period, its functions had been confined to the administration of a very limited grant, applied chiefly in aid of the erection of school buildings, and to the institution of inquiries into the actual character of existing schools. Out of these inquiries, the present system has gradually arisen.

They brought to light facts too stubborn to be resisted, and too important to be passed by; year by year, accumulating evidence rivetted the conviction that school-building and school-supporting were nearly useless, until far more sufficient guarantees were provided for the *quality* of the instruction communicated. Sceptics, if any such there be, are referred for ample proof to the earlier volumes of the Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education, from 1840 to 1845.*

Yet it might have been long before this growing conviction bore its practical fruit, but for the presence at the Council-office of a most earnest and untiring friend of the cause in the person of the late Secretary of the Committee. To Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, then J. P. Kay, Esq., the country stands mainly indebted for the conception and organization of the present system. And, whatever defects may be found or imagined in its

* See especially the Minutes for 1844, vol. ii. Reports of Mr. Cook, Mr. Watkins, and Mr. Gordon.

machinery, and though many doubts and suspicions have from time to time assailed its author, it is a proud thought for him now in his retirement, that, if the Giant Idol, Ignorance, is to fall, he may boast of having thrown the first effectual stone against her. (See Mr. Watkins' Report for 1847. Min., vol. ii. pp. 209, 210.)

It would be unjust, at this point, to pass without notice, the famous pamphlet of Dr. Hook. His statistics were, no doubt, assailed with even more than the usual success in such warfare, and most of his suggestions have been superseded by the system introduced by Government in the course of the same year, 1846. But it would be difficult to overrate the effect produced on the minds of thoughtful Englishmen by the adhesion of so staunch a high-churchman to the cause of unrestricted education. A cloud of replies, vindications, and explanations, followed in the train of Dr. Hook's Letter to the Bishop of St. David's; most of them contained more or less of valuable matter; all of them served at least to prepare the way for the development of the Government scheme.*

Since 1846, besides building grants, the aid of the Committee of Council has been afforded towards the apprenticeship of pupil-teachers—the training of masters and mistresses—the augmentation of their salaries—and the purchase of school-books, fittings, and apparatus. It may perhaps give a livelier picture of the actual working of the scheme, in its bearing upon the improvement of the quality of education, and on the position of the schoolmasters, if we endeavour to follow the course of some one supposed recipient of aid, from the chrysalis state of the candidate for apprenticeship to the close of the first successful flight of the butterfly—the first year of prosperous management of a school.

Suppose us, then, *first*, in a quiet village school. There is a stranger there, eyed suspiciously from many quarters, with such looks as an inexperienced lamb might be supposed to cast, on its first introduction to the "collie," while yet uncertain of the nearness of his relationship to the wolf. The stranger is a Government Inspector of schools, one of the staff of *skilled labourers*, by whom the machine of education is worked. These gentlemen are appointed by the Queen on the nomination of the Lord President, but always with the concurrence of the proper representatives of the religious body to whose schools each Inspector is to be sent. Thus, for the Church of England, the assent of

* The most valuable, probably, of these pamphlets, was that entitled "Some Remarks" on Dr. Hook's Letter;—published anonymously, but known to be written by the Rev. C. Richson, the father (or foster-father) of the "Manchester Scheme" of the present day.

the Archbishop of the province is required; for the Established Church of Scotland, that of the General Assembly's Education Committee, and so on for each denomination.* Up to the present date, there have been appointed, for the Church of England, *twelve*, with two assistant Inspectors; for schools in England, not in connexion with the Established Church, *three;* for Scotland, *two;* and for the Roman Catholics of Great Britain, *one:* in all *eighteen*, besides the two assistants, exclusively of those employed in visiting workhouse schools in England and Wales.

Their original duty was that of simple inquiry into all points connected with school accommodation and instruction. It will be found fully detailed in the Minutes for 1839-40, p. 32, or on p. 27 of the semi-official pamphlet of 1847; "The School in its relation to the State, the Church, and the Congregation."† As the system advanced, however, the nature of the Inspectors' office was very materially modified. Every school receiving aid from Government in the shape of an annual grant depends, in great measure, on the Inspector's report, for each year's continuance of such aid. No money is ever paid till he has visited and reported; and if his report be unfavourable, it will in all probability be withheld. So that these officers now serve, not merely as the Council's *eyes*, by which they can look into every corner of the land, but in a certain indirect and figurative sense as its *hands* also, through which it dispenses its pecuniary bounty. We say *indirectly;* for, strictly speaking, the Inspector has still no power but that of observing and reporting what he sees. Only, his opinion—formerly a *naked* voice—is now armed with certain golden arguments, very potent in their persuasiveness.

The time has nearly passed away when this office was regarded with jealousy. All the older discussions,—by which we mean those of ten years' date, (opinions on this subject have but a short season of youth)—are strongly marked by deep-rooted suspicions of the purpose and tendency of the interference of the State. Churchmen of every shade, voluntaries of every hue, bristled up in self-defence; zeal and earnestness, as well as pride and prejudice, standing erect, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." The waters were scarcely hushed after the storm raised by Sir James Graham's bill: the heavy ground-swell shook with no gentle violence the good ship "Popular Education." But the ship rode bravely, and the angry waves have almost subsided. If, now and then, in the month of May, we hear the low growl of a strong sou'-wester, the shock is hardly felt. In other words, though there still linger, in more than one direction, extreme parties, who try hard by dint of energetic lungs

* See Minutes for 1846, p. 17. † See also Minutes for 1844, p. 22.

and active pens to make up for lack of strength and argument, yet the nation, and the churches of the nation, are really *satisfied* that the system is fairly and honourably administered, with no covert design, or unconfessed scheme of "centralisation." It is impossible, we think, for any candid man to read the Inspectors' reports, as published in the Minutes from 1846 downwards, without a strong feeling that these men are thoroughly in earnest, and are doing very heartily a work for which, for the most part, they are very fit. And almost as impossible, we believe, in nearly every district, to be conversant with the feelings of those most nearly interested in the prosperity of schools, without finding continual traces of their influence for good. To explain by word of mouth the complex sentences of State-papers—to answer questions too simple, and meet doubts too unfounded, for official correspondence—to suggest the modes of adapting general provisions to the specific exigencies of a locality—to stir up the slumbering, to encourage the timid, to cheer the desponding by the best cordial, sympathy—to act as the connecting link between the far-seeing theorist and the room-bound practical man:—these, and a hundred offices like these, over and above the red-tape duties comprised in the letter of the bond of their appointment, it is the privilege and pleasure of most if not all her Majesty's Inspectors to discharge. With success, we believe, almost everywhere; though of course in various degrees, as original talent, and, still more, length of experience, draw the line between man and man.*

But we forget. We left our Inspector in the school-room,—the cynosure of wondering eyes,—wondering whether any traits of humanity soften the terrors of his official frown. Let us suppose, for the present, the examination of the *school* concluded. There remains the examination of the candidates for apprenticeship. The necessary qualifications may be represented in a supposed series of questions and answers. Here, then, are (say) ten boys drawn up before the Inspector: it is for him to advise the local managers as to their choice of candidates. The questions may run thus:—How old are you, my boy? Twelve, sir, last August. Too young, we fear. And you? Sixteen last April. As much too old! And you? And you? Thirteen, fourteen, &c. &c., to the end of the row. The list is reduced by two: None can be apprenticed under thirteen or above sixteen years of age. To proceed:—What is your name? No reply! A little louder, if you please; he is rather deaf. Deaf?

* It will be observed that we pass by the *vexata quæstio* of "Management Clauses." No controversy, we conceive, ever was more childish or unprofitable. Those who may wish to understand it are referred to the Minutes of 1846 (p. 25), 1847 (p. lxvii).

a disqualification!—One more off the list: None can be apprenticed who have any serious physical defect. Next come inquiries as to character: what reports from master, clergyman, &c.? This boy? Good. And this? Passable. And this? The cleverest boy we have, but very difficult to manage—a little given to improper language, and not over honest. Let him stand back; there is no chance for him: None can be apprenticed whose moral character is not good. Then follow queries as to parent's character:—What is this lad's father? Not the best of characters, unfortunately—a decided drunkard. Does he live with him? Yes. Then his chance also is at an end: None can be apprenticed whose home is not such as to promise, at the very least, freedom from decidedly evil influence. So the ten are reduced to five; who are found to be of the proper age, and to be physically, morally, and domestically qualified. But the number in ordinary attendance is only 120: you can only have three pupil-teachers: pupil-teachers are allowed in the proportion of *one* to every *forty* scholars. Perhaps the two least desirable are withdrawn; or possibly the managers may prefer a fair competition, and take their chance of the three winners in the race. Anyhow, they are now ready to set to work. An easy sentence or couple of sentences written from dictation—twenty or thirty words of simple parsing—three or four sums in the four first rules of arithmetic—and the first stage of the formidable ordeal is past. Their papers, duly signed, being safely lodged in the Inspector's custody, they are once more drawn up before him, to exhibit their powers of reading, as well as their knowledge of geography, weights and measures, and (in Church of England schools) Scripture and the Church Catechism. In geography their knowledge need not extend beyond a tolerably clear notion of elementary principles and facts.*

We have been thus minute in the details of this first examination, in order to bring clearly out the real standard for apprenticeship. There was a very general impression a few years ago—and it has not yet entirely disappeared—that our modern educationists were inclined to become worshippers of the goddess of Reason—that is, to exalt to undue pre-eminence mere *intellectual* proficiency. It has, again and again, been loudly asserted, that nothing would be looked to but cleverness: the most woful pictures have been drawn of the race of schoolmasters who were thus to be reared—hard and dry sciolists, rich in smatterings of many branches of knowledge, poor in the moral training of the heart, the conscience, the affections. We

* See Minute (of August 1846) respecting the Education of Pupil-Teachers and Stipendiary Monitors; and Mr. Brookfield's Report, (Min. 1848-9, vol. ii. p. 63, and 1850, p. xxix.)

beg our readers to mark, in the sketch just drawn, the strictness of the inquiry into moral fitness, as contrasted with the very lenient standard of knowledge. No signs as yet, we think, of any desire for the culture of head without heart—intellect without moral habits.

One point remains to be inquired into—the ability of each candidate as a teacher. In many, perhaps most, cases, this has already been ascertained; for, in point of fact, it hardly ever happens that a school is so rich in candidates, or an Inspector in time, as is assumed in the sketch we have drawn. Usually, the maximum number of candidates have been selected by the managers before his arrival; and one object kept in view in the examination of the school is to watch the teaching powers and dispositions of these young pedagogues in germ. Perhaps, however, on our principle of writing for the least informed among our readers, we ought here more distinctly to explain the genus, properties, uses, and general natural history of that newly-discovered animal, the pupil-teacher. Neither the term, nor the thing signified, we may observe, was absolutely new at the date of the publication of the Minutes of August 1846.* But it is certainly from that date that it has been generally known as a leading instrument in the educational machinery of our day.

Briefly, the pupil-teacher is an apprentice to the trade of school keeping. Late in the day—far too late for our well-being—we have found out that there is such a trade—that to train the minds of children requires skilled labour as truly as to cut out a coat or mend a shoe. It is acknowledged, with more or less strength of conviction, that teaching is a science and an art, not to be picked up by accident by every broken-down tradesman, maimed artisan, cast-off footman, or stickit minister. Here, indeed, in Scotland, we have known, for at least three centuries, that a man cannot teach who has not himself been fairly taught. For that piece of information, as well as for the completeness of our parochial agency for the purpose, we thank John Knox and our reforming ancestors. In England, even so much as this has hardly yet been fully recognised. But, even in Scotland, fifteen years ago, it would have been generally taken for granted that any, or almost any, man of fair ability and competent knowledge, might, without any special preparation, assume at once the office of schoolmaster. Few would have recognised the necessity of such *professional* studies as are required from the student of law, medicine, or theology. *Given* an educated man; take a hundred boys, shut him up with them in a room, with a fair assortment of books, &c.; leave the first fermenta-

* See Min. for 1844, p. 66, and vol. ii. pp. 183, 227.

tion to subside—in a month's time you have a schoolmaster after the approved receipt of our fathers. We cannot afford space to descant upon the absurdity of this notion. It has passed, or is rapidly passing, away among ourselves, as it has long ceased to be heard of in the more advanced of the continental nations. Before 1846 many scattered educationists—let us do honour, as among the very foremost, to David Stow—had firmly grasped the now obvious truth, that the judicious management, morally and intellectually, of the minds of children, is simply one of the hardest tasks a man can undertake, and one which peculiarly needs previous professional training to avoid the most perilous mistakes. It requires the solution of some of the most difficult problems in the science of mind, with this penalty on unskilfulness, that each failure may peril in no small degree the prosperity of an immortal soul.*

With this view, then, in the *first* place, the pupil-teacher system was devised, to begin, in good time, specific training for the office of schoolmaster, securing at the same time a thorough personal education of the future teacher. It combines with this object a *second* hardly less important. It had long been felt that it was impossible for one master or mistress, except in a school of very limited numbers, either to teach or to control *properly* all the children put under his charge. The monitorial system was an expedient to meet this evil, an expedient valuable to a certain extent, and which will still linger for a while in the by-ways of education, but soon, we hope, to be consigned in every school aspiring to be good, to the grave of all partial improvements.† That it is a help in maintaining order—that it increases the amount of daily instruction—that it gives the master more opportunity of teaching the higher branches thoroughly, without neglecting the younger children—all this we admit. We admit also that, in peculiarly skilful hands, it might now and then be made serviceable for something more than this. It has been so seen here in the city of Edinburgh. But, on the whole, it is plain that the very utmost that can be expected from a child taken in turn out of the ranks, is to teach intelligently a given lesson, and to display some activity in securing the attention of his class. Education, properly so called, requires more than this of the instructor; the Government expect more, and in a large proportion of instances receive more, from their pupil-teachers. These differ from mere *monitors*,—in *age*, in *position* in the school, and consequent *authority*—in the *regularity* of their attendance—and, more than all, in having chosen

* See, on this subject, Mr. Moseley's Report on Training Schools, Min. for 1850. pp. 40-42.

† See Mr. Cook's Report, Min. 1844, vol. ii. p. 139.

the profession of a teacher, and in giving themselves to it as the business they have to learn. The effect of these distinctions we shall see more fully in the sequel: we return for the present to our Inspector in the school-room.

It depends partly on himself in what way he will ascertain the qualifications of the candidates, in respect of skill and temper, as teachers. Some Inspectors make this a distinct part of the examination, setting them to teach for the express and avowed purpose of testing their gifts. Others prefer letting the school take its usual course, and so viewing the teaching as nearly as may be in its ordinary form. Each method has its advantages, the greater ease and naturalness of the candidates under the less alarming ordeal being balanced by the greater distinctness of the impressions elicited by the other. In whichever way the trial is made, the points chiefly attended to are the power of fixing attention, and apparent liking for the employment. Mere *showiness* would not tell for much; while, on the other hand, large allowance would be made for nervous timidity, or (what is quite possible) nervous forwardness. The Inspector looks, not for really good teaching, which is unattainable in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, but for good capacity of learning how to teach. Hitherto, probably, in many districts it has hardly ever happened that a candidate whose knowledge was sufficient has been rejected, except in very extreme cases, for inaptness as a teacher. As the system takes root, and the standard rises in all points, such instances will become less rare.

Suppose, now, the examination ended, and the school dismissed. The Inspector may possibly intimate, before leaving the school-room, the report which he intends to make to the Committee of Council. That report we shall assume to be favourable, as far as the performances of the day are concerned. He may probably have to point out a mistake or two in spelling or grammar—possibly a blunder in arithmetic. But, if he is able to affix the mark "F" or *Fair* to each portion of the paper, and to report favourably on the *vivâ voce* examination, the candidate may sleep that night in peace, with visions of indentures floating in his dreams.

The state of the school may call for some remarks and recommendations. We assume for the present that the Master or Mistress holds a certificate of merit: the meaning of the term we shall hereafter explain. Meanwhile, it dispenses with the necessity of ascertaining his or her fitness to instruct a pupil-teacher. Possibly, however, the discipline is defective—the school is too noisy—there is a want of attention to order; too common a complaint against old-fashioned schools, more especially if they be Scottish. Probably, the stock of books is defective:

here the tables are turned, and though neither side of the Tweed has had much to boast of, the Southern certainly has on the whole lagged farthest behind. Bibles, Testaments, the History of England, published by the Christian Knowledge Society, with a few bundles of pseudo-religious easy reading books for younger classes, constituted ten years ago the stock of a large majority of our schools.* Again, the Inspector's eye is directed towards the desks—either lumbering and unwieldy, or fixed to the wall, as if for the express purpose of effectually removing those who sit at them from the control of the teacher's eye.† Or his eye wanders to roof and windows—he suggests the idea of ventilation:‡ a new idea, obviously—if the master does not shiver at the sound, he is evidently not of the true old-fashioned school. The floor seems damp: what is the nature of the drainage? A profound mystery, in all probability, if the building is twenty years old. These, with a few *et ceteras*, furnish the managers with food for practical thought. Should the state of things, on any of these points be *very* bad, it will be the Inspector's duty to decline to certify that the school is fit to receive pupil-teachers. If the deficiencies are moderate, he points out the means of remedy. Government aid is ready towards repairs,§ fittings, or books and apparatus;‖ but always on the principle of helping those who can and do help themselves.

In course of time, if all go smooth, comes the official sanction to the apprenticeship. Waiving the legal forms, which will be settled in a week or two, we hasten to salute our young friends as pupil-teachers of the first year.

It might fairly be asked at this point, whether the standard of this first examination is not really too low to serve as a discriminating test. There is much force in the objection. Practically, we believe, the subsequent steps would be more easily taken, if the first were somewhat more arduous. Much, however, may be urged in reply. We may be reminded of the influence of nervousness, rendering it certain that very few of these unpractised examinees will be able to come up to their ordinary standard. Again, there were many prejudices to be overcome, and in the outset of the scheme it was most important that the error, if any, should be on the side of leniency. But the most decisive reply is also the least encouraging. Even with the existing standard, properly qualified pupil-teachers are with difficulty to be obtained, more especially in those places where they are most needed, the densely-populated manufac-

* See Mr. Moseley's Report, 1844, (Minutes, vol. ii. p 250.)
† Ib., p. 238, Mr. Bellairs; Min. for 1847, p. 208, Mr. Watkins.
‡ See Minutes, 1844, p. 131. § Min. 1850, p. lxix.
‖ Min. 1847, pp. xvi. and ccxxxvi.

turing districts. For this fact two causes may be assigned; the small number who are still at school when they reach their thirteenth birth-day; and the high value of juvenile labour after that age. On the former point, we must content ourselves with referring to the reports of the Inspectors.* The latter may require a few words of explanation.

The stipends paid to pupil teachers are:—

At the end of the 1st year,		£10	0	0
" 2d	"	12	10	0
" 3d	"	15	0	0
" 4th	"	17	10	0
" 5th	"	20	0	0

If apprenticed at thirteen, these payments are probably rather more than could, in most states of trade, be earned at the same age by factory labour. But then, factory wages are ready-money payments: the pupil-teacher's stipend is both deferred and contingent; contingent on his own conduct, on his progress, on the faithfulness of the teacher, the state of the school finances from which a first-rate teacher's salary has to be provided—so contingent, in short, as to bear a much lower *present value* than employment at wages nominally a little less.

From these causes, the ranks of candidates are very much thinned. It is often necessary to seek for them among those who have left school, and who of course do not return with the gloss of their attainments as bright as when they left it. All this should be borne in mind in judging of the actual working of the system. It is not unimportant in its bearing on the practical questions on which probably the next Parliament will pronounce.

The pupil-teacher, having fairly entered on his first year of apprenticeship, begins at once to consider the examination which will meet him at its close. For full particulars we refer the reader to the Minutes of 1846. We shall suppose the circling seasons to have run their courses, and to have brought us once more to the period of the examination. For the sake of variety we shall now conduct our young friend to a *collective* examination, and shall also take the liberty of supposing him to belong to the Church of England.

A *Collective Examination* is held in populous towns, with the view of saving time, by assembling in one room the pupil-teachers and candidates from all schools within reach, and so in one day disposing of the *paper-work* of a whole district.† It is generally conducted by means of printed questions. We

* See, particularly, Mr. Cook's Report, Min. of 1850, p. 175; Mr. Bellairs, pp. 201, *seq.*; Mr. Watkins, p. 264; Mr. Tinling, p. 343; Mr. Norris, p. 622.
† Min. 1846, p. 35; and Mr. Watkins' Report, (1850, p. 269.)

hope we do not commit a breach of confidence by presenting our readers with a few specimens of questions really proposed. We combine in one view those given to candidates of each of the five years of apprenticeship.

First Year.

1. What is the cost of 279 articles at 4s. $9\frac{1}{2}$d. each?

8. Parse the sentence "These three men were at last the only survivors."

10. Name, and state the position of the chief Seaports of Great Britain.

19. Prove from Holy Scriptures and the Apostles' Creed, the Divinity of our Lord.

Second Year.

1. Write the heads of a Lesson on Glass, or Trees, or the Leopard, or the Mediterranean Sea.

10. Explain the construction of the sentence, "The period which James passed in Denmark was one of unusual tranquillity."

20. Name some places in Judea, and relate events with which they are connected in Holy Scripture, before the revolt of the Ten Tribes.

Third Year.

6. In money transactions with other persons, state what accounts must be kept, and why?

7. Explain the terms "Friction," "Momentum," "Pressure," "Equilibrium."

18. Give the derivation of "Concord," "Subtle," "Interest," "Atmosphere," "Adversary."

26. Give an account of Simon de Montfort or Edward II.

29. Quote some prophecy from Holy Scripture respecting John the Baptist, and shew its fulfilments.

Fourth Year.

1. Write an account of the organization of your school, and shew what use you make of the black board.

2. What is the interest of £19, 19s. 11d. for one year at $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. per annum?

8. How many yards of carpeting 2 feet 9 inches wide, will cover a room that is 24 feet in length and 16 in breadth?

33. Write out the Fifth Article of our Church, on the Holy Ghost, and prove it from Holy Scripture.

Fifth Year.

1. Write a short essay on the position and duties of a teacher.

3. Divide $1 - x^2$ by $1 + x + x^2 + x^3$.

9. Make a field-book for any six-sided field.

11. What parts of speech may be used as the subjects and predicates of propositions? Give instances.

20. With what events in English History is the town of Calais connected? Give dates.

The numbers prefixed may serve to shew that these are mere samples of 20 or 30 in each year, from which each candidate was to select not more than 3 on each subject, or about a dozen in all. Many subjects are here entirely omitted in each year: for example, we have quoted no question on geography in the third year, none on grammar in the fourth, nor on scripture in the fifth.

On the *first-year* questions, no discussion is likely to arise. It will be seen that they test knowledge only, not requiring as yet any such skill in the art of teaching as can be exhibited on paper.

In the first question of the *second* year, this subject is introduced, and is henceforward a very important part of the examination. The "Heads of a Lesson" is a term very suggestive of the kind of training they are intended to receive. It is a very new idea in any but infant schools. Those who wish to see its exact meaning may well study Mr. Stow's "Training System," Miss Mayo's "Lessons on Objects," or some excellent specimens of "Notes" in Mr. Mitchell's report.*

Grammar is usually found the most perplexing subject, for this best of reasons, that comparatively few teachers have really clear conceptions of its nature. If by this term we are to understand a string of dry rules and stereotyped examples, an artificial arrangement of complex forms, with no apparent connexion with the practical usages of language,—if the object be to burden the memory with arbitrary laws clothed in terms studiously pedantic; then certainly there are but two useful lessons such as Science can impart to the child,—the lesson of patience under undeserved misfortune, and the lesson of blind faith in the wisdom of its seniors and superiors. But, if we are to shew the fitness of words to be the symbols of thoughts,—if we are to analyze each grammatical rule, and prove that its technicalities are only Common Sense dressed up for company,—if we are to convince the child that grammar is not *invented* but *discovered*, and that its own little head contains the original of all the hard book-words which seem so many instruments of torture; if, for older students, we are to draw out the connexion between the history of our nation and the history of our language, and throw on each page the light which shines on it from the other;—then may Grammar become, instead of the most repulsive, the liveliest lesson of the school-room. We know of no better ten minutes' test of the intellectual state of a school, than a common-sense examination on the elements of English Grammar. It will never be well taught till those who are to teach it know more than a very little of some Grammar besides English. At present, more-

* Appendix B, Min. pp. 418, *seq.*

over, there is no work—not even Latham's or Bromby's—which in all points fulfils the conditions of a proper manual. There is perhaps too wide an interval, on this subject, between the requirements of the first year and those of the second.

Geography, in like manner, may be a mere string of names, verified on a piece of canvas called a map. Or it may be the rudiments of a true science—the account of man in his various homes, the physical circumstances which surround him, as well as the historical events which have affected his condition.

The fourth year introduces us to the black board, an article of school apparatus which plays so important a part that, along with parallel desks, it may almost be styled the *symbolum* of the new régime. Too often, we fear, the true answer to the question would be, "We write sums on it for the children to copy," or, "We work sums on it with the class, and that is all." Under a skilful master it becomes the right-hand of the teacher. Every lesson is more or less represented to the eye—the "Notes" or "Heads" of lessons are often reproduced in the gradual working out of the subject with the class; geography is frequently taught by outline sketches; and in a variety of ways besides, the board serves both as an assistant and as a check to indolence.

On all these subjects, it is most interesting to watch, from year to year, the development of the mind under sound and skilful training. We commend it to the attention of true votaries of "the proper study of mankind." We mean especially the progress of the teaching-power,—the maturing of the raw efforts of the boy or girl candidate into the really artistical performance of the superior pupil-teacher. High specimens are still, unfortunately—from defects both of material and of workmanship—too rare; but fair approximations to high excellence may easily be met with.

We hope our readers' nerves have not sustained a shock on meeting with Mechanics and Algebra—(there would now also be some Euclid)—among these questions. We may remark, however, that these subjects are confined to male candidates. The Council do not patronize Bloomerism. Euclid and Algebra are plainly necessary in any course of thorough mental training, more especially for those who are hereafter to teach Arithmetic. If any reader doubts this, we assign him this penance for his scepticism;—to explain to an intelligent child the *reason* of the rule for extracting the Square Root: this done, proceed to the Cube Root. The old-fashioned *dominie* has always been fond of Arithmetic, and after his fashion has generally been comparatively successful in teaching it. But the result has been almost always mere practical dexterity. In a large majority of cases, the children remain ignorant of the simplest principles. They

may be working sums in Interest, and not really understand Numeration.* A good example is the Rule of Three, as commonly worked, compared with the improved methods.

With respect to Mechanics, we have more doubt. As now taught, it seems to us to be a matter of pure *cram;* nor do we see how it is possible to make it otherwise, if it is to be learnt without previous acquaintance with the mathematical principles on which it is based. So, too, of Mensuration apart from Geometry. The smattering of *practical* knowledge is of small account—not to be set against the evil of lowering the intellectual tone of Education.

The scriptural questions are fair samples of examinations, on the whole,—both fair and searching. They are confined to Church of England schools: in others, the managers make on this subject their own report. Some might wish that this were otherwise, and are by no means sure that the real feeling of the country would oppose the change. But, no doubt, the Government chose the prudent course.

Besides the subjects here indicated, there are others—such as vocal music, drawing, and in girls' schools, needlework—on which a report is made according to the circumstances of each case. On the latter subject, the Inspector is, we believe, bound to return his opinion; what special training he may have passed through in order to qualify him for the task, we have of course no means of ascertaining. In general, we suppose, a jury of ladies are consulted.

Immediately after each of these examinations, the annual visit of the Inspector is paid to the school; the reports of master and managers are carefully considered—the progressive skill in teaching watched with eyes as progressively critical—and finally, the annual report sent up to the Council-office, on which hang suspended the stipends of the master and pupil-teachers. After some weeks of hope deferred, they receive their sentence; perhaps an intimation that grammar must be attended to, or that spelling is defective—possibly a refusal to continue their Lordships' sanction to the apprenticeship, with or without, as the case may be, the payment of stipend for the past year. This, however, is hardly ever withheld, unless in cases of moral delinquency, or where previous warning has been given of the necessity of improvement on a specified subject.

Supposing him to have passed unscathed through all these perils, his next plunge is into a competition for a *Queen's Scholarship.* This term denotes an exhibition of £25 or £20 a-year, according to the degree of merit, given for one year to deserving

* See Mr. Moseley's Report, (Min. for 1847, p. 6.)

pupil-teachers after the close of their apprenticeship, to enable them to complete their professional education at one of the normal or training schools. Each is at liberty to choose any one of these institutions; but only a limited number of Queen's Scholarships is granted to each training school. The examination is conducted along with that of the students already in residence for certificates of merit. The question-papers for the past year will be found in the Minutes.* If successful, the *emeritus* pupil-teacher develops into the Queen's Scholar, a student free of expense in the training school of his preference. How far his studies there, theoretical and practical, may eventually be carried, it is hardly yet possible to foresee. The present year is the first in which any large number can have entered as Queen's Scholars. Hitherto—in England at least—the training schools have for the most part laboured under the disadvantage of having to work on materials almost too rough to receive a polish, even from the keenest tools and the most finished workmanship. They will now, for the first time, have a fair opportunity of really training as teachers those who have elsewhere acquired the rudiments of knowledge. In the execution of this task, there are, of course, not only degrees of success, but differences of theory and of plan. It would be invidious to particularize, nor could we do so with advantage, without entering at large into a discussion of the whole principles of the art of teaching. This our limits forbid. We may, however, be allowed to say that among the things most perfect in their kind, we should reckon the Gallery Lesson system, as taught by its author, Mr. Stow, in the Glasgow Normal Seminary, and, to a certain extent, at the Cheltenham Training Colleges. In skilful hands it is a most powerful instrument, both of discipline and of instruction. Its danger is its very attractiveness: the teacher is apt to grow so fond of it, as to shrink from the drudgery of the more mechanical modes of instruction. Yet it is obvious that, for the purpose of teaching the art of reading, and other mere *ὄργανα* of education properly so called, the sympathy of numbers is almost valueless, and the Gallery therefore an unsuitable instrument. We believe that, as a general rule, the teachers trained under this system have far more than average success in moral tone and the cultivation of the habit of thought, with rather less than average success (among trained teachers), if judged by the accuracy of their children's acquaintance with the ordinary rudiments of education.

Be this as it may, our trained student after a year or two of residence in the Institution, comes forth a very different being

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* Vol. i. pp. 62, 128.

from even the best of untrained teachers. It will be most convenient for our purpose to suppose him to be prevented by some cause—say illness at the time of examination—from obtaining a certificate before taking charge of a school. He shall have one which has not previously been under inspection—which has to be completely re-organized. His first point will be *drill*—then, order in its higher sense—then, the still higher kind of discipline which rests upon an improved moral tone. A few weeks will accomplish the first—will go far towards the second—and lay the foundation for the third. For it is here, quite as much as in the direct imparting of knowledge, that the difference is seen between the skilled workman, even of moderate ability, and the unskilled labourer, even of very superior powers. Order being established, our schoolmaster has breathing-time to look to other matters. He wants new books and apparatus—suggests to his managers the desirableness of applying for a Government grant—is encouraged to make out his list—and (all due forms being complied with) sees himself at the end of the first quarter fairly supplied with his needful tools. So far good. But his numbers are increasing—he needs a gallery, pupil-teachers, and if possible a class-room; obtains perhaps the first, and permission to prepare candidates. The day of examination arrives, but brings with it a trial for our master's pride. Not having a certificate, it will be necessary for him to be examined, to prove his competency to instruct pupil-teachers. Few teachers, probably, have submitted thus to sit down, side by side with their scholars, without an inward vow that no efforts should be wanting on their part to obtain the magic parchment which shall raise them above this very galling necessity. That it is no small evil thus to lower the status of the teacher, can hardly be doubted. But it is not easy to provide a remedy, while the present system of certificate lasts, or indeed under any system which allows of pupil-teachers under imperfectly trained masters and mistresses.

Our friend, however, obtains his certificate at the next examination. We make but one remark—on the mode adopted to test his powers as a teacher. He is required to give a short lesson to a class, in the presence of the Inspector, on a subject of his own selection. On the evidence so afforded, the Inspector pronounces judgment. We very much doubt the soundness of this operation. A teacher can be fairly judged of only in his own school; and, even then, the true proof of his success is to be sought rather in the results than in a supposed sample of his manner—or, at the very least, in both these combined.

The certificate, when obtained, may be of various degrees of merit. Let it be of the second division of the second class,—the middle point of the nine grades. In that case the master

becomes entitled to a yearly payment from Government of £21, 10s. in augmentation of his salary; provided that he receives from the managers not less than £43, of which one half must be raised by voluntary contributions. In Scotland, all payments by heritors above the legal minimum are reckoned as voluntary contributions.

We believe this to be the least successful part of the scheme of 1846-7. It gives too much to the lucky candidate at one examination, and too little to the persevering energy of years. It apportions Government aid, not according to the wants of places, but according to the scholarship of the teacher. Lastly, it leaves in the cold shade those places which are really too poor to purchase its aid, or in which what wealth there is, is in unfriendly, or careless, or niggard hands.

This brings us at once to the practical view of our subject. The preceding sketch, however imperfect, may tend to establish the fact of the great change that has been wrought in our educational condition and prospects within the last five years. We see every reason for maintaining all the main features of the pupil-teacher system. Testimony is almost unanimous as to its success. It is equally so on the fact, that the disease for which it was to be the remedy has a seat which we have not yet reached. Two great evils are yet untouched—want of money, and want of children. Vast masses are still uneducated, or educated so partially as to receive little or no benefit: the most necessitous districts lie shivering within sight of the Council's central fire, forbidden by stern poverty to approach and warm themselves. What is our remedy?

According to the published summaries for 1850, the number of schools receiving annual grants was, in that year,—

In England and Wales—		
Church of England Schools, . .	1141	
Protestant Dissenters, . . .	250	
Roman Catholics, . . .	64	
		1455
In Scotland—		
Established Church, . . .	126	
Other Denominations, . . .	131	
Roman Catholics, . . .	5	
		262
		1717

The following is the condensed summary of the statistics of that year, including all schools actually inspected, whether receiving annual grants or not:—

	Schools.	Children.	Cert. Masters or Mistresses.	Pupil Teachers.
Church of England, . .	1662	157,690	568	3086
Protestant Dissenters, . .	282	39,888	126	850
Established Church of Scotland,	92	7,209	31	150
Free Church, &c., . .	128	12,833	78	218
Roman Catholics, . .	99	7,769	27	167
	2263	225,389	830	4471

It is hardly necessary to point out the inferences to be drawn from this table. They all point in one direction—the exceedingly small progress which has yet been made, in proportion to the whole population of the country. Nor is the rate of advance more encouraging. The building grants made in the same year are only 232 towards the erection of schools to accommodate 29,848 children. Allowing for the increase of population, we must be losing instead of gaining ground, year by year. Again we ask, What is our remedy?

We do not think that a very large number of new schools is required, or that there is any great difficulty found in erecting them under the existing arrangements. It is the burden of maintaining them in efficiency for which some relief is demanded. The Dean of Hereford tells us that all schools—at least, all agricultural schools—may be made self-supporting.* Mr. Norris seems inclined to confirm the Dean's testimony.† We believe them both, with the amendment of the word "all" into "many more than are supposed." Much might be done with such men as Mr. Dawes to do it; but, could he multiply himself till he filled all Britain with Daweses, the complaint of poverty, though greatly diminished, would still in its degree be true.

Mr. Baines of Leeds tells us that voluntary exertion is able to do all that is required. Our reply is simple: *Do it.* We shall be convinced when we see it done; and in the meantime we may provide for the contingency of failure.

There remain, before the *English* public, two schemes only with apparent prospect of success. Both owe their origin to that fruitful mother of schemes—Manchester. The one—propounded by the Lancashire Public School Association—contemplates united instruction, without specific religious teaching. The other—commonly known as the Manchester Local Bill—sacrifices union in order to secure religious education.

For *Scotland*, the only plan which has been fully matured, is that embodied in Lord Melgund's Bill of last session. In its leading features it approaches pretty closely to the Lancashire or secular scheme.

* See his most interesting pamphlet, "Suggestive Hints," &c.; also, the Reports on King's Somborne School,—especially Mr. Moseley's for 1847, (Min., vol. i. p. 7.)

† Min., p. 630.

It is not our purpose at present to enter into the details of any of these proposals. We regard them all as still in embryo, and feel satisfied a really comprehensive and satisfactory measure has yet to be matured. Should the first weeks of the session, contrary to present appearances, find leisure for a full educational discussion, and should any well-digested measure be really before Parliament, we may, perhaps, in another Article, consider the details of its provisions, as a complement to the present historical sketch of recent progress in this department. Meanwhile we close with a few prolegomena on leading principles, which seem to require for their application nothing but an enlightened comprehensiveness of mind, and an honest determination to rise superior to party interest and local controversies.

One point is generally conceded: there must be an educational rate for England; and for Scotland, a re-adjustment of existing provisions. We do not dissent. The necessity is urgent. But we would very strenuously contend against a rate so laid as to supersede the payments by parents for their children's education. Free-schooling is, in our view, an unmitigated evil. Another evil which should be carefully guarded against, is the needless multiplication of schools. It is easy to see that, in this matter, competition is a worse than doubtful advantage. The possibility of having more than one good school in a locality is restricted within certain limits of population.

We are not sure of the *necessity* of having schools in England denominational, or that no common ground can be found for a co-operation of religious parties in a national education. On the other hand, we do not feel that denominational schools are an unmixed evil. What we lose in unity, we perhaps gain in definiteness of religious teaching and impression. It is not improbable that both objects might, in a wise spirit of conciliation, even in England, be combined. If thinking men in the middle classes are agreed on any point, it is to repudiate any primary education which is not by some means associated with religion.

In Scotland there is an obvious evil in multiplying schools on the ground of religious divisions, in which the same standards are universally to be taught. Still greater would be the anomaly of establishing a non-religious education for a people nine-tenths of whom are prepared for religious co-operation in popular education.

The things chiefly needed in both countries are of a practical nature. We must secure, for example, the appointment of teachers properly qualified. This ought not to create any serious difficulty. The Normal seminaries should be the key-stones of the arch. The subject of separate Female schools will also become very important when the plea of poverty is removed. Mixed schools, with all their merits, are in our eyes objectionable; not

on the ground of danger from the association of boys and girls, but because the female mind, morals, and manners, cannot be rightly moulded except under female influence. Industrial Schools must soon, both in England and Scotland, acquire a far higher degree of importance than they have yet received. Hitherto, the anxious endeavours of Government to ingraft industrial occupations on ordinary school-work, have not, we think, been very successful. Even at the best, it is too like "playing at gardening," to produce very solid results. It may deserve attention, whether some system of regulated *half-time* agricultural labour might not do more towards implanting industrial habits. "Ragged Schools" ought no longer to be isolated from the general Educational system. Both their own wellbeing, and that of the non-ragged class, demand that their efficiency be extended, their finance prosperity secured, and their management carefully guarded, so as to occupy their proper field without encroaching on the territory of the self-supporting school. Night-schools for adults are indispensable in large towns, and most desirable in the country. Their inspection is a little difficult, but the difficulties *must* soon be overcome, if the education of the people is to be really a national interest.

On the whole, we have good hope that the recent discussions on this subject of Popular Education, though tedious, will not be unproductive. Scotland especially seems called, as she has often been before, to march in the van of civilisation. Her people are already united under one doctrinal banner, however much divided on minuter points of difference. It will be strange if there is not wisdom enough, or mutual forbearance enough, found among us to take advantage of this most important fact. If jealousies and suspicions keep separate those whom Providence is drawing together, a deep stain will rest on our national character. We know of nothing so nearly resembling the case as the dispute for the post of honour between the Clans at Culloden, in the very presence of the enemy. *Our* enemy is full in view. Vice and Infidelity watch for the signs of dissension in our ranks. But we are no "false wizard" to sound the hoarse note of evil augury. We are full of hope; for we are full of faith in the common sense and religious sincerity of the English, and still more of the Scottish people. When next we address our readers on this topic, we trust to be able to congratulate them on the accomplished harmony of parties on some comprehensive measure. Meanwhile, we have to apologize for a very imperfect sketch of past progress; reminding them at the same time of the humble office which we undertook. We hope that the directions on our "finger-post" are at least distinct. May we soon be able to add the information, *how far they are from home!*

ART. X.—1. *Œuvres de Louis Napoléon Bonaparte.* Paris. 3 tom. 8vo.
2. *Des Idées Napoléoniennes.* Par L. N. BONAPARTE. Paris.

WHEN we wrote of France last May—of the difficulty of its task, the instability of its government, and the perplexity of its path—hopeless as we then were of a successful issue, we could scarcely have anticipated that in seven short months that Government would be overthrown once more, that task abandoned in despair, that path more dark and intricate than ever. Within three years from the expulsion of the Orleanist dynasty by a knot of fanatical Republicans, both victors and vanquished in that sudden struggle have been suppressed by a military despotism; the polity they had joined in constructing has been violently swept away, and France has again become a *tabula rasa* for constitutional experimentalists. We wrote thus in May,—

"The Revolution of February—being (as it were) an aggressive negation, not a positive effort, having no clear idea at its root, but being simply the product of discontent and disgust—furnishes no foundation for a Government. Loyalty to a legitimate monarch; deference to an ancient aristocracy; faith in a loved and venerated creed; devotion to a military leader; sober schemes for well understood material prosperity;—all these may form, and have formed, the foundation of stable and powerful Governments: mere reaction, mere denial, mere dissatisfaction, mere vague desires, mere aggression on existing things—never.

"To construct a firm and abiding commonwealth out of such materials, and in the face of such obstacles as we have attempted to delineate,—such is the problem the French people are called upon to conduct to a successful issue. Without a positive and earnest creed; without a social hierarchy; without municipal institutions and the political education they bestow; without a spirit of reverence for rights, and of obedience to authority, penetrating all ranks,—we greatly doubt whether the very instruments for the creation of a republic are not wanting. A republic does not create these—it supposes and postulates their existence. They are inheritances from the past, not possessions to be called into being by a fiat. They are the slow growth of a settled political and social system, acting with justice, founded on authority and tradition, and consolidated by long years of unshaken continuance."

Viewed in our imperfect light, and from our field of limited and feeble vision, the sun in his wide circuit shines down upon no sadder spectacle than France now presents to the gazing and astonished world. Rich in material resources, but unable to turn any of them to full account; teeming with brilliant talent and clear intelligence, but doomed to see the talent prostituted

and the intelligence abortive; prolific beyond any other country in theories of social regeneration and impossible perfection, yet fated beyond any other to wallow in the mire of the past, and to re-tread the weary cycle of ancestral blunders; unable to reduce into wholesome practice any one of her magnificent conceptions; unable to conduct to a successful issue any one of her promising experiments; ever building houses of cards, which every wind of passion sweeps away; ever re-commencing, never ending; the loftiest and most insatiable of aspirants, the most paltry and laggard of performers; assuming to lead the vanguard of civilisation, but for ever loitering in the rear, for ever acting as the drag. Such is the aspect of France to eyes yet shrouded in the flesh, and darkened by the fears and frailties of humanity. To higher and wiser witnesses,

> "Who watch, like God, the rolling hours,
> With larger, other, eyes than ours,"

who, gifted with a deeper insight, and purged from our dazzling and misleading sympathies, can see through the present confusion to the future issue—it may be that all these convulsions and vicissitudes are but the struggles of Chaos to form itself into Kosmos, the throes and efforts of a new birth. Each apparent failure may be an essential step in the process of ultimate achievement; each backsliding may be a *reculer pour mieux sauter;* each shattered hope, over whose ruin we have mourned, may have been built upon a false foundation; each seemingly fair and promising construction, which we repine to see destroyed, may have been an obstacle to something sounder and more solid in the distance; and the late apparent annihilation of all that past toil and sacrifice had gained, may be, when viewed aright, an indispensable prerequisite to greater and more permanent acquisitions—not the ebb of progress—only the receding wave of the advancing tide.

Let us endeavour to arrive at a clear notion of the actual situation of affairs, by a rapid glance at the defunct Constitution, and the conduct of the Assembly and the President respectively.

The destruction of the Constitution inaugurated in 1848 has surprised no one; the peculiar mode and time of that destruction has surprised nearly everybody. From the outset it was evident that it was not made to last. The Republic itself was a sudden and unwelcome improvisation. It was *imposed* by the violent agents of the Revolution, and was never cordially accepted by the intelligence, the property, or the experience of the nation. When the Convention met, the Republican form of government was *proclaimed*, not deliberated on nor chosen. The constitution, the work of this Convention, bore upon it the stamp of the circumstances under which, and the body from

which, it emanated. It was concocted by a combination of parties who had all of them ulterior aims, and whose ulterior aims were at variance with one another. The Republicans were anxious to make it as purely democratic as possible. The Constitutionalists desired to make the Assembly supreme, both over executive and people. The Imperialists wished to prevent the return of the Bourbon Branches. The Orleanists and Legitimists wished reciprocally to destroy each other's hopes. But all parties, dreading lest their rivals should, by caprice or accident, be recalled and entrusted with the executive authority, concurred in reducing that authority to a minimum. The Constitution had many faults; this was probably its chief one. It would be unreasonable to demand from a scheme concocted to meet the wants and satisfy the exigencies of a passing crisis, and with the cannon of the barricades yet ringing in the ears of its fabricators, either the maturity of reflection which characterizes the productions of patient reasoning, or the thorough understanding of human passions and requirements, which can only be obtained by long practice in political affairs; or that happy conformity with national tastes and manners, which belongs only to institutions which have grown up in the course of ages, and have become firmly rooted in the soil. Few of those who joined in the construction of it regarded it with hope; fewer still with admiration or real satisfaction. To some it was a work of desperation; to others a pilot balloon; to nearly all an expedient to feel their way out of an embarrassing position. Between the various and hostile elements which contended for the mastery in France, the Constitution was not a permanent peace, but merely an armistice, a hollow truce. From the first hour that it was promulgated no one had faith in its durability; and perhaps the wisest provision which it contained was the clause which anticipated the probability and prescribed the mode of its revision.

A powerful and long-established Government—skilful and unscrupulous, and as resolute in denying the most reasonable demands of the constitutional opposition, as the wildest clamours of the Socialists—had been overthrown by a popular outbreak. A period of strange misrule had succeeded, in which the more worthless of the working classes and their leaders reigned almost supreme. The first attempt at return to that state of order and repression which the very life of society demanded, had been met by the desperate insurrection of the 15th of May, which gave a glimpse of the fearful fate which hung over Paris, and the other great cities of France, if the arm of the executive should be for one moment paralyzed or chattered. Scarcely had this been expressed, and the capital been rescued from the "*douze heures de pillage*" which Blanqui had promised to his

followers, when the same warning was repeated in still more awful tones. The three days' battle in the streets, which only the concentrated energy of a most resolute Dictator was able to determine in favour of the cause of property and law; when Cavaignac was preparing to blow up a whole quarter of the city rather than run the risk of a defeat; when the issue appeared so doubtful, and the case so threatening, that he even meditated withdrawing his army into the country, and concentrating his forces for a prolonged civil war; when the skill and desperation of the insurgents was such, and compelled such terrible severity, that to this hour it is not known how many perished, and some estimate the number at 10,000; this terminated the series of impressive lessons which should have shown the contrivers of the Constitution what was needed, and in what direction their fears and precautions ought to lie. But while the ears of every one yet tingled with the frightful denunciations of the defeated insurrectionists; while the heart of every one yet beat at the thought of the horrors they had barely escaped, through the dangerous but indispensable resource of a military dictatorship; they devoted their entire attention to weakening and hampering the executive power which had just, and with difficulty, saved them;—to a situation and necessities almost unheard of in the world till then, they opposed ideas and plans whose impotence and inadequacy had been fully proved by reiterated failures.

It was clear that what France demanded from the Constituent Assembly, was the establishment of a supreme power truly and efficiently executive, and a representation really national,—a government sufficiently strong to satisfy the craving *need of being governed*, which all Frenchmen feel by a secret instinct, and have been accustomed to by long generations of a bureaucracy,—and competent to wield with a firm and masterly hand, the stupendous administrative sceptre which the centralization organized by Napoleon had bestowed on France; and a legislative Assembly which should give to the various elements which constitute the real permanent majority, to the summary of all the feelings, opinions, and interests of the nation, an easy, natural, and regular predominance, proportioned to their respective worth and weight. How did it discharge this double task?

For fifty years France has been covered with the columns and arches of a most majestic administrative edifice, constructed by a master hand, which strikes the imagination by its grandeur, and charms the eye by the uniformity and regularity of its arrangements. The central power, seated in the capital, radiates to the remotest corners of the land, embraces everything in its glance, grasps everything in its hand, exerts everywhere its

mischievous stimulus or its stern control. It asks advice from local bodies, but gives them no power, and permits no interference. Even where it respects private rights, it paralyzes personal freedom, and weakens individual responsibility; it keeps everything and everybody under surveillance and in leading strings. A system of direct taxation, strictly levied, gives it an acquaintance with all fortunes; an organized system of state education opens to it an entrance into all families. Nothing, either in the domain of thought or of material interests, escapes its interference; everything looks towards it; everything reposes upon it. From one end of the country to the other, every one of the 37,000 communes into which it is divided, and every one of the 36,000,000 of people who inhabit it, keep their eyes steadily fixed upon the head quarters of the motive power; await their signal from its will; imbibe their inspiration from its breath. The tremendous weapon of authority thus given to the central government, the fearful burden of responsibility thus concentrated upon a single head,—hard to be wielded and oppressive to be borne even by royalty secure of its position, accustomed to command, aided by prestige, and protected by inviolability,—the new Constitution placed in the hands of a novice, renewable every four years; chosen by the mass to-day, re-confounded with the crowd to-morrow; chosen by one party, and consequently the antagonist and the destined victim of all other parties; the butt of a thousand intriguers, and driven to counter-intrigues for his defence; superintended with a hostile vigilance by the most unsatisfiable and imperious of masters; viz., a single, numerous, inexperienced, divided, and factious assembly, seldom suspending its sittings, and having always a committee of "detective police" to watch him during its short vacations. A dictatorship in the hands of a puppet! Supreme power in the hands of one who is watched and treated as a public enemy! A most subtle, complete, and universal organization, created by the fiat, and designed for the purposes of an iron and imperial will, yet confided to the management of a transient, ill-paid officer, bound hand and foot to the caprices of a popular assembly! The President was expected, out of a salary of £25,000 a-year, to fill with *éclat* the position of Representative Chief of a nation fond of splendour, of gaiety, of hospitable show. He was expected to keep the cup of supreme power ever at his lips, but never to do more than taste it. He was to be a great monarch without monarchical permanence, without monarchical veto, without monarchical inviolability. He was carried up to a pinnacle from which he saw all authority, all grandeur, all dominion within his reach, and as it were his appointed inheritance, and then was bidden peremptorily to descend from the giddy eminence, and to

turn away his gaze from the alluring prize. Restored for a moment to the imperial throne, and grasping the reins of the imperial chariot, he was expected to still every throb of imperial ambition. Selected by a people accustomed to be much and energetically governed, needing to be so, clamorous to be so, and entrusted therefore with the power of a Cæsar or a Czar, he was expected to be the submissive slave of a debating club of vestrymen, quarrelling among themselves, and elected by far fewer numbers than himself.

Such was the executive power in France as defined and inaugurated by the new Constitution: was the legislative body more wisely organized? It was perhaps scarcely to be expected that a people just broke loose from all rule, fresh from a triumphant struggle with established authority, fought in the name of the exciting watch-words of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, should admit any aristocratic element into the new system they were framing; but why should they have deprived themselves of that mighty influence in the scale of order and stability which, as all history shows, is afforded by a second Chamber? There are many ways of constituting an Upper House without making it either a Council of Nominees, or a Senate of Hereditary Peers. It might be elected simply by a higher class of electors, or as in Belgium, require higher qualifications for its members. It might, as in Sardinia, be composed of men selected from among literary, judicial, scientific, and military notabilities. It might be chosen by different districts and for different terms from those of the Lower House, as in the State of New York, or might be obtained by a double election, as in the Federal Union of America. There are so many modes in which an effective and valuable second Chamber might be obtained, that the French had no excuse for rejecting it on the ground of difficulty. But the Assembly being resolved to retain the supreme power in its own hands, was unwilling to be in any way checked or fettered, or compelled to an unwelcome degree of deliberation. It therefore cast away, almost without the compliment of a discussion, the suggestion of a second Chamber, with all the obvious advantages that might have flowed from such an arrangement, and substituted a most clumsy and incautious scheme for preventing hasty or inconsiderate changes in one direction only,—by enacting that, however faulty their new Constitution might prove, it should be in the power of a small minority to prohibit its amendment. They required a majority of *three-fourths* to legalize a revision. They tied their own hands in the one case, in which, as it happened, it was peculiarly desirable to leave them free. Every thing else was stamped in moveable types: the hasty and unmanageable Constitution was alone stereotyped.—It was, perhaps, scarcely to

be expected that, in a Constitution springing from a revolution which, if not made by the masses, was at least promptly seized upon by them, any other system than that of universal suffrage should have been adopted. But three things these law-makers might have done which they did not: they might at least have left the discussion of the matter free; they might have respected the principle, once adopted, when it pronounced against them as well as when it spoke in their fayour; and they might have surrounded its exercise with all the wise precautions and judicious arrangements which could mitigate its dangers and render it the *boná fide* expression of the nation's will. Instead of this the convention hastily passed a law early in 1848, placing the principle of universal suffrage under the protection of the tribunals —making it penal to question or discuss it—treating the exposure of its evils and its dangers as sedition and treason. In the next place, as if conscious that their successors would desire to undo their clumsy workmanship, they violated the principle they had laid down, setting universal suffrage, or the government of the majority, at defiance, by enacting that, where the Constitution was in question, the many should bow to the decision of the few. Consider for a moment the full extent of this grotesque and insolent absurdity. Every Republic, and the Republic of 1848 more nakedly than any other, is based upon the will of the majority. It is their sole recognised foundation. An absolute monarchy rests upon the divine right of kings. An hereditary aristocracy rests upon the superior claims and powers of special families. A theocracy rests upon direct religious sanction. But republics sweep all these away. The Republic of 1848 ignored and denied them all. Hereditary right, constitutional legality, established institutions, equilibrium of power,—it sacrificed all to the blind worship of THE MAJORITY. No sooner, however, had it done so, than it turned round upon the nation, and said: "The majority is omnipotent, and its authority unquestionable, only to authorize us and to sanction our decrees: we pronounce it powerless to negative or change them. So long as a minority of one-fourth supports our constitution, so long that constitution shall be inviolable." The majority of the nation, by the voice of the majority of its representatives legally elected, demands a change in the form of the government. The minority steps in and says, "No! there shall be no such change—neither to-day, nor to-morrow, nor ten years hence, so long as one-fourth of the people or their deputies object to it. We, the few, will control and govern you, the many." And the men who held this language and considered this proceeding just, are the republicans *par excellence!* The democrats are the oligarchs. The very men who thus contended for the permanent right of the few to

bind the many, were the very men who sprung out of the victory of the many over the few,—whose position, whose very existence, was the creation of the principle they thus repudiated! The Constitution which declared itself inviolable and unchangeable, even by a large majority, was the very Constitution which was found to be so intolerable that a large majority insisted upon altering. Were they to retain and obey a bad law, because that law itself forbad them to repeal it? Whence could any body derive a right to make such an enactment? With what decency or justice could a constituent assembly, itself the offspring of the victory of the majority over the minority, enact that in future the minority should bind the majority?

If the principle of universal suffrage was thus slightly respected even by those who asserted it most loudly, the arrangements for carrying it into practical operation were marked by no extraordinary sagacity. Out of the seven or eight million of voters who found themselves endowed with the franchise, a very large proportion consisted of the peasantry of the rural districts, little cognizant of political affairs, and little interested in party strife. Numbers of them would have no idea how to vote: numbers of them would not care how they voted: numbers more would not wish to vote at all. The rock on which universal suffrage is almost always wrecked is, the ignorance or the indifference of the great mass of the electors. Thousands of the peasantry never stir from home: hundreds of thousands know no one beyond the limits of their own commune, and never hear the names of obscure or intriguing political aspirants. If, therefore, it were desired most effectually to confirm their indifference to the elections, and to embarrass them in their choice of a candidate, and utterly to confuse their comprehension of the whole transaction, no better scheme could have been devised than to make them vote by *departments* instead of by *arrondissements*, or by *communes*,—and to call upon them to elect at once, not one man, whom they may chance to know, but a whole list of ten, fifteen, or twenty, the names of nearly all of whom they probably never heard of, and of whose respective qualifications they cannot form the most remote conception. A plan like this was sure to throw the virtual choice into the hands of clubs, or knots of political agitators, who would *exploiter* the great body of the electors for their own purposes and interests; and was likely to end in the great mass of the people retiring from the exercise of the suffrage in carelessness or disgust. One of the chief evils, indeed, of universal suffrage is, that it never does, and rarely can, give the actual sentiments and wishes of the numerical mass of the population. Those interested in political strife vote; those who are sick of it, or indifferent to it, abstain from voting. Among the working classes this is particularly the

case. There is the peaceful industrious artisan, loving work much, independence more, and his family most of all, living aloof from the turmoil and passions of the public world, and whose leisure is spent by the domestic hearth, and in the society of his wife and children. And there is the artisan who considers himself enlightened, who frequents *cafés*, who reads newspapers, who heads processions, who mans barricades, to whom haranguing is far pleasanter than honest labour. To the first, a day lost at elections is a nuisance and an injury, a supper or a breakfast wanting, diminished wages, an unfinished job, scantier food or clothing for his children or himself. To the second it is a joyful holiday, a noisy spree, a positive indulgence, possibly an actual gain of more than he would have earned in a week by steady industry. The result is, that the first man, whose vote would be of real value and meaning to the community, never gives it: the second, whose vote is worthless and a deception, records it on every occasion; and the nation is as far as ever from having gathered the real feelings and opinions of its citizens. In times of excitement and of novelty, such as the first general election, or the choice of a President, this evil is not so much felt; but so strongly was it beginning to be feared, that one of the last proposals laid before the late Assembly, was for making it penal to abstain from the exercise of the franchise,—for inflicting a fine on all who neglected to record their votes.*

Such being the Constitution imposed upon France, but never submitted to the country for ratification, what has been the conduct of the Assembly elected under its auspices? Its whole career has been one series of intrigues against the President, of squabbles among its members, of assaults upon the liberties of the nation, of violations of its trust, and of decisions which gave the lie to its origin and its professions; and it has done more to sicken France with the very name and principle of representative government than any elected body since the days of the National Convention. It was elected under a Republic; it was appointed to consolidate and perfect the Republic; it commenced life by swearing allegiance and fidelity to the Republic;—yet it was composed in great part of Orleanists, Bonapartists, and Legitimists, who made no secret either of their actual views or of their ulterior designs. Probably not more than 250 members were at any time genuine republicans at heart. The Orleanists visited Claremont, and intrigued for the return of the exiled House. The Legitimists avowedly received their directions from Wiesbaden,

* For this sketch of the vices of the Constitution, we are greatly indebted to two *brochures* by M. Albert de Broglie.

and kept steadily before them the interests of the Count de Chambord. The Bonapartists openly sighed after the Imperial *régime*, and took their orders from the Elysée. The members of the Mountain alone were faithful to their trust; they stood to their colours, though conscious that the country was against them, and combined with each of their antagonists in turn to defeat and embarrass the others. A sadder, more factious, more disreputable spectacle, a free country has seldom seen. They turned round almost immediately upon the constituents who had elected them. They abolished universal suffrage by 466 votes to 223, and disfranchised three million of electors. They sent an army to crush the Republic of Rome, then fighting so gallantly for its existence, by 469 votes to 180. They handed over the primary instruction of the nation to the clergy by 445 votes to 187. They enacted laws and sanctioned proceedings against the liberty of the press, severer than Louis Philippe had ever ventured upon. By compelling every writer to sign his name to each article in the journals, they struck a fatal blow at both the influence and the independence of journalism. They sat nearly in permanence, and kept the nation in perpetual hot water. Whenever they adjourned for a short holiday, they left a committee of watch-dogs to overhaul every act of the executive. Their questors attempted to gain the command of the army. And, finally, at the moment of their dissolution, they were discussing, and were expected, by a factious combination, to pass a law ("on the responsibility of the executive") which would have virtually transferred the whole power of the state into their hands.

While the Assembly were thus conspiring against, violating and discrediting the constitution to which they owed their existence, and which they had sworn to maintain, the conduct of the President had scarcely been one whit more patriotic or more honest. From the first day of his inauguration, it was evident that he was determined to be re-elected—by a revision of the Constitution, if that could be obtained; if not, in defiance of the Constitution. It is even probable that he aimed, not only at a prolongation, but at an increase of his power. For this he flattered the army; for this he removed and appointed generals and prefects; for this he played into the hands of the priests; for this he joined the conservative majority in enacting the law of the 31st May; for this he joined the republicans in demanding its repeal. Every action betrayed his patient, plodding, and unscrupulous ambition. But on the other hand, he had shewn always such sagacity, and often such dignity; his language and bearing were moulded with such unerring tact to suit the tastes and fancies of the French people; and his personal objects, as far as they were seen, were felt to harmonize so much with the

apparent interests of the country, that a strong feeling had grown up among nearly all classes in his favour. His popularity rose as that of the Assembly declined. While reputation after reputation among public men had sunk or suffered shipwreck,—while every other statesman had gone down in general estimation,—while Cavaignac had lost much of his prestige, and Lamartine had been utterly extinguished, and Thiers had been discredited, baffled, and unmasked, and even Guizot had failed to make any progress towards the redemption of his fame,—the character of Louis Napoleon gradually rose, from the first day of his election; every step, whether his own or his opponents', contributed to confirm his popularity and consolidate his power. He suffered his rivals and antagonists to exhaust and expose themselves by their own violence; and, keeping strictly within the limits of his prerogative, he "bided his time," and came out victorious from every struggle. Previous, therefore, to the *coup d'état*, there had gradually grown up among nearly all classes of Frenchmen, a conviction that the destinies of the nation would be far safer, and its character far higher, if confided to a man who, whatever were his faults, had at least shewn that he possessed a definite purpose and a firm will,—than if left in the hands of a body of men who had manifested no signs of a lofty and decorous patriotism, who had regarded all questions of public policy, foreign and domestic, only as they could be turned to their own private or factious advantage, and who had permitted the sacred banner of the commonwealth, entrusted to their keeping, to be torn by the animosities, and soiled by the passions of party.

Indeed, it is not easy to exaggerate the discredit brought upon themselves, and upon the very theory of Representative Government, by the proceedings of the leaders of the various political parties in France. Chosen by a suffrage almost universal, bound to their constituents by the closest ties, and returning to them after only three years' tenure of office, it might have been anticipated that, if only from selfish considerations, they would have steadily devoted themselves to study the real and permanent interests of the country, and would have co-operated heartily and zealously with the Executive in devising and carrying out schemes for rendering France peaceful and prosperous at home, and powerful and respected abroad. It might have been hoped that their labour would have been earnestly directed towards developing the vast resources of the country, and securing to its industry the freest and most favourable action; that everything calculated to raise and improve the condition of the masses would have had their first and most sedulous attention; and that, above all things, they would have striven hard and have sacrificed much for the maintenance of that silent internal harmony, which is the primary

necessity of a nation's life. It might have been expected that they would have regarded every question of foreign policy, first, in its bearings on the special interests of France, and secondly, in its bearings on the progress elsewhere of that freedom which they had just re-conquered, and of which everywhere they were the professed defenders. Instead of this, party politics, not social philosophy, occupied almost their whole time; and external action was dictated by a desire to gain the support of this or that section, to destroy this rival, or discredit that antagonist; till their entire career became one indecent and disreputable scramble.

The result inevitably was an increasing feeling on the part of the public, first of indignation, then of disgust, latterly of sickened and most menacing indifference. Menacing, that is, for popular leaders and representative assemblies;—for the people—weary of watching the objectless and petty squabbles of their chosen legislators, and disheartened by finding that the rulers they selected for themselves treated them no better, and served them no more effectively, than the rulers who had been imposed upon them—began to turn their attention on their own private affairs, and to discover how much more they could do for themselves than Governments and Assemblies could do for them. Since they had trusted more to themselves and less to Parliaments, they had prospered comparatively well. Trade was spirited, and industry was thriving and increasing. The political storms which used to agitate all ranks began to pass nearly unheeded over their heads; for they perceived how paltry and inconsequential they were. They put their own shoulders to the wheel, instead of calling on the gods above to help them; and all the noisy quarrels of the great Olympus fell, as by magic, into their genuine insignificance. An idea had already dawned upon the French, that an Assembly which had done so little for them was not of much importance to them; and that if they could prosper in spite of its scandalous dereliction of its duties, and its selfish abuse of its powers, they might perhaps prosper even were it non-existent. A wholesome lesson, possibly, for the people, but a fatal one for demagogues and orators.

When a people has thus begun to look after their private affairs instead of discussing affairs of state, and to act for themselves instead of calling on their rulers to act for them, only one thing is needed to insure their welfare—viz., that the Government should bring them and secure them tranquillity and order. If it will do this, they ask no more: if it does not do this, it abnegates its paramount and especial function; it becomes to them a nuisance, not a protection—"a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." Now, few Englishmen are aware, though it is no novel informa-

tion to a Parisian, to what an extent Frenchmen had come to look upon the Assembly in this light. The constant series of moves and stratagems of which the history of that body was made up, kept the nation in a perpetual state of excitement, expectation, and turmoil. They never knew what would come next. They were constantly on the *qui vive* for some new explosion. So long as the Assembly was sitting, there was incessant agitation and wild unrest; and thousands would thankfully have paid the Members their 25 francs a-day not to sit at all. Peace—comparative peace—came with prorogation; but the sessions were felt to be deplorably too long, and the vacations piteously too few. So that the body which ought to have been the shield and safeguard of the nation, the guardian of its interests, the protector of its rights, had come to be regarded as a plague, a mischief, and an enemy. Only when it ceased to sit, did France begin to breathe freely.

The plain truth is that no nation—not even the French—can bear to be for ever in hot water. Ceaseless political agitation is an element in which neither material prosperity, nor moral well-being, can live. If it seemed hopeless to find the needed tranquillity in freedom and republicanism, who can wonder if many lost faith and heart, and began to cast a sigh after the calm despotism which beckoned to them out of the softening haze of the past, or towards that which loomed gradually out of the uncertain future. France, for many months back, had echoed in her heart of hearts the words of that touching inscription on the Italian tombstone—*implora pace.* Wearied with achievements which had led to nothing, and victories which had been crowned by no enduring conquests, and trophies, dearly purchased, but barren of the promised consequences—her whole desires were fast merging into the one succinct petition of the grand old warrior of Carthage, who—harassed by perpetual warfare, broken by family afflictions, and thwarted by an ungrateful State—closed a public life of singular glory and of bitter disenchantment, with the simple prayer, comprised in so few words, yet full of such melancholy pathos:—"*Ego, Hannibal, peto pacem!*"

Such was the state of feeling in France, and such the relative position of the contending parties, immediately previous to the *coup d'état*,—and it is important thoroughly to fix this in our minds, in order to comprehend the full meaning of the President's attempt, and the explanation of the manner in which it was received by the nation. On the one side stood Louis Napoleon, who had far surpassed all expectations formed of him from his discreditable antecedents, and had risen higher day by day in public estimation, who had shown consummate knowledge of the temper of the people, and supreme tact in dealing with it—who had

finally taken his stand on the broad basis of universal suffrage —who had long foreseen and been preparing for the inevitable struggle—and with strange sagacity and patience had, as the phrase is, given his opponents "rope enough to hang themselves." On the other side stood the Assembly, on the eve of an election, yet seemingly intent on shewing how unfit they were to be re-chosen, —pointing, as their sole titles to popular confidence and a renewal of their trust, to millions of constituents disfranchised— to the revision of a clumsy Constitution demanded by the people but refused by themselves—to the freedom of the press, through their means, trampled under foot—to France, through their intrigues, rendered light as a feather in the balance of European power—to her gallant army, through their connivance, engaged in the degrading employment of restoring a miserable Pontiff, and enslaving an emancipated people—to a sacred trust, perverted to the purposes of low ambition—to the very name of a representative assembly, through their misconduct, covered with ridicule and shame.

What the President did we need not relate here; how he dissolved the Assembly, abolished the Constitution, imprisoned deputies and generals, appealed to the people, and extinguished all resistance with unsparing severity,—all this is known to every one. The degree of his criminality in this daring usurpation will be differently estimated by different men according to the view they may take as to the wishes and interests of France, the urgency of the crisis, and the reality of the alleged and indicated intention on the part of the Assembly to have forestalled and deposed him. On the one hand, it is unquestionable that if he had waited till the Assembly had passed the bill, (on executive responsibility,) which they were then considering, he would have been wholly in their power. If he had allowed matters to go on as they were till the election of May, a popular outbreak and a deplorable convulsion would have been almost inevitable; for matters had been so arranged that both the legislative and presidential elections would take place at nearly the same time, under a disputed electoral law, and when all the powers of the State were in a condition of paralysis and dissolution. The greatest contest ever known in a representative system was to take place round the dying bed of an expiring President and an expiring Assembly; and the president sure to be chosen was a president ineligible by law.—Moreover, Louis Napoleon might plead that *he*, as well as the Assembly, was elected by universal suffrage; that the Assembly had ceased to be in harmony with their constituents, while he had not; that when two co-ordinate powers, equally chosen by the people, disagree, the only mode of deciding the dispute is by an appeal to the authority from which both

emanate; and that all he did was to make that appeal *arbitrarily*, which the Constitution denied him the power of doing legally. —On the other hand, it is equally undeniable that the act which he has perpetrated bears, on the face of it, all the features of a great crime. The Constitution which he has violently suppressed, bad as it was, was the deliberately framed Constitution of his country, and was the one which, knowing all its faults, he had sworn to maintain and obey. The liberties which he has so ruthlessly trampled under foot, were the liberties which he had sworn to respect and to watch over. The blood which he has shed was the blood of his fellow-citizen, and ought to have been precious in his eyes. The oath which he has broken was an oath solemnly tendered and often voluntarily re-affirmed. Therefore, if he is to be forgiven, he must sue out his pardon from the future. Nothing can palliate his crime, except its being the last. Nothing can excuse his seizure of power, except the patriotic use he makes of it. In the meantime we are not anxious to hold the balance or to cast the lot between the guilty President and the guilty Assembly. We adopt the words of Victor Cousin on a different occasion,—"je renvoie, donc, les extravagances aux extravagans, les crimes aux criminelles, et je détourne les yeux de ce sang et de cette boue,"—and, from the sickening and idle task of awarding the palm between two worthless combatants, we turn to consider the prospects, the feelings, and the fate of FRANCE under the new régime. Power, illegally seized, is sometimes legally sanctioned. The crimes of individual ambition are often overruled by Providence so as to work out the welfare of nations.

In the first place, Louis Napoleon's usurpation has been since ratified and sanctioned in a manner which, after every reasonable deduction has been made on account of the circumstances of the polling, leaves no ground whatever for doubting that it was approved by the nation. Whatever some of our English journals, in their anger and amazement, may say as to the probability of the returns having been falsified, no man in France believes that anything of the kind has been done, to any important extent at least. The total adult male population of France is as near as can be ascertained, nine millions, and of these we can scarcely reckon fewer to be disqualified from various causes than half a million. This would leave 8,500,000 as the total number of electors under universal suffrage. Of these in round numbers seven millions and a half have voted for Louis Napoleon, and 700,000 against him, while 300,000 have abstained from voting. There can be no doubt that some voted in ignorance of the facts of the case; some in an overweening fear of the Socialists; some because, though no friends to Louis

Napoleon, they saw no alternative between him and anarchy. It is impossible to affirm, that an election which has taken place while all newspapers were suppressed or garbled, while all public meetings and other facilities for forming and circulating opinion were proscribed, while the principal political chiefs were in durance, and while many departments were under martial law, can be considered as a fair one. We believe that Louis Napoleon has done himself serious injury and injustice by thus enabling his antagonists to assert, without the possibility of disproof, that votes have been tampered with, coerced, or obtained by fraud. But when every allowance has been made, we do not believe, and we think no man in France really believes, that the late poll does not give the fair and genuine result of the sentiments of the vast numerical majority of the nation. As to the feelings of the middle classes, we are left to gather the truth from a variety of indications. The great and continued rise in the French *rentes*, which, notwithstanding the foolish insinuations of some ignorant journalists, was perfectly *bonâ fide;* the equivalent advance in the price of railway shares; the increased price of most kinds of goods; the immediate and marked revival in nearly all branches of trade; the issuing of orders which had been long suspended, all concur to intimate the warm approval of the *coup d'état* by the industrial, commercial, and financial classes of France. All our own private foreign correspondents, whether enemies or friends of the President, confirm this conclusion. All agree in representing the state of anxiety and uncertainty in which they had long been kept as utterly intolerable; most express confidence in the wisdom of Louis Napoleon's future rule and its suitability to France; all speak of the satisfaction felt at the revolution being nearly universal among all who have anything to lose, or anything to gain by honest and reputable means. The majority of the press we presume to be hostile, as also most of the politicians of France. The opinion of the Legitimists and that of the Orleanists appears to be divided. On the whole, however, it cannot be denied that France has elected Louis Napoleon with hearty good will, and anticipates much from his government.

In considering this matter, it is important that we should divest ourselves of our insular prejudices and habits of thought, and inquire not what we should feel under such circumstances, but what Frenchmen would be likely to feel; not what *régime* would be suitable for England, but what *régime* is best adapted for France. We must bear in mind that our notions of freedom and policy are utterly at variance with theirs—that our *beau-idéal* of a perfect Government is diametrically opposite to theirs. The French notion of liberty is political equality; the

English notion is personal independence. The French are accustomed to have their Government do everything for them, and direct them in everything, and they expect and wish it to do so; the English wish never to feel the action, or be compelled to recognise the existence, of Government in their daily and private life. It would therefore be both pedantic and misleading to judge the one nation by the standard of the other, or to act for the one on the system of the other. There are two kinds of freedom—two modes in which a nation may exercise and prove its liberty. We have chosen one; France has always shewn a marked preference for the other. We prefer to govern ourselves: it is the peculiar taste of the Anglo-Saxon. The French prefer to choose their governor, and then leave everything in his hands: it is the fancy of the Celt. If we select the more troublesome mode, of directing and ruling ourselves, and displaying our liberty in every action of our daily life, we are scarcely at liberty to despise our neighbour as a slave, because he prefers the easier, lazier, and more dangerous plan of concentrating all *his* liberty into a single deed, and then abnegating self-management and self-responsibility for ever. Ours, indeed, is unquestionably the wiser and the safer plan; but it may not be suited for, or practicable among, a race so divergent from ourselves as are the people of France.

May not the French have been all along *upon the wrong tack*, in aiming at the establishment of a Representative Government in their country? May they not have been entirely mistaken in adopting and supposing that they could manage a machine which appeared to have done so well with us? May not the form of Government and the guarantees of freedom suitable for France be wholly different from those which have been found available in England?

An ancient legend of deep significance relates that there once lived a magician who had discovered a spell of singular cogency and virtue, by means of which he could command the attendance and compel the obedience of a familiar spirit, through whose services he acquired fame, wealth, and wide dominion. A favourite pupil, inspired with the ambition of rivalling his master's power, possessed himself of the mighty secret, pronounced the magic spell, and evoked the wondrous agency; but he had omitted one little and apparently unimportant word in the formula of invocation, and the demon, therefore, though he had obeyed the summons, refused to submit to the control of the incompetent magician; instead of being a serviceable and obedient slave, he became an imperious and terrific tyrant, whom the unfortunate evoker was unable to dismiss, who tormented him through life, and ended by tearing him to pieces.

The events that for the last sixty years have been passing on the other side of the Channel, seem the reproduction of this medieval tale. France is the ambitious pupil; Representative Institutions the magical spirit—the power for good or evil—which she has evoked, but cannot manage or dismiss. In summoning them to her aid to enable her to rise out of the servitude and degradation of the past, and enter on a new career of greatness and of glory, she forgot one little ingredient in the composition of the magic spell, the omission of which has converted a blessing into a bane, a patient servant into a capricious despot, and has transmuted the pride and safeguard of England into the curse and reproach of France. Personal virtue, public principle, pure, lofty, and self-abnegating patriotism was omitted from the invocation. The formula was borrowed faithfully enough; the spirit which sanctified and gave it efficacy was alone left out.

From its first glorious beginning in 1789, to its last ignominious ending in 1851, the whole history of Representative Assemblies in France has been one series of oscillations between despotism and impotence. When there has been only one Chamber it has almost invariably grasped at the supreme authority; when there have been two they have been as uniformly curbed or rendered insignificant. Parliaments in France have always either absorbed the Executive power or been absorbed by it. They have alternately been omnipotent, or powerless. They have always been either sinned against, or sinning. Never yet have the Legislative and the Executive worked in harmony as co-equal and co-ordinate functionaries. Neither has endured "a brother near the throne." Neither seems to have been able to conceive any medium between absolute authority or complete subserviency, nor to have believed its existence safe or dignified till its rival and colleague was effaced or enslaved. The reins of power have dangled between the two, snatched alternately by the one or the other,—the unhappy chariot of the State, in the meantime, dragged first into one ditch, then into the other, but always going to the dogs.

When the first great Revolution broke out, sixty-two years ago, nearly all parties seemed disposed to put aside the past as an ugly dream,—the present looked very hopeful, and the future very bright. A monarchy strong in old associations, an Assembly rich in young hopes and enthusiastic aspirations, a fine spirit of patriotism and energy pervading most classes of the nation, seemed materials to warrant the most sanguine anticipations. But the struggle for supremacy soon began, the Sovereign intrigued against the Chamber; the Chamber encroached upon the Sovereign, thwarted him, fettered him, reduced him to a cypher,

imprisoned him, and slew him. The Assembly possessed itself of the executive power, and governed the country by sections and committees: *how*, let the Reign of Terror, and the reaction, incapacity, and license of the directory, proclaim. When Napoleon, on the 18th Brumaire, overpowered the Chambers by an armed force, and became First Consul, then Consul for life, then Emperor, the Representative Assemblies sank into a nullity, and throughout his reign remained little but courts for registering and giving legal form and validity to his decrees. Under Louis XVIII. and Charles X., they were little heeded by the Monarch, and little respected by the people; they spoke sometimes, but scarcely ever acted, and such spirit of liberty as survived in France was kept in existence by a resolute but persecuted press. Then came the Revolution of 1830, when "the charter was henceforth to be a truth," a real fact; but corruption soon again made the Chambers what oppression had made them before, the passive tools of the Monarch's will. An Assembly chosen by 180,000 electors, among whom the Sovereign had 600,000 places to dispose of, could be no valid barrier to his authority; and Louis Philippe became nearly absolute under the forms of constitutionalism. Lastly followed the Revolution of February, which installed in office a single popular and powerful Chamber, with an elective President high in station, dignity, and nominal authority, but watched, thwarted, and guarded as a public enemy. The old contest immediately recommenced; the President resented and fretted under his position of invidious and jealous slavery; the Assembly intrigued to engross the entire authority of the State; and the old miserable struggle was terminated by the old rusty weapon—a *coup d'état*, and a military despotism.

Now, why is it that Constitutional Government, which works so well in England, will not work at all in France? Why is it that, however often it is re-established there, the irresistible tendency of the nation towards another state of things ensures its speedy overthrow, or its virtual dormancy? Why is it that the representative system, every time it is set up in France, seems, by its failure, to proclaim its want of adaptation to the national necessities, its want of harmony with the national characteristics? Does not this reiterated rejection of it, like food which does not agree, indicate that *it is not what France requires*, that it is not the medicine or the aliment which nature prescribes for her present constitution, or her actual maladies? Let us consider, especially, two points which will illustrate our meaning.

The representative system is essentially the creature and the child of *compromise*. Constitutional Government, by which we mean an elective body emanating from the people, co-existing as

a reality by the side of an executive, whether hereditary or not, endowed with the requisite authority,—is the result of mutual forbearance, moderation, and respect; exists only by virtue of these qualities; could not endure for an hour without them. It is an entire mistake to imagine such a scheme *theoretically good;* it is, on the contrary, *theoretically imperfect*, and is feasible only on the supposition of additional elements, which are not "nominated in the bond." It is an entire mistake to affirm that English liberty has flourished in consequence of our glorious Constitution. English liberty has flourished in spite of our anomalous and defective Constitution; it has flourished in consequence of national virtues, in the absence of which that Constitution would have been utterly unmanageable. The machine which is supposed to have made us what we are, would have broken down generations ago, had we been other than what we are. It is full of checks and counter-checks, of anomalies and incongruities, which would seem to indicate its fitting place, as an unworking model, in a museum of monstrosities. The Monarch has the sole power of forming treaties, and of declaring peace and war. He alone commands the army. He alone appoints all functionaries, civil, military, and judicial. He can dissolve Parliament whenever it thwarts him, and as often as he pleases. He can put an absolute veto on all its enactments. He can suspend laws by orders in Council, if he can find Ministers bold enough to run the risk of a refusal on the part of Parliament to indemnify them afterwards. The House of Lords, or a majority of them, about 200 men, can snub both King and House of Commons, and stop all proceedings indefinitely, and paralyze the entire action of Government. Again, the House of Commons can release the army from their allegiance, by omitting to pass the yearly "Mutiny Bill." It can refuse the Monarch the means of carrying on the war which it yet empowers him to declare, and of paying the functionaries whom it yet authorizes him to appoint. It can impeach the Ministers whom it allows him to nominate; yet if they are condemned, it still leaves him the power of conferring immunity upon them by an unlimited prerogative of pardon. The Constitution gives the Monarch means of absolute despotism, *if* he is wicked enough to desire it, and *if* the army will stand by him, and *if* the people will endure military rule. It gives the nobles power to set both people and Monarch at defiance, if they are selfish and daring enough to do so. It gives the lower house the power of starving both its colleagues into a surrender, on the supposition that both its colleagues will keep within the limits of the law. But it proceeds throughout on the supposition that none of these things will occur; *that their occurrence will be prevented by their possi-*

bility; that none of the three parties will be forgetful of their duties, or be disposed to push their rights to an extreme; that each will bear and forbear; that all will join in masking the impossibilities of the constitution, and avoiding the collisions which its theory makes so easy; and that all, like the reverential children of the frail Patriarch of old, will concur in covering, with a decent and respectful drapery, the nakedness of their common parent.

But what would be the result were the English machine to be worked by French hands? Each of the three co-ordinate authorities would assert its power to the utmost. Each would make use of its large portion to seize the whole. The Peers would put on the drag at the slightest opposition to their will. The Commons would stop the supplies on the most trivial provocation. The Sovereign would employ the army to levy the taxes and subdue the people. The Parliament would impeach the Minister, and the Monarch would insult and defy them by giving him a free pardon. The whole would be at a deadlock in a month. The opposing forces would substitute mutual antagonism for mutual control; and the result would be, not a *diagonal* as with us, but simply a checkmate—not a medial movement, but an absolute stoppage. The *ultima ratio* which we have staved off for centuries, would be reached by Frenchmen in a single session.—Representative Government, then, we say, embodies the essence, breathes the atmosphere, lives the life of COMPROMISE. But the French hate compromise. The very idea of it disgusts them. What they are, they like to be completely. What they have, they like to have to themselves, without colleague or without competitor. A possession which they hold only in concert, with equal co-proprietors, has few charms for them. The legitimists are unwilling to replace their Sovereign on the throne, on any basis but that of divine right, and absolute authority. In their notion he would be degraded if he owed his crown to the summons of the people, or shared his power with a new aristocracy, or a popular assembly. The *bourgeoisie* in like manner would ignore the nobles, and reduce them to a nullity. And the democracy, equally exclusive and intolerant, cannot imagine that the mass of the people can be rightfully called on to admit the existence or recognise the claims of any other party, and insist upon an exclusive, absolute, and uncontrolled dominion. Guizot, in his treatise on Democracy, seized this peculiarity of France with the quick instinct of a master's eye. "Peace is impossible," (he says, for the word *peace* we would substitute *representative constitutionalism,*) "so long as the various classes and political parties whom our society comprises, nourish the hope of mutu-

ally destroying each other, and possessing an exclusive empire. This is the evil which, since 1789, torments us continually, and overthrows us periodically. The monarchic, aristocratic, and democratic elements, have not accepted or recognised each other, but have toiled for their reciprocal exclusion. Constitution, laws, administration, have been in turn directed, like engines of war, to the destruction of one or other party. It has been a 'war to the knife,' in which neither of the combatants believed it possible to live if his rival was still erect and breathing by his side."

French exclusiveness and hatred of compromise, then, is the first reason why representative institutions have not flourished in France. But there is another and a yet deeper cause. Their revolutions have always begun at the wrong end. They have looked only to one point, and that not the primary, nor the most essential one. They have begun their reforms with institutions, not with individuals. They have thought it sufficient to reconstruct society in the aggregate, without modifying or amending the units which compose it. They forget in their earliest efforts, and have never paused to remember since, that the concrete mass must represent and resemble the materials of which it is made up; and that if the individuals are corrupt, selfish, violent, and impure, the community cannot be firm, peaceable, dignified, or noble. Accustomed to trace their evils to their Institutions, taught alike by their writers and their orators to cast upon empty forms the burden of their ingrained sins, they conceived that a change of institutions and of forms would work those miracles, which are the slow and painful product of private virtue and individual exertion; of patient toil, and more patient endurance—of mutual respect, and mutual love. They imagined they could reform society without first reforming themselves. Hence all their schemes and Constitutions have been projects for obtaining the reward without the effort—the victory without the conflict or the sacrifice; for dispensing with indispensable qualifications in place of eliciting or exercising them; for doing great actions without first training great souls; for seeking in the barren and narrow range of the mechanical, what can only be found in the rich resources of the moral world. They worked for the salvation of the individual without requiring his participation in the task. Fatal blunder! They imagined that men might be rendered free and equal by destroying external barriers and striking off material chains; they did not perceive that freedom and equality have their sole roots and guarantees within the *man*. They abolished the *ancien régime;* but they abolished it in vain, while each man carried his *ancien régime* within himself. The old vices, the old corruption, the old

selfishness, the old ambition, the old passion for material enjoyments, the old incapacity for silent and elevated patriotism, still survived, and were never struck at or fairly encountered: how then should not the old anomalies re-appear? The garments were torn and buried; but the body and the life remained. Now, as surely as the laws of Providence are constant and inexorable, so surely can there be, for nation or for individual, no short cut to a goal which God has placed at the end of a toilsome and appointed path; no mechanical contrivances for the attainment of an end which is the allotted reward of moral effort and self-denying virtue; no human fiat for the gratuitous bestowal of blessings for which heaven has appointed a hard and heavy purchase-money. The functions of government—self-government as well as every other—demand qualifications, negative and positive, of no ordinary kind; qualifications which are not inherent or innate; qualifications for which the demand by no means always calls forth the supply. The mere possession of power confers neither capacity nor virtue to exercise it well; and in obtaining the representative institutions that belong to freedom, while still tainted with all the vices of their ancient servitude, the French only seized a treasure of which they had forgotten to secure the key, a weapon of which they had not learned the mastery, a writing in cypher to which they had not got the clue. Caution, humility, obedience to law, long-suffering patience, respect for others' rights, and others' opinions,—these, the *sine qua non* of a constitutional régime, they never dreamed of practising;—aspiring to raise the superstructure, while shirking the preliminary drudgery of laying the foundation.

A third reason why parliamentary government, which has answered so well in England, has answered so ill in France, may be found in the fact, that it harmonizes with our habits and institutions, but is wholly discrepant and incongruous with those of our neighbours. We govern ourselves; they are governed by officials. Our whole system is municipal, theirs is bureaucratic. We have already spoken of their centralized administration, and the extent to which it pervades and interpenetrates the daily and domestic life of the nation. In England the civil servants of the government are few, unconnected, and unobtrusive; in France they are innumerable, omnipotent, and constitute a separate, organized, and powerful class. In England they confine themselves to absolutely necessary functions; in France they interfere with every transaction and every event of life. In England, as a general rule, a man is only reminded of their existence by the annual visit of the tax-gatherer, unless indeed he has to appeal to the law, or has rendered himself amenable to it; in France, scarcely a day passes, scarcely an operation can be con-

cluded, without coming into contact or collision with one or other of their number. Many of the duties performed by officials on the Continent are here performed by elected parochial or municipal functionaries, many are left to individual discretion, many more are not performed at all. With us a man's free-will is limited only by his neighbour's free-will and his neighbour's rights; in France, as in Austria, it can be exercised only subject to government or police permission previously obtained. Restriction is the exception here; it is the rule there. Throughout the Continent, a citizen cannot engage in business, build a house, or take a journey, without leave; and leave is only to be obtained through an established routine of tedious and annoying formalities which would drive an Englishman frantic.

A second operation of this centralized and over-active bureaucracy, has necessarily been to deprive the people of France of all share in those minor acts of government which should form their education for higher offices and more important functions. They have only the faintest vestiges of those municipal institutions which, with us, are such invaluable normal schools of peaceable agitation and political discussion. They have no local senates to prepare them for the central senate of the nation; or where such exist, they have no real power, and therefore excite little interest. The officials do everything: the people do nothing. They are associated with none of the acts of government except the highest. They choose no one except their legislative representatives and their executive chief—no one at least whose functions are much more than nominal. Under a bureaucracy, they have, and can have, no opportunity of training themselves in those skilful tactics, those mutual forbearances, those timely retreats, those judicious compromises, which form the essence of safe and wise political strategies. In a word, they are almost wholly without those real parochial and communal liberties, which are an indispensable preparation for national and republican liberties. Hence, when summoned to the task of self-government by means of a popular assembly, they are like pilots intrusted with the navigation of a ship who have never been at sea before.

But the French system of administration, while making children of its subjects, inevitably makes a despot of its chief. He who seizes, or to whom is entrusted, the reins of Government in France, finds himself—owing to its essential construction—absolute master of every functionary in every department throughout that vast empire. Through these functionaries he finds himself invested with almost uncontrolled power over every one of his fellow-countrymen. He is at the head of the police, justice, *gendarmerie*, finance, and education, not merely in Paris,

but in Corsica and Algiers—in the remotest and obscurest corner of the land. He finds himself, by the simple accident of his position, a despot—an autocrat; and it is to ask a miracle of human nature to expect him not to use this despotic power. Moreover, the very habits of the nation, the very nature of the organization force him to use it. The functionaries throughout the country, feeling themselves only wheels in one great machine—accustomed to refer everything to their head in Paris—constantly and naturally apply to him for orders; and he is thus, as it were, compelled to act, or the machine of administration would stand still.

In May last year we wrote thus:—"Republicanism and bureaucracy are incompatible existences. You may call your state a republic if you will—you may modify its form as you please—you may have two chambers or one—you may place at the head a military dictator, or an elective President holding office for one year, for four years, or for ten;—but so long as the administration of public affairs remains central and bureaucratic, the utmost that full representation or universal suffrage can give, is the power of choosing the particular set of busy bodies who shall rule you, or rather the irresponsible individual who shall appoint them. It is not liberty, but merely the selection of your head oppressor. Thus France is in a radically false position, and she has not yet found it out; she is endeavouring unconsciously to unite two incompatibilities. Her government has all the finished and scientific organization of a despotism, with the political institutions which belong to freedom. Each man has a share in the choice of his legislator and his executive chief; each man is the depositary of a calculable fraction of the sovereign power; but each man is the slave of the Passport office, the prefect, the gendarme, and the policeman. The republic of to-day may wake and find itself an empire to-morrow—scarcely an individual Frenchman would *feel* the difference—and not one iota of the administration need be changed. As it exists now, it was the child and may be the parent of imperialism. The whole machinery of autocratic rule is at all times ready for the hand of any one who can seize it."

What a commentary on our prediction has the Revolution of the 2d of December afforded! Surely it should teach France the soundness of our present position—viz., that she cannot serve two masters; she cannot at the same moment "fill her cup from the mouth and from the source of the Nile." *She cannot be at once representative and bureaucratic.* If she desires Parliamentary Government she must abolish Centralization. But it is beyond dispute that this system of administration, which to us seems so intolerable, is singularly popular in France; and

that Parliaments, which appear to us so indispensable, are by no means popular. The one system is indigenous, and is therefore welcome and stable: the other is an exotic, and therefore takes no root, shows no stamina, can arrive at no permanency or durability. It did not grow out of the people's wants: it does not harmonize with the people's sentiments. What France wants is what Napoleon gave her—viz., a firm and all-penetrating administrative system, with municipal bodies and national assemblies, whose functions were limited to the representation of grievances;—and, in addition, she wants what he did not give her—and what yet remains a desideratum—a guarantee against the misgovernment of arbitrary power. Now, we in England are too apt to fall into the natural but somewhat pedantic error of supposing that this guarantee is afforded, and can only be afforded, by representative institutions. Yet the whole history of France since her first revolution might have taught us our mistake. She had representative institutions in 1793; yet they did not secure her against the most grinding tyranny which was ever imposed upon a people—a tyranny which was known and proved to be that of a minority—a tyranny, nevertheless, which it required the bloodshed and the *coup* of the 9th Thermidor to overthrow. She had representative institutions in 1799; yet they did not protect her against the wretched misgovernment of the Directory, nor against the daring conspiracy by which, on the 18th of Brumaire, both they and the Directory were superseded. Representative institutions did not protect France against the arbitrary decrees of Charles X., nor against the necessity of a revolution to dethrone him. They did not enable her to extort reform from Louis Philippe without the same bloody and rudimental expedient. Finally, they did not protect her from the violent usurpation of the President in December last She has tried them under every form and modification; and under none have they superseded the necessity of revolutions;—*under none have they enabled her to dispense with the same rude and primitive mode of expressing their dissatisfaction and desire of change which is resorted to by nations to whom Parliaments and ballot-boxes are unknown.* They are effective to preserve the rights and liberties of citizens only where patriotism and a sense of justice are so paramount that instruments cannot be found to trample upon them. They are powerful to deter bad rulers from misgovernment, only when it is known that misgovernment will not be borne. The same *coup d'état* which has overturned the Government in France might have taken place in England just as well, if the Monarch had been wicked enough to attempt it, the Parliament discredited enough to provoke it, the army subservient enough to enact it, the people base enough

or wearied enough to submit to it. A representative system contains "the form but not the power" of freedom. It offers no security except on the assumption—true with us, false with our neighbours—that the parties concerned in it will be kept within its limits by a sense of duty, or a sense of fear. A King of England could not have acted as the President of France has done, not because the Parliament and the law forbad him, but simply because the army would not have assaulted the Parliament or disobeyed the law, and because the people would not tamely have endured either violation. Representative institutions are merely an established mode of manifesting to the ruler the resolution of the nation. Other simpler, louder, and more cogent, modes of manifesting this resolution may be found—not indeed suited to our meridian, but possibly to the meridian of France. This louder language is what France always speaks in whether she has a Parliament or not. A central Executive Chief, chosen by the free vote of the whole people, and liable at any time or at stated intervals to be cashiered by a reversal of that vote if he loses national confidence or incurs national condemnation, may possibly enough be a better system of government for France than any she has yet tried. "But where is the security (we are asked) that such adverse vote will be submitted to by a powerful Chief?" True; but in reply we ask—"Have we found that Representative Assemblies have afforded any such security?" And may not the whole matter be summed up in this brief decision, that no mode of expressing the national will will ever obtain submissive acquiescence, or reach the undisputed dignity of a sacred and supreme decree, till the whole people, those who command as well as those who obey, those who succumb as well as those who prevail, are penetrated and imbued with a paramount love of justice, a noble servitude to duty, and a solemn reverence for law. When these qualities reign universal and despotic, almost any form of government will suffice to embalm freedom and insure greatness; till these are acquired and maintained, the wisest system of policy ever devised by the profound and subtle intellect of man can secure them no liberty and bring them no rest.*

* We particularly recommend to our readers the following quotations from one of the greatest historians and political thinkers of our time :—

"The English in the 16th century were, beyond all doubt, a free people. They had not indeed the outward show of freedom ; but they had the reality. They had not as good a Constitution as we have ; but they had that without which the best Constitution is as useless as the King's proclamation against vice and immorality, that which without any Constitution keeps rulers in awe—force, and the spirit to use it. . . . A modern Englishman can hardly understand how the people can have had any real security for good government under Kings who levied *benevolences* and chid the House of Commons as they would have chid a pack of dogs.

The cultivation of these qualities, then, and of the virtues which are allied to them and foster them, is the first necessity of the national life of France. For this process the two requisites are time and rest. The whole morale of France is fearfully perverted and disorganized; *how* fearfully we endeavoured to describe in a recent Number. The very alphabet of the decalogue has to be revived. Religion has to restore its influence and re-assert its claims. Literature has to be rescued from its grotesque deformities and its hideous pollutions, to be cleansed from its old abominations, and inspired with a diviner life. The foundations of social existence have to be purified and renovated. The school-time and apprenticeship of political action have to be passed through. But how can religion flourish or be heard amid the miserable intrigues or the sanguinary conflicts of balanced factions? How can the moral standard of a people be raised and cleared amid the tumults of passions constantly excited, and of strife unceasingly renewed? How can literature rise into a purer atmosphere, or breathe a calmer tone, or spread abroad the soothing influence of a serener spirit, when "the loud transactions of the outlying world" keep the cultivated circles in a perpetual fever, which makes all wholesome food distasteful, and all moderate and gentle stimuli insipid? An interval of repose, a breathing time of recollection and recovery, seems to be demanded alike in the name of the material and the spiritual interests of France—alike for the development of her physical resources,

People do not sufficiently consider that, though the legal checks were feeble, the natural checks were strong. There was one great and effectual limitation on the Royal authority—the knowledge that, if the patience of the nation were severely tried, the nation would put forth its strength, and that its strength would be irresistible.

"The Irish are better represented in Parliament than the Scotch, who, indeed, are not represented at all. [This was written before 1832.] But are the Irish better governed than the Scotch? Surely not. But this only proves that laws have no magical or supernatural virtue; that priestcraft, ignorance, and the rage of contending factions, may make good institutions useless; that intelligence, sobriety, industry, moral freedom, firm union, may supply in a great measure the defects of the worst representative system. A people whose education and habits are such that, in every quarter of the world, they rise above the mass of those with whom they mix, as surely as oil rises to the top of water; a people of such temper and self-government that the wildest popular excesses recorded in their history partake of the purity of judicial proceedings and the solemnity of religious rites; a people whose high and haughty spirit is so forcibly described in the motto which encircles their thistle;—such a people cannot be long oppressed. Any Government, however constituted, must respect their wishes, and tremble at their discontents. . . . They will be better governed under a good Constitution than under a bad Constitution. But they will be better governed under the worst Constitution than some other nations under the best. In any general classification of Constitutions, that of Scotland must be reckoned as one of the worst—perhaps the worst—of Christian Europe. Yet the Scotch are not ill-governed. And the reason simply is that they will not bear to be ill governed."—Macaulay, *Lord Burleigh and his Times.*

and the renovation of her moral life;—a period during which a new generation might grow up, nurtured amid all the sweet sanctities of domestic life, played upon by all the countless influences of social peace, and sheltered from the angry passions and turbulent emotions which muddied and distracted the existences of their fathers and their grandfathers;—a stable rule, against which rebellion would be madness;—a settled law, which should no longer leave obedience or disobedience an open question;—a government which all could respect, and which the bad should fear—and such just civil and moderate political rights as might be enjoyed and strengthened, and be gradually augmented as they were exercised and mastered—these seem now what France requires, and what her new ruler, if he be either wise or patriotic, might bestow.

That the French nation as a whole is ardently attached to the great idea of the first Revolution, there can, we think, be no reasonable doubt. But there may be great doubt whether French politicians are not as pedantic in supposing that this idea necessarily involves a republic, as English politicians are in conceiving all liberty to be bound up in Parliamentary forms. The two prolific principles established in 1789 were, first, the sovereignty of the people; and, secondly, the inadmissibility of a privileged class. Now neither of these principles require that a republic, *according to our notion of one*, should be the form of government selected. They merely require that it shall not be an oligarchy; and that, whatever it be, it shall emanate from the people. Many months ago we were assured by a very intelligent Parisian, that "*La France est républicain et Bonapartiste;*" and that the two were by no means incongruous or incompatible. That France should at one and the same moment cling to a Republic, and to the name and memory of the man who destroyed the Republic, who rose upon its ruins, and replaced it by one of the most iron and autocratic despotisms the world ever saw, seems at first sight to involve a contradiction; but the inconsistency and improbability will vanish when we reflect that Napoleon professed to complete the idea of a Republic, and to govern in its name—that he took especial care to receive each successive elevation through the forms of a popular election—that a Frenchman's notion of liberty is not personal freedom, but political equality—that a republican form of Government is chiefly dear to him as embodying this inaccurate and incomplete conception—and that his bugbear, his *bête noire*, his pious abomination, is not a chief or master, but a privileged order. He dislikes and dreads an aristocracy, not an autocracy. A nominal Commonwealth, even with an arbitrary despot like Napoleon at its head, provided it be in any sense, whether tacitly or formally, the

nation's choice, satisfies a Frenchman's confused and misty ideal. This singular union of what seem to Englishmen two opposed and mutually excluding conditions of polity—Republican institutions and Imperial sway—is embodied in a most characteristic manner in much of the current coinage of France. Every old five-franc piece contains what we should call an Irish bull. All the money coined under the empire bears "*République Française*" on the one side, and "*Napoléon Empereur*" on the reverse. The face of the coin affirms a fact; the back gives it a point-blank contradiction.

We believe the coin so marked to be a faithful representation of the mind of the great mass of the French people, and to speak their real sentiments. An Emperor stamped upon a Republic! A regal, central, powerful, brilliant chief, elected or confirmed by popular suffrage. Not freedom from control, but the selection of the great controller. Napoleon understood this well. Chosen by the people, at first by a sort of general acclamation, and afterwards by an almost universal vote, he believed himself, and we believe him to have been, a truer representative of their wishes and opinions than any assembly that was ever elected. Strong in the strength of this conviction, and confident in his perfect comprehension of the requirements of his country, he framed that wonderful administrative organization of which we have already spoken, and promulgated the Constitution under which, with some modifications, France lived so long. The principle of that Constitution was that of a strong and concentrated executive, aided by all the enlightenment and assistance it could derive from the practical knowledge and experience of the ablest men in the country. Napoleon refused no advice, but permitted no interference. The idea never entered into his head of ingrafting upon one another two things as distinct in their origin and as discordant in their operation as the centralized administration, so peculiarly French, and the parliamentary *régime*, so peculiarly British. He looked upon the Senate, the legislative body, the Council of State, the local and departmental councils, as collections of men from whom he could gain much useful information, and much valuable aid; he never recognised their right to shackle his administrative action, or to step out of their narrow and allotted province. With regard to the Provincial Councils, he wished that they should be listened to with deference and patience. One of the prefects of the Côte d'Or having failed to listen with due respect to the representations of the municipal body, Napoleon sent him a severe and grave rebuke. But when the Council-General of the Haute-Garonne, in the same year, took upon it to criticise a portion of the system of taxation then established, he snubbed it most un-

mercifully, and explained very clearly to its members the nature and limits of their functions, as follows:—

"Les conseils généraux ne sont point institutés pour donner leurs avis sur les lois et sur les décrets. Ce n'est par là le but de leur réunion. On n'a ni le besoin ni la volonté de leur demander de conseils.

"Ils ne sont et ne peuvent être que des conseils d'administration. Dans cette qualité, leurs devoirs se bornent à faire connâitre comment les lois et les décrets sont exécutés dans leurs départemens. Ils sont autorisés à représenter les abus qui les frappent, soit dans les détails de l'administration particulière des départemens, soit dans la conduite des administrateurs; mais ils ne doivent le faire qu'en considérant ce qui est ordonné par les lois ou par les décrets, comme étant le mieux possible.

"Un homme qui sort de la vie privée pour venir passer trois ou quatre jours au chef-lieu de son département fait une chose également inconvenante et ridicule lorsqu'il se mêle de comparer ce qui existe en vertu des lois de l'administration générale actuelle avec ce qui existait dans un autre temps, et lorsqu'à la faveur de quelques observations utiles sur l'administration particulière de son département, il se permet des observations critiques et incohérentes . . . . . Sans doute, il a été des temps, où la confusion de toutes les idées, la faiblesse extraordinaire de l'administration générale, les intrigues, qui l'agitaient, faisaient penser à beaucoup de citoyens isolés, qu'ils étaient plus sages que ceux qui les gouvernaient, et qu'ils avaient plus de capacité pour les affaires. *Ce temps n'est plus. L'Empereur n'écoute personne que dans la sphère des attributions respectives.*"

We are far from saying or thinking that the amount of political liberty and of participation in national affairs which Napoleon allowed even at the commencement of his consulate, can or ought permanently to satisfy a people like the French. But it well deserves the dispassionate consideration both of our own *doctrinaires* and our continental imitators, whether a sounder and higher ultimate result may not be obtained by commencing from such moderate germs of political freedom and civil action as may in time, by degrees, and through a process of extorted concessions, be ripened and expanded into an ample and fitting Constitution, than by starting with such a Constitution ready made—on paper; whether it would not be wise for Frenchmen to follow our example in the slow, painful, and laborious steps by which we have achieved and wrung out our liberties—practising them as we won them—consolidating them as we went along—rather than to grasp at the finished treasure, without learning the lessons which teach its value, or acquiring the mastery over it which confers its value and guarantees its security. As in the grand old fictions of the Rosicrucian fancy, those aspirants after super-human power and earthly immortality—who

seized prematurely on the arch-gift and inhaled the rich elixir, before a long course of strengthening toil, purifying abstinence from earthly passions, and resolute crucifixion of all low desires, had fitted their frames to breathe a rarer atmosphere, and gaze upon intenser light—were stricken into insanity or dazzled into blindness by the awful revelation and the intolerable stimulus, so surely do the exciting air, the intoxicating draught, the wild delight, the terrible power of liberty, ask for their healthy endurance and their noble exercise, preparation scarcely less tedious and elaborate, a soul scarcely less purified and strengthened. To seize upon the splendour before the sight is purged and fortified, is to rush not into light, but into darkness.*

If Louis Napoleon, as both his writings and his actions appear to indicate, takes the same view of the needs and capabilities of France which we have here endeavoured to explain, and if he be really animated by that partially pure patriotism which consists in wishing to connect his name indissolubly with the grandeur and regeneration of his country, we believe that he *may* yet employ his tenure of power in a manner which will cause its origin to be forgotten and forgiven. That he *will* do so, is rather our hope than our sanguine expectation. It is what one of their own philosophers described a future state to be, *un grand peut-être.* It certainly seems somewhat foolish to fancy that a man who has attained his supremacy by violence should use that supremacy for good. It seems the very simplicity of sanguineness to expect that a man who, in marching to his end, has trampled all legality under foot, should, when that end has been reached, proclaim, enforce, and submit to legality in future. It is the curse and the punishment of guilt, in public even more than in private life, that one crime almost always necessitates another and another. It is difficult for a usurper to control and restrain the tools of his usurpation. It is difficult for the victor in a civil strife, to restore freedom and power of action to the vanquished. It is difficult for a chief whose conduct is open to the harshest criticism and the bitterest invective, to permit fair license to the tongues and pens of his antagonists. Nevertheless, on his ability and courage to dare all this depends Louis-Napoleon's exoneration and success. We cannot too often repeat that he owes a great expiation to his country. He has committed a deliberate act of violence and treason, which can be pardoned only on condition of its being the last. He has seized power in a manner which only the beneficial use he makes of it can induce history to forget or gild. Yet it is undeniable that he has examples before

* "Constitutions (said Sir James Mackintosh) *cannot be made*; they must *grow*." In this profound aphorism we may learn the secret of French failures.

him of others who have stolen a sceptre and yet have wielded it in the service of their country. It is still left for him, by imitating their excellencies and avoiding their errors, to throw a veil over all that is deplorable and disreputable in the past. Augustus waded to a throne through an amount of bloodshed and of perfidy of which Louis Napoleon has given us only a faint and feeble reflex; yet by giving to Rome a long respite from sixty years of civil strife and tyrannous dominion, by developing her resources, re-organizing her empire, cultivating her intelligence, and laying the foundation for 350 years of peace, he has left behind him a name associated for ever with an age of political and literary glory. Cromwell dismissed a Parliament scarcely less despised or discredited than that of France, with a degree of violence and ignominy as great as Louis Napoleon inflicted; yet he governed better, and raised the name of England higher than any sovereign had done since the Great Queen. In 1799 Napoleon drove out the Council of Five Hundred by the actual use of the bayonet, and installed himself as First Consul by an autocratic fiat and a military force; yet his name is still dear to France—less on account of that long series of splendid campaigns, which brought her at first so much glory, and afterwards so much discomfiture and mortification—than because, for the first time since 1789, he gave her a strong and settled Government; because he made her feel that she had a master-hand and a sagacious pilot at the helm; because he gave her rest from intrigues, conspiracies, and the wearisome and humiliating succession of imbecilities which had so long misruled her; because he restored, under wise and stern conditions, her shattered and desecrated altars; because, lastly and chiefly, he reorganized the dissolved and decrepit system of administration on a basis which has never since been shaken, and educed order out of chaos. Louis Napoleon may find in the history of his predecessors something of example, but far more of warning. Three especial errors he must guard against: He must avoid that love of war and too exclusive reliance on the army, which eventually lost Napoleon his crown; he must avoid the reaction towards priestcraft and the dread of a free press, which led to the overthrow of Charles X.; and that neglect of the sentiments and demands of the middle classes, which prepared the way for the ignominious catastrophe of Louis Philippe.

First, If Louis Napoleon relies exclusively on the troops to support his Government he will commit a fatal blunder. They cannot be trusted in to coerce the nation. They may be relied on for a *coup d'état* against an Assembly respected by no one, deserted by the *bourgeoisie*, and abused by the working classes; but assuredly they cannot be relied on for a systematic crusade

against the liberties, feelings, and affections of their fellow citizens. It has been all along pretty well understood, that, though ready enough to fight against *émeutiers* and Socialists of Blanqui's caste, they could never be relied upon to put down any insurrection in which the National Guard sided with the masses. In each individual instance, in each sudden crisis, the habit of obedience and the recollection of their military oath would probably prevail, and cause them to obey the orders of their immediate superiors. But this would no longer be the case as soon as they had time to consult and discuss among themselves, and as soon as they perceived that they were made the tools of a regular system inimical to those whom they loved, and to whose ranks they belonged, and to the interests of that nation of which they formed a recognised and sympathizing part. They soon learn and strongly retain the instinct of discipline and the *esprit du corps;* but they never wholly lose the sentiment of citizenship. French soldiers are not, like English ones, chosen from the lowest portion of the populace, and enlisted virtually for life. The conscription takes them nearly indiscriminately from all ranks, and they serve, or are required to serve, only for seven years. After that time, unless they wish otherwise, they return to mingle with the mass of their fellow-citizens. The result of this is twofold: first, that they retain most of the feelings and predilections of the classes out of which they were called yesterday, and into which they will be re-absorbed to-morrow; and, secondly, that France swarms with thousands of trained and disbanded soldiers, equal in skill and experience to those actually enrolled, but as full of political interests and predilections as any of their compatriot civilians. Thus the army in France is not, as in England, a distinct body set apart from the nation, and having no feelings and opinions that are not bounded by the barrack-walls. It is merely that portion of the people which in each particular year chances to be under arms. One-seventh of them were simple citizens—sons, brothers, husbands, before everything—last year; one-seventh of them again become simple citizens—sons, brothers, husbands, before everything—this year. The idea of using them against the NATION, it would therefore be folly in Louis Napoleon to entertain.

The officers of the army, again, are chosen from among those middle classes out of whose hands the late *coup d'état* is by some supposed to have wrested power. They belong to these classes, they marry into them, they frequent their society, share their feelings, imbibe their sentiments. Like them, they read the newspapers, and feel the deprivation when newspapers are suppressed. In proportion to their rank and education will be their

susceptibility to all those social influences which will make them reluctant and unsafe tools for resolute misgovernment.

Moreover, the moment the army perceives that Louis Napoleon's government depends on it alone, that moment it becomes supreme, exacting, jealous, and tyrannical. That moment also it becomes the arena of the most desperate personal intrigues. That moment gives to Louis Napoleon a score of formidable rivals. He is a civilian. He has won his spurs in no memorable battle; and it is only a military chief who can reign by the sword. If the army is to be the centre and instrument of power, there are many who have a better title than he has to seize it. If, therefore, he relies on the army alone, as an instrument of misgovernment, he is leaning on a spear which will break and pierce him.

Above all, Louis Napoleon must beware of so far mis-reading the history of the great man whose name he bears, as to look to war either for safety or for power. Let the nephew well understand and lay to heart the real foundations of the uncle's glories,—the true reason why the mere name is one of such magic,—the true reason why that name secured his own election, while yet an unknown or an ill-known man. It was not Napoleon's military, but his *civil* services that made him the idol of the nation from 1800 to 1804; it was a repetition, not of his military, but of his civil services, that, in 1848, France looked for from his nephew, when she chose him as her Chief at a moment when a similar confusion to that which Napoleon had closed seemed to call for a similar elucidation, and made the people turn with hope and affection to the mere echo of a great name. Napoleon's military career, magnificent and brilliant as it was, exhausted the nation, wearied the army, carried mourning and desolation into every family: Napoleon's military grandeur all passed away, and left France no wider, no greater, no richer than he found her. But his *Code Civil* has maintained its ground in every country where he planted it; his clear and simple coinage has been everywhere adopted and confirmed by the Sovereigns whom he had ejected, and who returned after his defeat; and his elaborate and scientific system of Centralized Administration has never once been shaken or meddled with by any of the Monarchs or Revolutions that have succeeded him. The trophies of war have all perished: the trophies of peace have all survived. The former made France miserable: the latter have made her a celebrity and an example. The former landed Napoleon in a miserable exile, and gave

"His name a doubt to all the winds of Heaven:"

the latter placed him high among the permanent benefactors of mankind.

To Louis Napoleon, situated as he is, a war would probably be about the most shallow and suicidal policy he could pursue. In the first place, till firmly and fairly established on his new throne, a foreign war would only let loose his domestic foes. No wise chief will march against an enemy, if he leaves half-subdued treason and angry discontent behind him in his own camp. In the second place, a war undertaken in these days must either be a war against despots with insurgents for allies; or a war against freedom with despots for allies. A war of the first kind would not only concentrate against the President all the continental powers, but would involve him in a net of incongruities and perplexities which would aggravate ten-fold the perplexities of his actual position. It could be successful only by the aid of those republican parties in Hungary, Italy, and Prussia, whose equivalents and *analoga* in France he had just repressed with such stern severity. He, the military usurper, the violent destroyer of a free Constitution, would have to hoist the banner of liberty, and march to the watchword of the people's war-cry. The hero of the *coup d'état*, the imprisoner of inviolable deputies, the gaoler of popular generals, would have to proclaim everywhere liberty to the captive, and the restoration of rights to the oppressed. If, on the other hand, he joined the European autocrats, and made war on liberty, and on England, Belgium, and Sardinia as its representatives, he would commit a still more fatal blunder. A war with England would be very popular, no doubt, with many Frenchmen, but it would be hateful to many more. It would be a proclamation of deliberate hostility against the cause of Constitutional rights and liberties all over the world. It would bring him, the Representative and Chief of a nation which still clings to the ideas of the first great revolution, into close alliance with the old worn-out tyrannies of Europe, and degrade him into the ape and flunkey of the withered legitimacy of the world. It would bring the Republic of France, which swears by universal suffrage, into direct collision with every state in which any vestige of popular election yet survives. It would involve her in a crusade against the freedom for which she has fought so gallantly, and suffered and sacrificed so much. Such a war would be absolutely detestable to all the better spirits of the French nation—to the intelligent classes whom it is so important for Louis Napoleon to conciliate to his regime—to the moderate as well as the extreme—to all, except those who love plunder, and those who are thirsty for revenge. The Republicans of France sympathize deeply with the struggling patriots of every land. To them the expedition against Rome was the most hateful act of the Assembly. The Orleanists and Moderates feel that they must make common cause with the supporters of free Constitu-

tions and limited Monarchy throughout the globe. The nation as a whole feel that, if the great contest and victory of 1789 is to bear any fruit—if it is not to be regarded as a gigantic and insane blunder—if it was an emancipation to be gloried in, not a crime to be repented of—France must remain the ally and champion of national independence and popular rights, wherever they may be asserted. To espouse the cause of despotism, to attack the free states of Europe, would be to blaspheme the past, to deny her mission, to desecrate her flag. For France to league with the Russian autocrat, the Prussian perjurer, the Austrian tyrant against Constitutional England and Sardinia, and Republican America and Switzerland, would indeed be for "the dog to return to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire."

A war must either be successful or unsuccessful; in either event it would be fatal to Louis Napoleon's supremacy. If unsuccessful, the French would never forgive him for having provoked it. The army would desert him; the people would despise him; the gentry would hate him; the whole nation would cry out against him; every private interest and every patriotic passion would combine to assail him; and the very foundations of his power would crumble away like sand. If, on the other hand, the war were to be glorious and triumphant, it would insure his downfal as infallibly, though from another cause. Louis Napoleon is not a soldier. His army must be entrusted to the leadership of the ablest generals he can appoint. His victories must be won by others. He must select for the supreme command, not the men he can rely upon as devoted to himself, but the men whom the public voice or the desire of the troops shall proclaim to be most fitted for the post. The first brilliant exploit will give him a rival. The first glorious campaign will designate his dethroner and successor. He may give the signal for war; but others will reap its laurels, others will gather in its fruits, others will monopolize its glory. A war would at once place the very men whom he has just circumvented, insulted, and imprisoned, at the head of the army by means of which he has climbed to power. A war would at once place Cavaignac, Changarnier, Bedeau, and Lamoricière above him. And if one of these should display any portion of that political and administrative genius, which the life of camps so often develops, and affords so many opportunities of manifesting; if he should be gifted with that terse and stirring eloquence which soldiers often possess; and if solid and practical capacity should give him over the reason of his countrymen, that ascendant which his victories have already given him over their imagina-

tion,—then, assuredly, Louis Napoleon would have found his master, and the Assembly its merciless avenger.

Secondly,—Louis Napoleon must especially guard himself against the very probable mistake of supposing, that because he has the support of the army and of the masses—of the numerical majority, and of the organized forces of the nation—he can afford to despise the hostility, or dispense with the allegiance of the middle and educated classes. He has already given some indications of his tendency to fall into this error. He is said to be contemplating the abolition of the vexatious and burdensome *octroi*, the imposition of an income-tax, and the promotion of extensive public works, with a view to satisfy the poorer classes. But measures of this sort will not suffice. The great body of the ignorant peasantry have indeed voted for him as representing in their minds the cause of order, and the brilliant recollections of the Consulate and the Empire. Large numbers of the working people in the towns have also voted for him under the impression that he will unite the two incompatibilities, of a large remission of taxation, and a vigorous increase of public expenditure. But these alone cannot maintain him. The town ranks of all sections are always unreasonable in their expectations from a new *régime*, and therefore certain to encounter disappointment, and to change their admiration into disgust. Moreover, in no country, least of all in France, can the contest ever be a hopeful one for despotism, when all the cultivation and intelligence of the nation is on one side, and only brute numbers on the other. In no strife in modern days, is the *major vis* ever on the side of the *mere* numerical majority. The skill, knowledge, discipline, mental influence, intellectual resources, and moral weight, of the middle and upper ranks, will always be an immense over-match for mere masses of ignorant, untrained and stupid *prolétaires*. Louis Napoleon, therefore, must govern so as to conciliate the adherence of the writers, the financiers, and the literary and political notabilities of France—the natural leaders of her people,—the representatives of her material interests and her moral power.

Now, to these classes, material interests are not the only ones, nor social comfort and physical wellbeing the sole necessaries of existence. Selfish and worldly as too many of them are, they cannot live by bread alone. They demand a scope for their activity, an arena for their talents. They will no longer be content with the old frivolities of the theatre and the *salon*. They have eaten of the tree of political knowledge; and, henceforth, the paradise of the senses and the fancy is disenchanted in their eyes. They have known the fascinations of political action, and will not again acquiesce in being utterly debarred from it. It

will be dangerous to attempt to re-convert them into cyphers, and impossible to confine their energies within the poor and narrow circle of social trifling which once sufficed. The President must reckon with this natural ambition, and this rational activity. His new Constitution must be such as to offer an adequate and worthy field for the power and aspirations of the practical intellect of France. His administration must provide places wherein the capacities of the restless and the ardent may find ample, safe, and serviceable development. He must prove to [redacted] and the experienced politicians of the country, that the new system offers great prizes for the ambitious, wide scope for the active, noble occupation for the high-minded. He must shew them that there are worthier and loftier vocations for the trained and ripened intellect than party squabbles, or parliamentary intrigues, in aiding the action of the State, and developing the resources of the country. His Cabinet must be a place where genuine ability of every kind may find an entrance. His Senate must be an assembly to which it will not be a degradation to belong. His House of Representatives must be a body entitled to speak freely and discuss without reticence and fear.

Further, Louis Napoleon must remember that the educated classes will not long endure to be debarred from the full privileges and enjoyments of their education. It is idle to imagine that men gifted with the wonderful power of precise and brilliant expression, which distinguishes the French, will not chafe and rebel if condemned to an enforced silence, or compelled to restrain their utterances within limits, or to direct them into channels which it may suit a despot to prescribe. Men conscious of capacity to think worthily and to write splendidly on the exciting questions of government and war, will not tamely permit themselves to be warned off their favourite and chosen fields, and relegated to the duller walks of science or fancy. Genius and talent, in every department of literature, like gunpowder, becomes dangerous by being compressed. They must be enlisted in the service of the Government, or they will be arrayed against it, and in the end will be too strong for it. A free press is even a better safety-valve than a free Constitution for the restless intellects and fiery tempers of the cultivated classes. In addition to this, we must bear in mind that the French are great readers. The circulation of the Parisian newspapers is far beyond that of the London journals. Books and pamphlets, too, sell there in numbers which appear to us nearly fabulous. The recent *brochure* of M. Garnier de Cassagnac is said to have sold 100,000 copies. To most Parisians of any education, and to many provincials, their daily paper, with its brilliant "leader" and its exciting *feuilleton*, is as necessary as

their daily breakfast. To deprive them of their habitual intellectual pabulum, and to render it so innutritious and insipid as it would inevitably become under a censorship, would render the President almost as unpopular with the Parisians as if he were to endeavour, actually and without metaphor, to starve them into allegiance. The support then of the thousand writers, and the million readers of France, Louis Napoleon can only conciliate by respecting the freedom of the press.

Lastly, and above all, Louis Napoleon must beware of relying on the PRIESTS. They are about the worst, the weakest, and the most treacherous reed upon which he could lean. We regard the tendency he has shewn in this direction with more jealousy than any of his other proceedings. It looks like a projected coalition between the two armies of despotism—the military and the ecclesiastical. It is true that one of the saddest and most menacing features of the present aspect of French society is the absence of a religious spirit. It is true that any one who should reanimate religion in the nation would be the greatest of human benefactors. But playing into the hands of the Jesuits will have precisely a contrary effect. They are the notorious and irreconcilable enemies of the central ideas which lay at the bottom of the great French Revolution, and which are still inshrined in the hearts of the whole nation,—viz., the sovereignty of the people, as opposed to the divine right of kings, and the reign of equal justice, as opposed to class privileges. All that the country has of noble in its recent history is arrayed against the priests. All the long years of its degradation and dishonour are associated with their rule. Everything generous and lofty, everything popular and stimulating, in its literature, has proclaimed relentless war against priestcraft under any form. Right or wrong, priests in general, and Jesuits in particular, are hated by everything in France, (except moral ignorance and rare fanaticism, and legitimacy, with its sinister and ulterior designs,) as the foes to enlightenment, the upholders of humbug, the allies of despotism, and the serpents who creep into and poison domestic life. The restoration of them, even to most modified and regulated influence, was one of the most daring, difficult, and unpopular of Napoleon's achievements. Notwithstanding the strong reasons which then existed for doing it, notwithstanding the consummate skill and caution with which he did it, it was a reactionary step, which his supporters could hardly tolerate or forgive. The attempt to associate the priests once more to State authority had done much to undermine the influence of Charles X., before their mischievous advice led him to that attack upon the press by which he forfeited his throne. The active intellects of the French nation, in immense preponderance—it is most

deplorable that it should be so, but it is so—regard Christianity as a deception and a chimera; and their religious teachers must resemble the Archbishop of Paris much more, and the Bishop of Chartres much less than the great body of them do at present, before this sad error can be rectified. And so long as this is the case, any truckling to the priests, any favouritism towards them, any signs of an intention to re-impose upon the nation a system which its intellectual leaders believe to be a sham, will be resented as an insult. Christianity itself is a glorious truth as well as a great fact; but to the educated portion of the nation the substitution of priestly despotism in its place presents the system which Rousseau discredited, which D'Alembert, Helvetius, and Condorcet, and all the great literary names connected with the social and political changes of the 18th century, won their fame by contending with and overthrowing. The French may endure the restoration of the Imperial despotism—never that of priestly sway. They may again come under the dominion of the Bastile—never under that of the Inquisition. Louis Napoleon could scarcely commit a blunder which will more surely and more righteously combine against him all that is virulent and all that is selfish, all that is noble and all that is vicious, all that loves freedom and all that loves fame, all that loves truth and all that loves power, in the intellectual and social world of France,—than by holding out a hand of favour and alliance to the Jesuits. The army will despise him for it. The *Salons* will ridicule and sneer at him for it. The Press will hate him for it almost to a man. The stern Puritan Guizot, the unprincipled and brilliant profligate Thiers, the learned, eloquent, and democratic historian Michelet, the richly-gifted and artist-minded George Sand, the dignified and honoured philosopher Victor Cousin, even the disgracefully-popular ransacker of moral cesspools and obscene *cloacæ*, Eugène Sue,—men who could join in nothing else, who have scarcely one other sentiment in common,—would all unite in one wild cry of mingled scorn, indignation, and disgust at the Ruler who could dream of replacing France under the broken crozier and the stained and tattered surplice of the priest.

Nor could the support of the clergy, thus dearly purchased as it must be, ever be relied on by Louis Napoleon. He can scarcely be weak enough to imagine that an organized hierarchy, whose head and centre is in Rome, can ever give faithful or cordial adherence to a man who has risen on the ruin and succeeded to the inheritance of anointed kings. He cannot believe that the servants of a Church whose first dogma, and whose pervading idea is the supremacy of Divine Right, can in their hearts espouse a cause based on military usurpation, and sanc-

tioned by an appeal to universal suffrage. He cannot flatter himself that the alliance between the child of popular sovereignty and the proclaimers of royal sacredness and inviolability, can ever be more than a treacherous and hollow truce. He must know that by the necessity of the case, the Catholic clergy—such of them especially as receive their impulse from Rome—are secret and zealous Legitimists; that they regard him only as a warming-pan; and that they propose to use him as the restorer of an edifice which, when ready, the old and rightful heirs are to inhabit,—as the instrument for the recovery of a patrimony which, as soon as it is secured against the common enemy, they intend to transfer to the legal owner. Knowing all this, we can scarcely suppose, however Louis Napoleon may coquet with the Jesuits for a temporary purpose, that he will commit the enormous blunder of calling them into his councils, or sharing with them his power.

We have said that we are not sanguine as to Louis Napoleon's success in the position which he has so violently and unwarrantably seized. The chapter of accidents is always too rich in France to induce us to venture on a prophecy. Our object in this paper has been to trace the causes which have led to the catastrophe; to explain the reasons why we think the French nation may have been altogether on a wrong tack in their endeavour to naturalize a parliamentary government; to call attention to the irreconcilability of such government with the centralized and bureaucratic administration which is apparently so popular, and is certainly so fixed; and to shew how the powers which are held by the President, may be wielded for the benefit of his country, if he be really animated by a patriotic spirit, and gifted with adequate capacities.

Since this Article was in type, the President has published his Constitution and fulminated his decrees of banishment. The first we have no time nor space to criticise: the latter we cannot pass over without the expression of our conviction that they are a great blunder, as well as a great crime. Such indiscriminate and illegal severity has alarmed and staggered his supporters, and enraged more than it has terrified his enemies. It is an indication and confession of weakness,—a wanton trampling upon legal forms,—a menacing inauguration of a reign of terror. Already the murmurs of the Parisian *salons* have warned him of his mistake and his danger. Confiscation has now followed proscription, and the whole arsenal of tyranny seems to be opened.

NOTE TO ART. IV. IN NO. XXXI.

We deeply regret to find, that in our Review of Mr. Newman's "Hebrew Monarchy," in last Number, through an unfortunate, and of course unintentional and quite accidental mistake, words have frequently been put into quotation-marks which are not his, but which were supposed to convey his meaning. Arguments and sentiments have also been imputed to him which we understand he disowns. As language is attributed to Mr. Newman which is not literally his, we are anxious to take the earliest opportunity of calling the attention of our readers to the circumstance. They can judge for themselves, by comparing his Work with our Review, whether his meaning has been conveyed in *substance*. But it is due to him and to them to offer this apology for not having conveyed it in his own *form of expression*.

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TO THE

SIXTEENTH VOLUME OF THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

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EDINBURGH: T. CONSTABLE, PRINTER TO HER MAJESTY.